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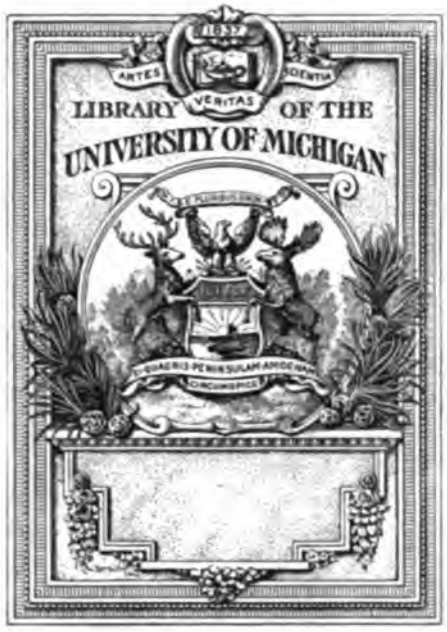
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MAKING A NEWSPAPER.

To tell how newspapers are made is no easy task, since the complexity of the subject is so great that it is difficult to coordinate all its features within the limits of a single volume. The administrative force and methods of a small city daily and those of a big newspaper in New York are very different, while the suburban paper and the country weekly present problems that must be solved by other methods still. Even among the great dailies in the great centres of population, methods of administration vary widely, and a description of one newspaper office does not serve for all.

Only one principle is practically universal in newspaper offices of the present day, and John L. Given, in his book on "Making a Newspaper," * recognizes that in his first page, when he refers to the fact that American newspapers of to-day are in reality pure business ventures, conducted for the purpose of making money, and not philanthropic representatives of parties or of principles. It is true to-day as never before that, while the newspaper continues to be a recorder of current events and a moulder of public opinion, it is practically always controlled from the counting-room, and its chief object is to make money for its proprietor. This does not make it impossible for the newspaper to elucidate and explain the information that it gives, to have a distinct moral or political purpose, to favor or oppose certain men and measures, to influence public opinion in one direction or another, as if that were the sole purpose of its being, because very often by adopting a definite policy and pursuing that policy with consistency and zeal the proprietor may get more money for himself than he could in any other way. The important fact is that, however newspapers may differ from one another in the organization of the staff or in the methods they pursue, in practically every case the one man of supreme importance in the management is the owner, or the representative of the owner of the paper.

The control of the owner being the only principle that is practically universal in American newspaper making, Mr. Given, to overcome the difficulties caused by the complexity of his subject, devotes his book mainly to telling how newspapers are made in New York, recognizing the fact that in other large cities there are variations in system from the New York standard. All large newspapers, as he points out, have three important divisions — the business, the editorial, and the

*MAKING A NEWSPAPER. By John L. Given. 325 pp. Cloth, $1.50, net; by mail, $1.62. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

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mechanical departments. The first and the last are under the control of the business manager, who, as the representative of the owner, on many papers has much influence also in the editorial department.

"First in the editorial department, next to the owner, comes the editor-in-chief, who looks after the paper's general welfare, paying particular attention to the editorials. The managing editor, who is next in authority, has charge of the news, supervises its collection, and sees that it is properly prepared for publication. Under the managing editor, who usually has an assistant, are the city editor and night city editor, who handle the local news ; the telegraph editor, who collects and prepares for publication all the news that comes from outside of the city ; the artists and cartoonists, and the various department heads, including the exchange editor, who reads the out-of-town papers that come to the office, in search of material worth reprinting ; the music, art, and dramatic critics ; the financial, sporting, real estate, and society editors, and the editor of the Sunday supplements. Usually the managing editor engages all the special editors, who are accountable to him. The city editor directs the reporters, while the telegraph editor supervises the work of the correspondents, who are, in reality, reporters stationed outside of the city. Both these editors are assisted by staffs of copy readers, who edit the articles submitted and write the headings for them."

"To a newspaper worker," says Mr. Given, "no definite impression is conveyed when one merely says that a man is an editor. The financial editor, for example, is a writer. He may have two or three news-gatherers to whom he must give some attention, under his care, but his principal task is the preparation of an article dealing with values. The telegraph editor, on the other hand, is busy most of the time with actual editing, correcting, pruning, or embellishing ; rarely does he write a complete article. The managing editor and the city editor neither write nor edit. Their work calls only for directing. Thus an editor may be a writer, a reader of manuscripts, or a director."

The editor-in-chief is regarded by the other workers as the owner's personal representative, who is held responsible for the welfare of the paper. The editorial writers look to him for direction in writing editorials which take a side, or advocate a certain course of action when the public is divided, although in dealing with ordinary topics they choose their own subjects and treat them according to their inclinations — always keeping in mind the general policy of the paper.

A great distinction between editorial writing and reporting lies in the fact that "The editorial writers sum up and set forth conclusions, while the news editors and reporters confine themselves to setting forth facts. The editorial writers can encroach upon the preserves of the other writers whenever they choose, but news editors and reporters must, whatever else they do, avoid sermonizing."

"To be thoroughly competent an editorial writer must possess an enormous fund of information, and must have a ready pen, which he can move to orders, even those least fancied. The man who could write convincingly only when convinced would soon find himself in ill favor with the editor-in-chief and the owner, both of whom assume that their commands provide full justification at all times. . . . To keep abreast of the times the editorial writers have to do a deal of reading outside of the office as well as in it, and the young reporter who thinks because he sees them come into the office late in the day, and because they appear to take things easy, that they have a sinecure, is very much mistaken."

Under the editor-in-chief, the managing editor is the mainspring of the office. To him it is given to superintend the collection of the news and the actual making of the paper. Mr. Given devotes an interesting chapter to the managing editor's work, showing how lines from every section of the editorial rooms centre at his desk, and how important his supervision of his paper is.

How a great newspaper obtains the news of a large city is a great puzzle to most city residents. All newspaper workers know that the results obtained are due to the almost automatic operation of an elaborate system. Seldom does a reporter by mere chance

come directly upon important news ; and when this does occur the probabilities are that the news will come to the attention of his office in a short time, even if he pays no attention to it. Mr. Given points out that the uncovering, or discovering, of news is largely done by persons who have no direct connection with the newspaper. Instead of watching the city and its people, the newspapers devote most of their attention to a comparatively small number of places, where it is made known when the life of any one in the city departs from ordinary paths, or when events worth telling about occur. The reporters who do the watching are called "department men," and each one of them guards the same place day after day.

The places in New York which are watched constantly are as follows : Police headquarters ; police courts ; coroners' office ; supreme courts, New York county ; New York stock exchange ; city hall, including the mayor's office, aldermanic chamber, city clerk's office, and office of the president of Manhattan borough ; county clerk's office.

Those places which the newspapers watch carefully, but not continually, are as follows : City courts (minor civil cases) ; court of general sessions (criminal cases) ; court of special sessions (minor criminal cases) ; district attorney's office ; doors of grand jury rooms when the grand jury is in session (for indictments and presentments) ; federal courts ; post-office ; United States commissioner's offices, and offices of the United States secret service officers ; United States marshal's office ; United States district attorney's office ; ship news, where incoming and outgoing vessels are reported ; barge office, where immigrants land ; surrogate's office, where wills are filed and testimony concerning wills in litigation is heard ; political headquarters during campaigns.

The following are visited by the reporters several times, or only once a day : Police stations ; municipal courts, board of health headquarters ; fire department headquarters ; park department headquarters ; building department headquarters ; Tombs prison ; county jail ; United States sub-treasury ; office of collector of the port ; United States appraiser's office ; public hospitals ; leading hotels ; the morgue ; county sheriff's office ; city comptroller's office ; city treasurer's office ; offices of the tax collector and tax assessors.

It is obvious from this that the most valuable news-gatherers for a paper are officials and public employees of various kinds who collect information in the course of their daily duties, so that the newspapers have only to send reporters to these reservoirs of news. Naturally the most efficient unsalaried reporters pressed into service by the newspapers are the police. Every policeman in every city is required to inform his station house without delay whenever anything out of the ordinary occurs in the district that he guards. In New York these station-house reports are forwarded to police headquarters, where every newspaper is constantly represented. Night and day, year in and year out, the newspapers, through the eyes of their reporters, watch the bulletins at police headquarters — which, by the way, are written on slips of paper and hung in a window, behind the glass, so that they may not disappear before all the reporters have had a chance to see them. Looking over the bulletins, the headquarters reporters, all men who have proved their ability and know the city thoroughly, pick out the valuable ones with astonishing facility. The city editor is informed at once, and reporters sent out from the office of the paper get the details of the news and write the story.

The department reporter who learns that something has occurred which needs to be reported for his paper is very often not the man who collects the details and prepares the article reciting them. Many of the important news stories are reported and written by a second group of reporters who are known as "general workers," or "assignment men." These reporters, instead of having stations to guard, report for duty in the editorial rooms, and remain there, occupying themselves as they choose, until they are summoned by the city editor and told to investigate certain occurrences.

In New York there is also a co-operative association, maintaining about sixty reporters, who are directed by a city editor, as are the reporters employed on a newspaper.

This association aims to collect all the news of the city for all the papers in its membership. The articles the reporters write are copied in multiple, and a copy is sent to the office of each paper. The newspaper city editors use these articles as they are received, or have them re-written, or turn them over to reporters, to be embodied in stories written in the office.

The police courts also are great news centres. In addition, many "tips" come to newspapers from the general public, either from people who are friendly to the newspaper, or from those who know that news has value, and that any newspaper is ready to pay from one dollar up for early knowledge of something interesting that will not come to it promptly in the operation of its ordinary system.

One of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Given's book is that relating to the city editor, the man who directs the gathering of the local news, and who generally in New York — although not always elsewhere — supervises its preparation for publication. The city editor at his desk, directing his small army of reporters, has the whole life of a great city at his finger tips. "A competent city editor," says Mr. Given, "has all of his men accurately measured. He knows which ones are good at unravelling mysteries; which are only fair at finding news, but can write entertainingly about what they do find; which are good at humorous writing; which, excelling in no particular line, can always be depended upon to do fairly well, whatever their task; which have a special knowledge of business, and are therefore fitted to report failures, or the starting of new ventures; which understand mechanics; which have studied medicine or law; in short, he can tell on what kind of an incident each man can do his best, and therefore which man can best handle any story that is to be reported."

"Customarily, the city editor deals with the department men first. Summoning them one at a time, he tells them of any news that is expected to develop in their territory, and gets them out of the office without delay. Then he turns to the general workers. To each reporter he sends out the city editor hands the clippings having to do with the story that is to be investigated, and frequently he points out features which he desires shall receive special attention. As the reporters are assigned, the city editor writes their names on his schedule, opposite the stories on which he details them, so that at any moment he can tell on what task any man is engaged, and to some extent how soon he may be expected to re-appear."

"A reporter, when he returns from an assignment, immediately goes to the city editor and makes an oral report, explaining briefly but comprehensively what he has accomplished, whereupon the city editor, weighing the story, and giving a thought to the pressure on the paper's columns, tells him how long he shall make his article, sometimes adding a few words relative to the points that are to be made prominent in it."

"Wherever he sits, the city editor keeps close watch on the telephone on his desk, for through it he is kept in touch with all parts of the city. It yields him dozens of small prizes every hour, and he is never sure when its bell rings that it is not going to bestow on him a story which will far outshine anything in his experience." Every city editor, of course, is all the time striving for a "beat," but "beats" in these times are not to be picked up every week, no matter how hard they are sought. The police system of news-gathering lays bare to every paper a good part of the town's activities; the custom of paying volunteer reporters removes the ban of comparative secrecy from many others; the growing extension of the telephone system makes it easy for a man to call up his favorite paper when something out of the way claims the attention of his neighborhood, and the neighborhoods in which every paper does not have admirers are few; and last, but not least, in New York the local news-gathering association is to be reckoned with, for every piece of news that reaches any of its large force of reporters is distributed broadcast. In New York a monumental exclusive beat is not scored once in twelve months. But in the same length of time any one paper may be badly beaten repeatedly; for it may miss news that only one

of its rivals got, that several of them got, or that all of them got.

"To be fitted to conduct an aggressive fight, a city editor should possess an enormous fund of general information; should be well up on current topics and local history; should know his city thoroughly, the location of all public institutions, churches, hotels, and theatres, the homes and favorite clubs of men who are often in demand, and the whereabouts of a good share of the dives and gambling houses; and, perhaps more important, should know a great deal about the leading men and politicians of the city, their likes and dislikes, their reputations for veracity, and the manner in which they can best be approached, their social stations, their business interests and business standings, their favorite recreations, their families and their relatives, and, if possible, their secret habits and their states of mind — happy or discontented."

Under the control of the city editor usually in New York, but not always in other cities, are the copy readers, who prepare for publication the articles written by the reporters and write headings for them. These are the unpopular men and the drudges in the newspaper business. The incompetent reporters talk about them behind their backs, because they will not pass their poorly-written stories; the crack reporters, especially those working at space rates, call them plodders, and growl at them when they dare to exercise their right to prune, and the city editor censures them for not rejecting more stories, for allowing errors to get past them, and for not making the space writers keep more closely to the facts. A copy reader, who must be able to decipher any writing, is expected to cut out all unnecessary words and hackneyed expressions, catch all errors of fact, omissions, and contradictions, cut to size desired by the city editor, correct poor English and spelling, arrange stories so that the facts follow one another in their logical order, punctuate, re-write weak introductions, and embellish generally. In brief, he is required to turn whatever comes to him into a smooth-reading story, although it may be the initial effort of a novice; and he is called to account whenever he allows even a minute error to get into the paper.

A large proportion of the articles that are edited by a copy reader on an evening paper reach him page by page, and frequently a man finds himself engaged on three or four stories at one time. He may get a page of one dealing with a fire, then a page of another telling about a murder, perhaps two that are part of an account of a political meeting, and after another page of the fire story three or four more that close the report of a wedding. The worker who cannot at one time handle three stories which reach him page by page, and send the headings after them, is out of place in an evening newspaper establishment, and is not tolerated.

The ability to write good headings is one of a copy reader's most valuable accomplishments. "The heading of an article is intended to call attention to it and to set forth its most prominent features, and the writer must say a great deal in a few words; the more information he can crowd in, the better. And here is where the rub comes: 'The column rules,' in the language of the printers, 'cannot be bent' and the heading must accommodate itself to space. Half the time the heading that a copy reader would like to use has to be discarded, because it is too long. Always there are certain forms which have to be followed, and on papers which do not favor bill-poster type and 'scares,' the usual limit for the first part of the largest heading printed is twenty letters, a space counting the same as a letter — a circumstance which accounts in part for such familiar lines as 'Killed Wife and Self,' 'Panic in Tenement,' 'Murder and Suicide,' and 'Ferryboats in Crash.' Humorous headings are in high favor in many offices, and there are few managing editors who will not commend the writer of one that is especially clever. To learn how to write headings, one should study the yellow journals, as they gather in most of the past masters in the art. To learn what to avoid, one might with profit turn to the files of some New York paper for the years immediately preceding the Civil War, where he will find column-long stories

labeled by such ambiguous announcements as 'Very Important,' 'Latest from Europe,' and 'Very Latest.'"

Two more interesting chapters follow, on "Qualifications for Journalism," and "How the Reporters Work." "First-class reporters," says Mr. Given, "are scarce. There is a multitude of poor ones and an overabundance of fair ones, but the supply of those who are undoubtedly among the best is never up to the demand. The paper which does get a half-dozen first-class men on its staff is well able to take care of itself, and is sure to give concern to its competitors; most papers have only two or three, and a great many have none.

"There is one New York paper, one that is particularly well known, which every year from a host of applicants for situations selects about a score of young men, most of them college graduates, and gives each one a chance to show what he can do. Every effort is made to develop those who show promise. Yet, if from the total number employed the editors get one good man, they congratulate themselves. Many, many years they are compelled to make a clean sweep of the newcomers, not one coming up to requirements.

"The primary qualification for a good reporter, — and this means any worker who handles news, for editors are only promoted reporters, coming down to basic principles, — is the ability to *see* news when it exists, and to differentiate any piece of news and pick out the features in it which are most worthy of attention or exploitation. Ability to determine the crux of a story does not, however, of itself guarantee that a man will make a finished reporter. The man who can analyze news and pick out the picturesque or vital point of a story is competent to this extent, but he will not be accepted as a good reporter until he proves that he can carry out his ideas from beginning to end. The qualifications for a good reporter, therefore, are the ability to determine what information is wanted; to procure this information; and last, to put this information on paper in a pleasing manner. Ability to collect information calls for alertness, resourcefulness, enthusiasm, love of hard work, a good memory, good health, and ambition. Ability to write entertainingly calls for natural aptitude, coupled with either education or extraordinary powers of observation. It is no wonder that reporters of the first grade are scarce. Lacking one qualification here cited, a man is barred, even if he can see the news where others cannot."

In writing of the practical work of reporting, Mr. Given gives a useful hint, as follows: "There is nothing that acts more quickly and effectively as a suppressor of news than a notebook and pencil wrongly displayed, and knowing this, time-tried reporters cultivate their memories; they take notes without restraint only when they are after news which is on plain view and which no one can forbid them to gather. Good interviewers train their memories so that they can, without the aid of a note, write out a ten-minutes' talk almost word for word hours after they have heard it; and in an emergency they can carry a half-dozen brief interviews in their heads at one time, and later put them on paper without getting them mixed or losing their salient points."

More useful suggestions are given in a succeeding chapter on "Writing a Newspaper Story." Mr. Given points out that the introduction of a newspaper story is the part that counts heaviest, for this is the bait that attracts or scares off readers. This is true, of course, of all writing; in writing newspaper stories, however, special rules should be observed. "Properly constructed, a pure news story begins with the climax, the story's most dramatic or noteworthy incident, and works backward. The opening sentence tells the main facts, and the complete introduction contains a summary or forecast of what is to follow. Thus, in writing about a small fire in which lives were lost, a reporter does not tell of the starting of the fire, and lead up to the loss of life. Instead, he makes the fire a secondary matter, and opens his story with the announcement: 'Two men lost their lives in a fire in Broome street last night.' The persons who wish to learn about the fire itself must read further.

"The body of a news story — if the second rule for newspaper writing, the one which says that the facts must be marshaled in the

order of their importance, is observed — is itself an introduction drawn out. First, it explains the climax, and this over, passes on to take up the various incidents as they are demanded to make the story proceed intelligently. The unessentials come last.

"A newspaper story must be clear. Its main purpose is to convey information, and when it does not do this there is no reason for its existence. . . . It is always better to repeat a name than to use a pronoun where there is a possibility of ambiguity, and it is just as well to avoid the words 'former' and 'latter.' Short words are always to be preferred to long ones, and it is not necessary to designate a thing in a dozen different ways simply to avoid repeating a word ; calling a modern fifteen-story hotel an inn, a tavern, and a caravansary verges close on the ridiculous. Short sentences, too, are preferable in newspaper writing ; long, involved ones are not desired in any office, and on some papers there is a rule that no sentence shall be printed which occupies more than seven lines of type. Next to clearness the quality which an editor most likes to see displayed in a newspaper story is sprightliness, or at least readableness."

In a chapter on the subject, "Preparing for Journalism," Mr. Given points out that a newspaper worker cannot have too much education, and that every accomplishment helps in a newspaper office. A college education, while not essential, is desirable. Of subjects to be studied in preparation for newspaper work, English comes first and is all-important. United States history, logic, political economy, finance, and psychology are also subjects to which the future newspaper writer may profitably give attention. For editorial work, a knowledge of the principles of government is essential, and for that matter every reporter ought to be familiar with the constitution of the United States and the whole system of government in this country, from the national government down to the government of the village, with its board of selectmen. One of the most important qualifications for success in journalism is mental alertness. To reach the big prizes, executive ability is also requisite.

The best course for a man who wishes to get a place on the staff of a newspaper to pursue is to go to a newspaper office and ask for employment. If he can take with him a well-written news story, ready for publication, so much the better. Mr. Given says: "Sometimes an editor not having a vacancy in his office will allow a man who wants a situation to do space work for him. In this case the newcomer visits the office every day at the time the assignments are given out, and if there are more assignments than there are reporters, he gets something to do. What he writes is paid for according to the space it covers. An extra space man is in line for regular employment, and his income is more sure than is that of a free lance, as a reporter who is not regularly employed, but sells his information wherever he can, is called."

The outside writer who has a special article that he thinks is adapted for a Sunday supplement will do better to deal with the Sunday editor by mail. Mr. Given says: "An outsider who has a story which he desires to submit has to remember only three things: He should write his name and address on both the first and last pages of the manuscript, after making sure that all are numbered ; enclose stamps for the article's return in case it is not accepted ; and enclose it in an envelope addressed to the Sunday editor."

"Making a Newspaper" is written with authority throughout. It is filled with vivid pictures of life in newspaper offices, and is enlivened with anecdotes and actual experiences of newspaper work. It naturally devotes more attention to news-gathering than to the work of the various department editors, and it does not treat of the special features of work on small city dailies or suburban and country weeklies, but so far as it goes it is generally accurate and complete. There is not a newspaper man in the country who cannot learn something from Mr. Given's book, and certainly no one who is thinking of entering newspaper work can afford not to give it a thorough, careful reading. *William H. Hills.*

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THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

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***Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad street, Room 414,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XX. JANUARY, 1908. NO. 1.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Suggestions from editors as to what they want and do not want in the way of manuscripts are always welcomed by contributors. Some recent hints of this kind will, accordingly, receive general attention. The editor of the Woman's Home Companion, after remarking that the things that should not be in the magazine are a serious consideration with its editors, goes on to say : "Some excellent articles and stories are excluded which would be entirely suitable for a man or woman of mature years, yet would possibly be undesirable, even harmful, to the undeveloped schoolgirl. On the other hand, the so-called 'young girl' type of story is stupid and ridiculous to the thinking adult, and, we believe, to the young girl herself if she is a bright, wide-awake, twentieth-century, Woman's Home Companion girl. We intend that every contribution in our magazine shall have certain qualities which will make it suitable for every reader who cares to read it, and worthy the respect of our most discriminating critics. As to our stories, we have some pretty definite ideas as to what qualities they should have. There should be something *real*, either in plot or manner of telling, or both ; there should be vigor, and interest, and wholesomeness ; life always, cheerfulness if possible, and sincerity above all things."

* * *

Other suggestions of use to writers are given in a circular issued by the Frank A. Munsey Company, which says that manuscripts intended for any of the Munsey publications should be addressed to the Frank A. Munsey Company, Flatiron building, Fifth avenue, New York. The same editorial staff conducts all the magazines ; and unless the author stipulates to the contrary, manuscripts are considered as being offered to all three publications. The circular says : "We particularly want *short stories* from 1,000 to 3,500 words in length. In almost all other lines the supply greatly exceeds the demand, but there is a dearth of good short fiction. The qualities specially desired are strength of plot, simplicity of construction, clearness of style, and quickness of action. We do not care for character studies, and cannot use dialect stories. Translations are not desired. Poems of more than thirty-two lines can very seldom be used. It is advisable to have manuscripts typewritten. Large packages will be returned by express, if preferred.

Manuscripts will not be received when the postage is not fully prepaid. Contributors are requested not to send manuscripts and letters concerning them in separate envelopes. It is not possible to save postage charges by doing so, and it greatly increases the risk of confusion and delay. When an article is to be illustrated, it is desirable that material for illustration should be sent with it. Photographs should be mounted to avoid damage."

* * *

The editor of Lippincott's laments the scarcity of good novelettes, and incidentally suggests the reason for the scarcity. "Editors of magazines which publish novelettes," he says, "do not, as a rule, find life a bed of roses, for really good specimens of this style of story are hard to find. When a writer has a plot suitable for a novelette, in nine cases out of ten he can just as easily elaborate it into a longer story, and will insist upon doing so. Occasionally, however, one is secured that is of the requisite length — about 40,000 words — and that possesses all the other desirable qualities, and when it is, there is much editorial rejoicing."

* * *

Matthew White, Jr., editor of the Argosy, declares that the secret of the Argosy's success is found in the editorial rule, "Pique the reader's curiosity, and then gratify it." The Argosy, he says, never has a story written backward — that is to say, the editor never hits on some frenzied position for the hero, and calls on an author to write a story around it. The editor considers what phase of life is likely to be most interesting to the big majority of readers. This being settled upon, the author is told to carry his hero along in a series of experiences that would be liable to happen to any one under such conditions. "The Argosy," says Mr. White, "does not print stories which wander off at the end into hazy nothingness, which some writers are pleased to call 'artistic finish,' but which, as a matter of cold, hard fact, is neither finish nor art. Neither do readers of the Argosy have to waste time in wading through a tame introduction to get at the kernel of the narrative. Stories *must* capture interest at the outset."

* * *

By multiplying the cost of a book by three, it is possible to determine how much it costs Sir Gilbert Parker a day to live. "I have often said to myself," he remarked recently to a London audience, "'I cannot afford to buy that book.' And then I have said again, 'My dear fellow, if you will fast for one day you can buy three of them.' It is a book for a meal."

* * *

Most editors have found from experience that the manuscript that is cautiously copyrighted by the author before it is submitted for editorial judgment is seldom good for much.

W. H. H.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

Dan Emmett disputed the late Will Hayes's claim on the authorship of "Dixie," but he had a clear title to "Mollie darling."	Dan Emmett disputed the late Will Hayes's claim on the authorship of "Dixie," but Hayes had a clear title to "Mollie Darling."
The police to-day are of the opinion that the two men who did the job were somewhat acquainted with the fact that Mr. Sylvester and his wife were away Saturday night because of the fact that they did not attempt to enter the lower portion of the house, which was occupied that night.	The police think that the two men who did the job knew that Mr. Sylvester and his wife were away Saturday night, because they did not try to enter the lower part of the house, which was occupied.
When it came to raffling a cow, Rev. McKay put in a protest.	When it came to raffling a cow, Rev. Mr. McKay put in a protest.
A detailed description of experiments in preserving fence posts, together with practical suggestions for treating them on a commercial scale, are contained in Circular 117 of the Forest Service.	A detailed description of experiments in preserving fence posts, together with practical suggestions for treating them on a commercial scale, is contained in Circular 117 of the Forest Service.
Whom he believes has.	Who he believes has.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Harold C. Burr, whose story, "Touch-Down Norton," was printed in the Popular Magazine for December, — with the author's name misprinted "Barr," — is twenty-three years old, and has always lived in New York. The stories he likes best to write are stories

of Wall Street, where he has been for seven years. Mr. Burr has stories coming out in the Blue Book, Young's Magazine, and the Gray Goose.

A. M. Chisholm, who had a story, "The Mate's Romance," in the Popular Magazine for December, and has another, "The Pride of a Man," in the Popular Magazine for January, is a Canadian, and was graduated from Toronto University in 1895. He practiced law in Ottawa for several years, afterward becoming manager of the Western branch of a trust company, and living in Regina, Sask. Last summer he resigned this position, and he is now living in British Columbia. Mr. Chisholm writes regularly for the Popular Magazine, and has had contributions published in the Metropolitan, the Smart Set, the Red Book, the Blue Book, and other publications. His preference is for the outdoor story, with action, and if possible, a tragedy or the hint of one behind it, and the material for "The New Boss," in the October Metropolitan, and for other logging stories was drawn from his acquaintance with the lumbermen of the Ottawa river and its tributaries, where he spends much of every summer when in the East. He says that the story, "The Dead One," in the October Popular Magazine, "simply occurred." He does not know where it came from. Mr. Chisholm is now devoting himself to literary work, and the district where he is now living, which is sparsely settled, about one hundred miles from a railway on the headwaters of the Columbia, seems to furnish material. Windemere is set in a valley between the Rockies and the Selkirks, and there is abundance of big game, with "Indians, cayuses, pack trains, prospectors, and infernal liars — all the 'props,' in fact, usually found in the Western Story, which as a rule seems to be written by confirmed Easterners. Scenery is there to burn, to look at, or to climb, as you please."

Lillian Collins, whose latest story, "The Ordeal of Marian Josephine," appeared in the Red Book for December, is Mrs. Lew W. Collins, wife of the assistant secretary of state of Arizona, and lives in Phoenix. She had another story, "A Woman's Quest," in Harper's Bazar for September, while "The Square Deal" appeared some months ago in the Arizona Magazine. "The Square Deal" excited much favorable comment, being an exposition of the joint-statehood question from Arizona's point of view. Mrs. Collins has done considerable newspaper work, and has contributed to various new-thought publications, the most recent contribution being an article on "Happiness" in the June number of the Balance, of Denver. She is a prominent club woman, optimistic in her outlook, and intensely Western in her ideals.

Frances Adelaide Harmer, whose story, "The Wooing of Sheilah," was printed in the Broadway Magazine for December, is an English girl who came to Canada in 1890, teaching in private schools there until 1899, when she went to Dallas, Tex., where she taught for two years. She then spent a year in New York — a "golden year," she calls it — teaching for Miss Mary E. Merington. While in that city she spent hours in studying the Bowery, and of that study "Sheilah" is the outcome. Miss Harmer then returned to Dallas, where she taught for three years, then followed her family Westward, and is now teaching in Yale, B. C., and studying the dying race of the Fraser-river Indians. Apart from teaching, her principal work is the writing of plays. She had a one-act drama produced in Tacoma, and some ten of her plays are in New York. She has had stories in the woman's page of the New York Tribune, Munsey's, the Home Magazine, Indianapolis, the Christian Register, and Every Other Sunday.

Charles S. Ross, author of the poem, "Old Mothers," in the Century for December, was born in Nova Scotia thirty-nine years ago, and learned the trade of printer in the town of Yarmouth. When he was twenty-two years old he went to Boston, where he worked as a printer until 1905, when he crossed the continent, working in one or two states by the way, and arriving in San Francisco eight days before the earthquake. His first poem of any note was a sonnet, "Night — Before Dawn," published in the Youth's

Companion for February 15, 1900. He has since had poems in the Youth's Companion, the Boston Transcript, the Boston Journal, Town Topics, and the Overland Monthly. Mr. Ross was married October 12, 1906, to Miss Eleanore F. Lewys, who was at that time editor of the Overland Monthly, and who is herself a young writer of both prose and poetry.

Marion Ames Taggart, who had a story, "John, Junior," in the Delineator for December, and whose story, "The Big and Little Wheel," was published in the Red Book for October, is best known as a writer for girls of fifteen, although from her fourteenth year she has been an occasional contributor of verse and stories to magazines. Her story, "The Wyndam Girls," published by the Century Company, appeared in St. Nicholas during the year when that magazine substituted a long story, complete in one number, for its serial. Miss Taggart is the author of the "Miss Lochinvar" books and the "Six Girls and Bob" series, as well as of "Nut-Brown Joan," "Daddy's Daughters," "The Little Grey House," and its sequel, "Daughters of the Little Grey House," which appears this fall. L. C. Page & Co. published her "Pussy Cat Town," for younger children, and this year they are publishing her book, "The Doctor's Little Girl." Though a Massachusetts woman of old Colonial stock, Miss Taggart has spent her adult years in and about New York city. She has now built a house — called "The Little Grey House," after one of her books — a little grey-shingled house in Paradise Valley, amid the beautiful Pocono mountains in Pennsylvania, a hundred miles from New York. Here, with her mother and her animal friends, Miss Taggart lives summer and winter, accomplishing much work in her solitude.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Style in French Literature.— When we foreigners fully agree that French literature is addressed only to mature people, we may, perhaps, begin to understand it better. One delightfully evident feature of it is clearly due to this fact. I mean the beautiful precision and finish of French style. Whatever a French writer's topic, he must never forget that his readers will be of such age and disposition as to be competent and scrupulous critics of his literary manners. When, like any English writer, you are addressing so widely general a public that you cannot feel sure of their intelligence, you may permit yourself, even without realizing that you do so, considerable carelessness in expression. When, like all French writers, you are addressing only a mature and highly cultivated public, you must be more careful, even though you do not deliberately try to be, of duly accepted conventions. In consequence you will generally be more agreeable. Observance of convention is always pleasant; surprising people are not comfortable companions; good style is a phase of good manners. Our certainty that French books will be well written affects us like the certainty with which we expect and find civilized conventions in the homes of some of our friends, and not gladdening our essentially cordial relations in those of others. American books and English are not always careless; but you never know what to expect of them. Some, and parts of many, are delightfully written; some, inoffensively; most of them seem written anyhow. A kind of restless insecurity results each time we take up a new one. Our own life, our own style are wanting in civilized grace and amenity. These qualities in the style of the French are very welcome to our foreign taste. — "The France of To-day," by Barrett Wendell.

Writing as a Business. — Why does any one take to writing as a calling? There are reasons enough. It is one way to get an honest living, and a man may lawfully choose it, and may live by it, better or worse, and be happy in the practice of it. Writing is both a profession and an art. On its money-getting side it seems to me not a particularly good profession. A successful lawyer or a successful doctor commonly earns more money than a successful writer, and there are vastly more lawyers and doctors who succeed in a measure worth talking about than writers,

But a man seldom takes to the profession of writing with money-making as his primary object, any more than he takes to the ministry or to teaching for that purpose. He takes to writing because he likes it and has a turn for it, or because he cannot wait to fit himself for some other profession, or is debarred for some reason from other professions, or because opportunity offers. Once he commences writing and undertakes to live by his work, he will probably want to get out of it all the money he can without sacrifice of things that are worth more to him than mere money. Mere money, for example, will not tempt a wise man, let alone a good one, to take service with a newspaper which he does not approve, or to write trash, which, being capable of better things, he knows to be trash, because the market for trash happens to be better than the market for literature. There is no great harm in writing trash, so be it is not vicious, if a man can do no better. But for a man of real talent and literary power to turn away from art, and the truth that art must express, to trash and drivel is prostitution. It is a writer's duty to write his best, and he cannot turn his back on that duty for long without paying the penalty in reputation and in power. — E. S. Martin, in Harper's Magazine for January.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SHAKESPEARE. By Walter Raleigh. 233 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. net. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907

There is nothing of the Bacon-Shakspere controversy in Professor Raleigh's contribution to the English Men of Letters Series. The name of Sir Francis does not even appear in the index, and the only reference to the "controversy" is this sarcastic sentence: "The greatest poet of the modern world is at this day widely believed to have been also the most irrelevant, and to have valued the golden casket of his verse chiefly as a hiding-place for the odds and ends of personal gossip." Professor Raleigh takes a sane view of Shakspere, and coolly pricks many soap-bubbles of imaginative criticism. His common sense is illustrated by his consideration of the authenticity of Shakspere's plays as they are given by Heminge and Condell in the Folio. "No critical ear," he says, "however highly respected, can safely set itself up against the evidence of Shakspere's friends. It is wiser to believe that the plays in the Folio were attributed to Shakspere either because they were wholly his, or because they were recast and rewritten by him, or, lastly, because they contain enough of his work to warrant the attribution." Farther on Professor Raleigh speaks of "the superstition which refuses to assign to Shakspere any hasty or careless work." "Yet," he says, "he was a purveyor to the public stage, and surely must have been pressed, as the modern journalist is pressed, to supply needed matter. Many authors who have suffered this pressure have settled their account with their conscience by dividing their work into two kinds. Some of it they do frankly as journey-work, making it as good as time and circumstances permit. The rest they keep by them, revising and polishing it to satisfy their own more exacting ideals. Shakspere did both kinds of work, and the bulk of his writing has come down to us without distinction made between the better and the worse. This consideration should be kept in mind by those who profess ability to recognize his style."

The few known facts of Shakspere's life Professor Raleigh sets forth with such illumination as contemporary conditions give, pointing out that "the habits and customs, the ideas and tendencies of his own age, make a living background for him, and are everywhere reflected in his plays. These, in a certain sense, supplied him with his material; and to these must be added the books that he read, the histories that he rifled for their information, and the poems and plays that he studied for their art."

"What is chosen," says the biographer, "shall be chosen with a single aim in view: the mind of Shakspere is to be seen at work; and to that end the raw material of his craft, and the nature of the tools that he employed, must be considered in the closest possible connection with that marvelous body of poetry which, by its vitality and beauty, has cast some shadow of disesteem on the forgotten processes of its making." Here we have the nature of Professor Raleigh's book, written with an intimate knowledge of Shakspere's work and times that gives to it authoritative value. The chapter headings: Shakspere; Stratford and London; Books and Poetry; The Theatre; Story and Character; and The Last Phase, indicate the nature of the treatment. Professor Raleigh finds the man in his work. "No dramatist," he says, "can create live characters save by bequeathing the best of himself to the children of his art, scattering among them a largess of his own qualities, giving, it may be, to one his wit, to another his philosophic doubt, to another his love of action, to another the simplicity and constancy that he

finds deep in his own nature. There is no thrill of feeling communicated from the printed page but has first been alive in the mind of the author ; there was nothing alive in his mind that was not intensely and sincerely felt."

The biographer's characteristic bent for sarcasm is illustrated by his casual remark that "most of the masters of the science of language are men who know all that can be known about language except the uses to which it is put." He goes on to say that "much of Shakspere's language is language hot from the mind, and only partially hardened into grammar. It cannot be judged, save by those whose ease of apprehension goes some way to meet his ease of expression."

Readers of Shakspere will find Professor Raleigh's essay a delightful, suggestive, and illuminating book. W. H. H.

THEORIES OF STYLE IN LITERATURE. Essays, Excerpts and Translations, arranged and adapted by Lane Cooper, Ph.D. 460 pp. Cloth, $1.10, net. New York : The Macmillan Company. 1907.

Every writer who is interested in the subject of style — and every writer should be — will find plenty of material for study and self-improvement in Dr. Cooper's book. The volume is intended by its editor primarily for use in illustration of some good handbook on English prose composition by classes in what is technically known as Exposition, i. e., written explanation. His theory is that before a student is required to write a composition he ought to begin systematic thinking in a field where his teacher is qualified to judge of his manner of discussion, through a critical acquaintance with the matter discussed. So he conceived the idea of providing "an orderly collection of essays on style, with especial reference to prose composition ; a body of expository writing, for the most part by masters of expression, at once illustrating and reiterating the salient principles of the text-book which it may accompany ; a group of stimulating and, on the whole, mutually corroborative selections, representing not too many literary types for easy comprehension of their structure, and printed as far as possible without curtailment." The book, therefore, is intended for the classroom, but obviously it is equally valuable for the general reader and the student of the art of writing. Beginning with a translation of Wackernegel's "Theory of Prose and Style," it gives extracts on style from Plato, Aristotle, Longinus, Swift, Voltaire, Goethe, Coleridge, Thoreau, and Schopenhauer, and reprints in full Buffon's "Discourse on Style," De Quincey on "Style" (Part IV.), Spencer's "Philosophy of Style," Lewes's "The Principles of Success in Literature" (Chapters V., VI.), Stevenson's "On Some Technical Elements of Style in Literature," Pater's essay on "Style," Brunetière's "The French Mastery of Style," and Harrison's essay, "On English Prose." The editor's notes, a good index of names, and a bibliography of books and articles dealing with style add to the value of a very valuable book.

W. H. H.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR AUTHORS. By William Stone Booth. 180 pp. Cloth, 50 cents, net. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1907.

Mr. Booth's book takes up in a practical way these subjects, of direct interest to all who write for publication : Preparation of Manuscript, Offering a Manuscript to a Publisher, Advance Royalties, The Literary Agent, Copyright, The British Market, Serial Rights, Agreements and Contracts, Cover Designs, How a Publisher May Be Helped by an Author, Advertising and Descriptive Circulars, Press Copies, Proofreading, and Rules for Spelling and Punctuation. The rules for spelling and punctuation fill more than two-thirds of the book. The suggestions relating to publishing in the first fifty pages are sensible, and will be helpful to authors who have book manuscripts for publication. They are written, however, mainly from the point of view of the publisher, rather than from that of the author, and the interests of the two are not always identical. One suggestion that is worth quoting is that an author, when selling to a magazine the serial rights in a story or other work, should be careful to set down in writing to the purchaser that he reserves the right to publish his material in book form after it has appeared in the magazine. Before signing a contract for the publication of a book, also, an author should see that a clause is provided to stipulate for a definite share of any moneys which may be received from other publishers or persons by the sale of, or by the permission to publish, extracts or parts of his book. This clause should also stipulate for a definite share of the proceeds which may accrue from a sale of the serial rights *after* the book has been published. Such a sale is infrequent, but it should be provided for, in order to avoid later misunderstanding.

W. H. H.

IN THE DAYS OF GOLDSMITH. By Tudor Jenks. 275 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York : A. S. Barnes & Co. 1907.

"In the Days of Goldsmith" is an addition to the series of Lives of Great Writers by Mr. Jenks, which includes, also, biographies of Chaucer, Milton, Shakspere, and Scott. In the present volume the author takes a view of Goldsmith which differs from that of some of the amiable doctor's biographers, who, in the attempt to make his life picturesque, have placed too much emphasis

upon little anecdotes relating to his eccentricities and the more absurd events of his career. Mr. Jenks feels that Goldsmith was entitled to more respect as a man than is usually credited to him, and protests against the too common practice of assuming that because a great writer uses in his work the experiences of his life, the work therefore may be relied upon as material for his biography. As in the other books of this series, Mr. Jenks gives a picture of the times as a background for the author treated. The narrative is interesting, and the whole work is full of life. It appears, by the way, that the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for sixty pounds by Dr. Johnson, to satisfy demands of Goldsmith's creditors, and that the purchaser seems to have bought the book chiefly to oblige Johnson, since he kept it unpublished for nearly two years.

W. H. H.

A HISTORY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE. By Carl Holliday, M. A. 406 pp. Cloth, $2.50, postage, 20 cents. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. 1906.

Professor Hollidav's book establishes beyond question his contention that the South has produced a literature so distinctive in its fundamental conception and growth as to deserve separate attention. This "History of Southern Literature" is the first effort to give the connected story of the development of the literature of the South from its earliest days to the present time — a worthy undertaking worthily performed. Beginning with "A True Relation of Virginia," written in 1607 by Captain John Smith, Professor Holliday reviews the work of nearly 150 distinctively Southern writers, including, of course, many of minor importance, but including in the list, also, such conspicuous names as Poe, Timrod, Harris, Hayne, Ryan, Lanier, Hopkinson Smith, Murfree, and Page, together with others that are well known, though less prominent. Professor Holliday's appreciations of the work of the writers whom he discusses are generally just, and his book as a whole is a useful contribution to American literary history.

W. H. H.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES A. DANA. With portrait. By James Harrison Wilson. 545 pp. Cloth, $3.00, net. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1907.

As one of the four or five great journalists of this country, Charles A. Dana won a reputation that has made his name a household word. Many who have admired the genius of the famous editor of the New York Sun, however, do not fully realize that as a public man, and particularly as assistant secretary of war under Stanton, he was one of the most influential men of his time. General Wilson first met Mr. Dana in the spring of 1863, during the Vicksburg campaign, and served with him in the field during three of the most memorable campaigns of the Civil war, and for a short period under him as a bureau officer of the war department. The intimacy thus begun endured to Mr. Dana's death, and amply qualified General Wilson to become his friend's biographer.

It is natural, under these circumstances, that General Wilson's biography should treat more extensively of Mr. Dana's service as a public man than of his work in his special province as a journalist. We are told of his boyhood and youth, his connection with Brook Farm, his employment bv Horace Greeley at ten dollars a week as city editor of the New York Tribune, his political studies abroad, his return to the Tribune, his separation from the Tribune after a misunderstanding with Horace Greeley, his appointment as special commissioner of the war department with General Grant to report daily what he might see and learn about Grant's conduct of the army, his important services in the field and at Washington, his brief editorship of the Chicago Republican, his purchase and long conduct of the New York Sun, and his lifelong public service. The whole story is an important contribution to biographical literature, and cannot safely be missed by any one who would know the personal history of the times in which Mr. Dana lived. The biography of Charles A. Dana the newspaper man is yet to be written. Prepared by competent hands, it would be a book of fascinating interest, and it ought to be demanded by the publishers of some one of Mr. Dana's associates on the New York Sun.

W. H. H.

VICTOR HUGO'S INTELLECTUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Translated by Lorenzo O'Rourke. 400 pp. Cloth, $1.20, net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1907.

The title given to this translation into English of Hugo's "Postscriptum de Ma Vie" is misleadingly ambitious. The book is made up of the last of the author's posthumous manuscripts, left with his heirs in the form of a bulky copy-book, with the injunction that the matter should not be published until years after his death. The essays of the copy-book, on such subjects as "Genius and Taste," "Promontorium Somnii," "Utility of the Beautiful," "The French Revolution," and "Things of the Infinite" are fragmentary, written in Hugo's grandiose romantic style, and not as a whole to be compared with the best productions of his genius. Some of his "Thoughts" illustrate the quality of the work: —

"Poetry contains philosophy as the soul contains reason."

"Intelligence is the wife, imagination is the mistress, memory is the servant."

"The literate, the erudite, the learned mount by means of ladders; poets and artists are birds."

"Dear God! how beauty varies in nature and art. In a woman the flesh must be like marble; in a statue the marble must be like flesh."

"Style is the substance of the subject called unceasingly to the surface."

"Accept upon occasion the crude word, reject the foul word. Avoid these two quicksands: the improper word, the malproper word."

"Lyric genius: to be one's self. Dramatic genius: to be others."

"One is never too concise. Concision is the marrow. There is in Tacitus an august obscurity."

On the whole, the book is disappointing.

W. H. H.

DAILY NOTES OF A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD. By Edgar W. Howe. Vol. I., 375 pp.; Vol. II., 312 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, $2.00; postage, 25 cents extra. Topeka, Kansas: Hall Book and Stationery Company. 1907.

Being a newspaper man, Mr. Howe, who is the editor of the Atchison (Kans.) Globe, could hardly see good material for copy without making practical use of it, and so, when he made a journey westward around the world, beginning in October, 1905, and ending in March, 1906, he wrote and sent back to his paper several columns every week — thus enjoying a typical newspaper man's vacation. These letters are now reprinted, with illustrations, in two attractive volumes, which every one who wants to know what the world is like should read. As a record of a trip around the world, they are unique. Mr. Howe puts his own personality — quaint, humorous, observant, philosophical — into the book, with such frank ingenuousness that the reader feels all the time that he is directly by the side of a most unusual traveling companion, who makes him see things that the ordinary traveler misses, and see them, moreover, from a point of view that is as fascinating as it is unusual. Mr. Howe's frankness is at times amazing, and his comments on what he sees are always unrestrained and unconventional. Moreover, he writes of practical things on which the ordinary travel writer seldom touches, and his book is all the more interesting on that account. His humor is irrepressible, and there is a laugh in his book on almost every page. All in all, it is the most entertaining book of travel that has been published anywhere in recent years.

W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

WRITING. Edward S. Martin. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for January.

NEW LITERATURE. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for January.

THE NEW COLOR-PHOTOGRAPHY. Illustrated. J. Nilsen Laurvik. *Century* (38 c.) for January.

HAWTHORNE. W. C. Brownell. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for January.

A NEW LIFE OF GOETHE. Christian Gauss. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for January.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. Charles Whibley. *Bookman* (28 c.) for January.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF WORDSWORTH. Illustrated. James Grant Wilson. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for January.

AT LARGE. VII. — Kelmscott and William Morris. Arthur C. Benson. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for January.

A CLASSICAL EDUCATION. Emily James Putnam. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for January.

THE NEWSPAPER AND THE FOREST. W. S. Rossiter. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for January.

WOMEN OF THE FOURTH ESTATE. With portraits of Margaret Hubbard Ayer, Gertrude Lynch, Alice Rohe, Margaret Rohe, Viola Rodgers, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Beatrice Fairfax, Kate Masterson, Dorothy Dix, Josephine Tighe, Dorothy Richardson, Nixola Greeley-Smith, Ada Patterson, and Katherine Leckie. Helen Hambridge. *Broadway* (18 c.) for January.

THE REAL BERNARD SHAW. Dr. Archibald Henderson. *Munsey's* for January.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS AMERICANIZED. Agnes Deans Cameron. *Pacific Monthly* (18 c.) for January.

A SURVEY OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN LITERATURE. Francis Lamont Pierce, Ph.D. *Arena* (28 c.) for December.

LAW AND LANGUAGE. The Literary Editor of the New York Times. *Journal of Education* (13 c.) for December 5.

THE TREND OF FICTION. Lewis Melville. *New York Times Saturday Review* for December 7.

WHITTIER AND THE WHITTIER COUNTRY. *Pittsburg Bulletin* (13 c.) for December 7.

THE PUBLISHER AND THE PUBLIC. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 7.

FRANCIS THOMPSON. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 21.

THE WHITTIER CENTENARY. With portrait. Caroline Ticknor. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for December 21.

THE WHITTIER CENTENNIAL. Illustrated. Articles by J. L. Harbour, Ethelwyn F. Humphrey, Sarah Gertrude Pomeroy, Mary Whittier, and Alice May Douglas. *Zion's Herald* (9 c.) for December 11.

THE PROPHET BARD (J. G. Whittier). With portrait. *Zion's Herald* (9 c.) for December 11.

CELEBRATING THE WHITTIER CENTENNIAL. *Zion's Herald* (9 c.) for December 25.

THE WHITTIER SCHOOLHOUSE. N. S. Wright. *Youth's Companion* (13 c.) for December 12.

SOME GLIMPSES OF WHITTIER. Rev. George F. Piper. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for December 12.

THE RELIGION OF WHITTIER. Rev. J. T. Sunderland. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for December 12.

MR. WHITTIER AND THE "AUTOCRAT." Illustrated. Frank Foxcroft. *Congregationalist* (13 c.) for December 14.

NAMES AND DESTINY. Conclusions of a Novel Reader. Mabel Nelson Thurston. *Congregationalist* (13 c.) for December 14.

AN IMPRESSION OF WHITTIER. Edward Everett Hale. *Outlook* (13 c.) for December 21.

REAL LIFE IN GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS. — II. Illustrated. Charles S. Olcott. *Outlook* (13 c.) for December 28.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Illustrated. William Winter. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for December 28.

NEWS AND NOTES.

W. C. Brownell, in his appreciation of Hawthorne in the January Scribner's, offers much material for literary controversy. In his judgment, the real misfortune of Hawthorne "was the misconception of his talent resulting in the cultivation of his fancy to the neglect of his imagination."

W. J. Rolfe, who observed his eightieth birthday December 10, is at work on a volume of Shaksperian proverbs.

Announcement of a forthcoming life of G. A. Henty, whose prodigious popularity with boys is nowise impaired, calls to mind stories of his exceptional fertility. He could easily turn out 6,500 words a day.

One thousand dollars for a new story by a new writer is offered by the Outing Publishing Company, Deposit, N. Y. The condition of competition is that the author shall never before have had published a novel of standard length. Manuscripts must be submitted before May 8.

Those who are capable of writing textbooks in Spanish may be interested to know that the Peruvian government offers a prize of $1,000 for the best manuscript of texts to replace those now in use in the schools of that country.

Collier's will pay one hundred dollars for what is judged by the editors to be the best article, not more than 1,000 words in length, on "The Saloon in Our Town," submitted before March 15. They will also pay twenty-five dollars for each other manuscript accepted, and at a proportionate rate for those of which only a part is used.

Mr. Munsey announces another new magazine, the Live Wire, "the first strictly color magazine ever issued by any house." He adds that its pages "will teem with smashing good fiction, irresistible humor, serials that grip the human heart, things that appeal to the finer sensibilities, and special articles that will keep you entranced, enthralled."

The first number of the Harvard Theological Review, a quarterly magazine issued by a committee of the faculty of the Harvard Theological School, has made its appearance. The committee in charge of the magazine, which is published by the Macmillan Company, includes Professors Moore, Fenn, and Ropes. The new publication is non-sectarian.

The Star Monthly, Oak Park, Ill., has gone into the hands of receivers. Publication of the magazine will be continued by the receivers until a buyer can be found to take it up.

How to Write (Detroit) ceased publication with the December number.

Wilshire's Magazine (New York) has absorbed Cheerful Moments.

The name of Hearst's Sunday Magazine has been changed to the American Sunday Magazine.

Mary Agnes Tincker died at Dorchester, Mass., December 4, aged seventy-two.

Rev. James H. Ross died December 7 at Clifton Springs, N. Y., aged fifty-seven.

Alfred M. Downes died in New York December 11, aged forty-five.

Margherita Arlina Hamm (Mrs. John R. McMahon) died in New York December 17, aged thirty-six.

Lord Kelvin (William Thompson) died in London December 17, aged eighty-three.

Charles M. Skinner died in Proctorsville, Vt., December 20, aged fifty-six.

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HOW TO WRITE AN ESSAY.

We have been asked the best method of writing an essay, and it has been gently hinted that as we write at least fifty, more or less indifferent, essays in a year we probably have a certain method. We confess that appearances indicate that we write in the manner of a machine that has a definite space to fill and proceeds to fill it. Nevertheless, to quote a much-abused proverb, appearances are deceitful, and we do not consciously follow a well-defined and non-elastic method. We are sure, though, that every essayist, unconsciously or consciously, follows a definite rule of composition, and we will endeavor to formulate for the benefit of our correspondent a plan for the production of essays. We shall not claim that the method suggested is the only way, nor even that it is the best way, but simply set it forth as one of the practical methods of production.

The collection of ideas must be the first step in the preparation of the essay. Some writers are so stocked with facts that they need to do little or no research work. Their material is at their pen's end, and, their subject once chosen, the essay proceeds to a happy completion. But such fortunate mortals are in the minority, and most of us are obliged to fill our hopper for each grinding of grist. In the collection of ideas we have two distinct processes — first, the location of ideas, and, second, rendering them available for acceptance or rejection. In the matter of locating ideas we have two general sources : the first is books ; the second is observation of an object by itself or in its relation with other objects. It is important for us to collect all the data that will enable us thoroughly to understand our subject, for only by so doing can we produce a well-rounded essay. Let us take, for example, the subject of "The Value of Athletics" from the standpoint of a college president. We may well follow the Miles rule and formulate a tentative outline of the subject—an outline applicable to many subjects.

THE VALUE OF ATHLETICS.

Physical, hygienic, and æsthetic effects.
Spiritual and moral effects.
Intellectual effects.
Economical effects.
Social effects.
Future effects.
Surroundings.

This tentative list of general headings is the first guide that we have in our work, and as we progress in the collection of materials we may alter it or add to its divisions.

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We are well aware that certain teachers of English may find fault with our method, and urge the student to study first and formulate an outline afterward. We admit that knowledge of the subject, or at least an active imagination, must be possessed by the would-be essayist, but as a rule essays are written upon an assigned or selected subject, and because of this circumstance knowledge must come after the topic selection.

The general subject having been divided, its divisions are to be subdivided. We take in our list the mission of spiritual and moral effects of athletics, and we divide the topic into : —

Sane outlet for competitive spirit.
Pluck and courage.
Obedience to rule, control, law.
Honor and courtesy.
Sense of fellowship.
Power to bear and make use of defeat and success.
Self-control.
Self-expression.

This list of subdivisions is merely tentative and may, like the best of divisions, be altered in the course of the collection of material. But by the list of divisions and subdivisions the essayist has a definite guide which will keep him to the true direction of his research, and will cause him to get the largest result from the least effort.

Having made a tentative outline, we must secure the facts upon which to base our ideas, or, if you prefer to so state it, the ideal from which to construct our thesis. At this point the question of mechanical aids comes in, and we can state only our own method. We follow the card system. In the beginning of any serious research we provide ourselves with a quantity of blank cards. These may be of any convenient size ; we use a small card. Armed with the cards, we search for our facts and, whether we are gathering information from observation or from books, we never put two ideas upon a card. One card for one idea is our rule. Taking up authority after authority, or object after object, or condition after condition, we jot down on the card the ideas or facts that we gather. We do not attempt to sort the ideas until after we have completed a given task. Then we segregate our cards according to the subdivisions, and of necessity create new subdivisions. We can thus collect material and roughly assort it.

Grading importance of topics and equalizing data is the next step in the writing of an essay. By our method we have collected much more material than we can by any possibility use, yet as we look through our subdivisions we find that some of them are abundantly supplied with information cards, while others have little or nothing to justify the subdivision title. Let us then proceed to grade our divisions. Consider which are of vital importance, which of lesser value. Then do the same for the subdivisions. Ascertain if the important divisions are abundantly supplied with data. Until they are we must not proceed further. We now assume that our tentative outline has become an established one, subject to change until the word finis is written.

Valuation of material is the next step in our essay building. At this point we for the first time since their writing read our excerpts and study them. We weigh the importance of every idea in a particular grouping. We consider it primarily in relation to the subdivision of which it is a part. In such a consideration we find many ideas that are of no value ; perhaps because of their faulty basis, perhaps because they do not properly belong to the subdivision, or to any other subdivision, or for some other reason. We must unhesitatingly reject the card bearing the idea. It is best to do so at this point because of a curious weakness that becomes more apparent as the construction of the essay proceeds — a weakness that causes the author to shrink from rejecting any part of his work. We have now sifted our material, and only the cards bearing important statements remain. It is high time for us to ask ourselves a question : Have we so marked our cards that we know what is direct quotation, what a paraphrase, what an original thought ? Do we know what statement is the result of our personal observation, what the expression of any other person's report ? This is the time to be certain upon these points, unless we wish to plagiarize or to steal. If the es-

say is to be our own we must be certain of the sources of our material.

Our outline has now become more or less definite, the material is now sufficient. We have done considerable thinking upon the whole essay and its parts. We have now to write. But before setting pen to paper let us do a little more thinking and studying. We should take up our outline and ask ourselves if it is complete. We must attack every division and subdivision and question their right to exist and to their position in the outline. We next read in their order every card that we have retained. In such reading our attitude is antagonistic to the statement of the card. Every card must prove its right to final retention. It will be found that other cards are needed to record the new ideas that study develops, and they in turn must be studied and accepted or rejected.

The expression of the facts and ideas is the concluding step in our task. This is, of course, of the utmost importance. Wealth of material may lose much of its force through ill expression. We are, however, not dealing with style, but with the mechanics of essay writing, and so conclude the statement of our personal method by saying: Having thoroughly mastered the contents of our cards, we have the material of the essay well in hand. But we are of the belief that we must prepare a suitable introduction and conclusion. We therefore make a rough draft of them before writing the essay. Next we take our cards, and with them before us write our rough draft of the body of the essay, rewrite our conclusions and then rewrite our introduction. We strive to allow some time to elapse between the making of the rough draft of the whole essay and the first rewriting of it. We like to approach the manuscript for the second time as if it were unfamiliar to us. The number of rewritings is a matter for individual judgment. So much for method, but the best method of essay writing is only an aid to composition and is not the composition itself.

The Baltimore Sun. *Guy Carleton Lee.*

FICTION AND THE FLAT.

Writers of fiction persistently ignore or neglect the modern flat as a setting for romance.

A careful search fails to reveal a single instance in which heroes and heroines make their habitat in the American apartment-house. The "six best-sellers" follow the hackneyed course laid down by the novelists of a former generation. A late complete and carefully edited collection of American short stories shows a varied locale, but nowhere our client; and the current magazines reveal no acquaintance with the home of the middle class — the flat.

And yet our authors profess, with but few exceptions, to be realists — to picture life and love as they actually exist.

Italy, France, the Riviera, the western mountains and ranches, the seashore, even the tenement-house and street of the slums, appear again and again. The country, however, either farm or village, has the call. The hero, in nine cases out of ten, meets his fate in the country village. And this in spite of the fact that marriageable young men are known to be "scarce" in the villages, where, in consequence, the lonely maidens live to a very uncertain age.

High life — aristocratic, fashionable life, with a butler and French maid always within sound of a bell — ranks second favorite with the chroniclers of romance, while such fads as the automobile and the motor-boat clearly have been overworked of late.

We plead, with Stedman, that a poet (novelist) should represent his age. A

considerable and ever-increasing portion of city populace has homes in flats. Surely these homes are not wholly given over to "bachelor girls" and "maiden men." Nay, nay! Many beautiful young girls reside therein, awaiting the prince. And where they are there the prince will surely call, as long as love remains the dominant force of society. There may also be found the worldly father and the match-making mother who continue to obstruct the course of true love.

The flat will be the "homestead" of the future—where home-coming sons and daughters will find the "old folks." While possibly destitute of picturesque outline and appearance, the flat is destined to be the home of humanity, and as such to house within its walls much of the tragedy—not to mention the comedy—of life in the American city.

But since this last subtle discrimination against the long-suffering apartment-house has been discovered, the perpetrators of the outrage can no longer hide behind a seeming innocence. The "landlords' league" will take the matter up at once, and a judicious course of "publicity" will remove the ban which has so long hung over the flat as a place of residence. *Marion Gordon.*

CLEVELAND, O.

MAGAZINE ENGLISH.

I am always glad to see in THE WRITER quotations of "newspaper English" as examples of what one should avoid. But also our magazines — and even our best magazines — have given of late years some startling slips in grammar to their readers, while publishers of unquestioned standing put forth books by writers of education, one might suppose, and yet containing sentences glaringly incorrect.

No one error is perhaps more common at present than the substitution of "whom" for "who" as the subject of a verb, and no blunder more plainly betrays gross ignorance. The dogmatic Samuel Johnson once observed that a rent in a garment might betoken carelessness, but a patch was acknowledged poverty. So, I always think, the use of "who" as object of a verb may be mere carelessness, spoken or written by one who does know better; but to use "whom" as subject of the verb shows that the user has been most imperfectly educated in the employment of his own language.

And still how common it is, and in what prominent places! I have found it in every one of our periodicals which publish fiction except, so far, the Atlantic. Scribner's and Harper's fall again and again into the error — where are their proofreaders, pray? — and the Century has now and then succumbed.

Annie Flint, in "A Girl of Ideas" (page 35), says: "Whom Elinor would have sworn was a solicitor"; Frank Norris, in "The Octopus" (page 269): "Old Broderson, whom every one believed had gone home"; W. W. Jacobs, "Odd Craft" (page 151): "Whom he thought was living"; Disraeli, in "Coningsby" (page 375): "Whom he hoped, by some means or other, quite unconsciously, might soon be transformed"; Elizabeth McCracken, in the Bookman, September, 1902 (page 74): "Whom, he warmly affirms, was cut out by nature"; Churchill Williams, in the Bookman, November, 1903 (page 291): "One whom he knows is innocent"; Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, in "The Lightning Conductor" (page 31): "Whom we supposed was with you"; Bret Harte, in "Condensed Novels" (page 33): "Whom everybody knew had been the cause"; Eliza-

beth Jordan, in "Varick's Lady o' Dreams" (Scribner's, May, 1904, page 568): "Whom she supposed was responsible"; Marie Manning, in "Judith of the Plains" (pages 147 and 322): "Whomever took such things seriously," and "whom, she thought, should not have been permitted"; John Luther Long, in "Felice" (Harper's, December, 1904, page 24): "Whom indeed the babies supposed could condemn"; Winston Churchill, in "Coniston" (page 237): "Whom she had been told was the heiress"; Mabel Osgood Wright, in "At the Sign of the Fox" (page 276): "Whom I think would understand"; Edith Robinson (Lippincott's, June, 1904, page 707): "Whom it was not difficult to guess was judge"; Beatrice Hanscome (Scribner's, September, 1903, page 321): "Whom they hoped would be so favorably impressed"; and the New York Times Saturday Review, which has more than once admitted to its columns comments upon this very practice, itself has fallen prey to the habit (May 14, 1904, page 332) in saying editorially: "Whom, our Bachelor assures us, was not softly feminine." As a critic aptly quoted thereof: "O, the Times, O, the customs!" *Alice M. Nevers.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE CRITICS THAT MAKE OR BREAK US.

Scene: A summer hotel piazza. Time: 12.45 P. M.

"My! But we've got a rubbishing lot of books to read this summer!"

"Have you read 'The Lady of the Decoration'?"

"Oh! Don't talk!"

"I want to get hold of that."

"Well, it's gone. Mrs. Migrant had it, and she's taken it with her."

"'T is n't much good, anyway."

"What are you reading, Mrs. Bankers?"

Mrs. Bankers (who supped last night on potted larks): "I've got 'Through the Eye of a Needle.'"

"Is it good?"

"Well, I like it because I like Howells, but I would n't like to live in this place. Do you know where it is?"

"Altruria?"

"Yes. Where do you suppose it is?"

"Why, I suppose it is an imaginary place. Just a dream-sort-of——"

"Oh! Is that it? Well! I would n't like it, anyway."

"Who has read 'By the Light of the Soul'?"

"My sister is trying to get through it. My, she says it's awfully tedious, just awful!"

"What have you got?"

"'The Confessions of Diana,' please."

"Is it good?"

"No, it is n't any good at all. I am trying to struggle through it because I hate to begin a thing and then not finish it."

"There is a lot of it, is n't there?"

"Indeed, you would think so if you read it."

"Has anybody got 'Joseph Vance'?"

"My husband has just worked through it, and I've got it now."

"What do you think of it?"

"Well, he liked it very much, but I must say I don't like a book where the people talk bad grammar."

"I see you have 'Alice-for-short.' Do you like it?"

"Well! After you get into it, it is real interesting, but the first part of it is tedious, and my! but there is a lot of it!"

"I began it, but really the people in it are so carmon. I do find it hard to bring my sympathies down to that level."

Admiring pause! During which the dinner bell is heard. *M. Going.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

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VOL. XX. FEBRUARY, 1908. NO. 2.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Those who used to enjoy the books of Henry James must have read with regret the news that he was preparing a "definitive" twenty-three-volume edition of his works. His publishers say : "Mr. James has devoted many months to the most careful and scrupulous revision of all the novels and tales, particularly the earlier ones. Those written many years ago, the first fruits of his genius, have thus been brought into alignment of style, color, and general literary presentment with the work of his maturity." Mr. James's style of late years has grown steadily more tortuous and involved, until his recent writing has become such a literary puzzle that its solution requires careful, patient toil. As Carlyle said of Browning : "He ingeniously twists up the English language into riddles." If he has laboriously revised the freshness and charm out of his early stories, that they may "take their place in the harmony of the author's entire artistic output," the value of first editions of his books will be very much enhanced.

* * *

The Argonaut's reference to the definite re-issue of "The Novels and Tales of Henry Jams" in twenty-three volumes is, of course, a misprint, but it gives Mr. James quite a gay and festive look.

* * *

Some useful suggestions indicating what writers ought to aim at in their literary work are given by the Atlantic Monthly in a statement of its policy, outlining the plans for its editorial management during the current year. From the point of view of the Atlantic, the greatest need of American letters to-day is the return of the essay to its position of deserved importance. In spite of the publication of this statement, the editor probably will not be overwhelmed by the contribution of so many charming and delightful essays that he will be at a loss to choose among them. Every editor knows that to write a good essay is one of the most difficult undertakings in literary art, and that the number of skilled essay writers of the present day can almost be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. Raising the question, "How far are we developing a national literature, and how significant is the apparent trend toward a smart cosmopolitanism and away from the

simpler, severer standards of literary art?" the Atlantic expresses its belief that the carnival of the "six best sellers" is nearly over, and that "an educated literary taste will demand in the future a national literature—more rational, more dignified, and more worthy the country of its birth." Time will show whether this optimistic view of the demand of the American reading public is justified or not. There are no conspicuous signs that the great mass of readers are weary of the quickly-produced ephemeral fiction that has been the chief literary product in the United States in the last ten or fifteen years. It is undoubtedly true, however, that a literary masterpiece, such as can be written only for its own sake and without regard to the financial consequences, the result of mature, cultivated thought and ripe experience, would have a sale, both immediate and permanent, that would vastly exceed that of any of the "best sellers" of the day. In other words, the popular demand for really great books is more general now than it has ever been, and writers who will take the time and devote the effort necessary to do good work for the work's sake, if they have the talent to succeed, will reap immediate, permanent, and sure reward.

* * *

Suggestions of what fiction of the present day should be are given by the Atlantic's description of its leading serial for 1908—Alice Brown's "Rose MacLeod"—as "a story of American life, of extraordinary human interest, great charm, and subtle humor," and its statement that its short stories have been chosen "on account of their distinction of style, plot, and literary craftsmanship." It would be hard to find a better summary of the qualities that the best literary imaginative work should have.

* * *

In the field of the drama, the Atlantic finds most pressing need of right thinking and fearless expression of opinion. "It is possible," it says, "that the American drama may find its way out of the maze of problem plays and the slough of musical comedies in which it is to-day, but this will come about only by the recognition of the best and the resolute discarding of the meretricious and mediocre." Of its travel articles, the Atlantic says: "It will print the impressions of American travelers, choosing graphic descriptions of excursions in unfamiliar regions"—thus answering the interesting question, How do life and scenery in foreign countries impress an alert American observer? No better description could be given of the kind of travel articles that any editor is glad to get. To be acceptable to editors, articles descriptive of travel must be interesting and bright, they must be written from the American point of view, and they must tell of something that has not been described many times before. Altogether, these suggestions from the Atlantic Monthly give useful hints, both to those who would like to contribute to that magazine, and to those who would find a place in other first-class periodicals.

W. H. H.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

What is the use of an universal language which finds room for an universal nation to speak it?	What is the use of a universal language which finds room for a universal nation to speak it?
We treat pneumonia differently now than they did as little as ten years ago.	We treat pneumonia differently now from the way they did even ten years ago.
Senator Knox was declared to be the President's ideal candidate for 1908 at a dinner in Washington.	Senator Knox was declared at a dinner in Washington to be the President's ideal candidate for 1908.
Mayor asserts that Boston spends freely, but gets good return for money in Dorchester speech.	Mayor, in Dorchester speech, asserts that Boston spends freely, but gets good return for money.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Barton Wood Currie, author of the stories, "Under the Joshua-Tree," in the Century for January, and "The Bubble Hunch," in the Red Book for January, was born in New York twenty-nine years ago, and entered Harvard with the class of 1899, but did not continue beyond his sophomore year. Returning to

New York, he studied law two years at a New York law school. He failed to finish there, as he wanted to be a hero and die for his country. He was a member of the New York naval reserve, and enlisted in the navy as chief yeoman. Sad for his heroic ambition, he was attached to the coast signal service and saw no more of the "Front" than one could view from the old frigate New Hampshire in the East River. He was mustered out of the navy in the fall of 1898, and a year later became a reporter on the New York Evening Sun. He has served on the Sun, the Times, and the World for the last nine years, the last six years on the World. At the time of the San Francisco earthquake he went to California and traveled about the coast states for a year. He attempted his first magazine story a year ago, and has sold about twenty-five stories since that time. As he is still on the staff of the World, his magazine writing has to be done in leisure hours.

John Regnault Ellyson, the author of the story, "His Silent Partners," in the Smart Set for January, is a resident of Richmond, Virginia. He began writing in 1898, and since that time he has had about twenty-five stories and two poems published in the Chap Book, the Smart Set, the Metropolitan, the Black Cat, the Saturday Evening Post, Vogue, and the Bookman.

Irvine Graff, whose story, "Barbara's Bishop," was printed in the Red Book for January, wrote her first tale at the age of ten, in a green composition-book. As she was then a devourer of Scott, the story teemed with proud knights in glittering armor ; fair ladies who smiled sweetly or disdainfully upon them, as the case might be ; minstrels ; tournaments ; and old baronial castles, which were very conveniently fitted out with electric lights and all modern improvements. From then on until her fourteenth year, story-writing proved a pastime of never-ending fascination. At that time she sent a story to Munsey's Magazine. This story — a very sad one, "The Ashes of a Hopeless Love," — was mailed in a heavy cardboard tube, from which it must have taken nothing less than a pair of pincers to extract it, but somehow it escaped consignment to the editorial waste-basket, and was duly returned, impenetrable coat of armor and all. In 1901, when Miss Graff was sixteen, two more stories, alike remarkable for their dire and wholesale tragedy, were sent out and promptly returned. She attempted nothing further until 1906, when she sent a story to Trumbull White, then editor of the Red Book. Although it was only the story of a little boy, it was accepted, and she obtained a vital clue. Since then she has delved more deeply into the heart of childhood, an ever-fresh, ever-fascinating world of unexpected treasure, and several stories placed this winter all deal with children.

Campbell MacCulloch, the author of the stories, "Chances for Three," in Ainslee's for January, and "The 'Squaring' of Brennan," in Appleton's for January, is of Scotch descent, but was born in England and educated in Canada at Toronto University. He was brought up as an electrical and mechanical engineer, but ten years ago he took up newspaper work, then adopted literary work, and is now gradually turning into a playwright. His literary work has consisted of "The Last Days of the Confederacy," which were memoirs of the late Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and about fifteen or twenty stories published in Ainslee's, Appleton's, the People's Magazine, the Delineator, and the Red Book.

Daisy Rinehart, whose story, "The Exceeding Wiliness of Mrs. Mimms," appeared in Harper's Bazar for January, is Mrs. Charles Rinehart of Charlottesville, Virginia, where she has lived all her life, with the exception of a brief time passed in Kentucky and Illinois. "Mrs. Mimms" is her first successful short story, published over her own signature, after three or four years of intermittent effort, although she has been more successful with verse. "Mrs. Mimms" came to her after looking over a fashion sheet of the Female Fireside Companion type described therein, but she put the idea aside as frivolous and trivial. The idea persistently recurred to her, however, until at last she wrote it out and sent it to McClure's,

with little hope of its acceptance. Mrs. Rinehart says she always begins by sending a story to McClure's. She started doing this because the stories in that magazine appealed to her, and she has kept it up since from contrariness. Whenever she has a particularly happy dream it is of the editor of McClure's going down on his knees to her and begging her for a manuscript, while she refuses him with a scornful gesture. When "Mrs. Mimms" came back, she sent it to Harper & Bros., and was surprised to receive a most cordial note of acceptance from the editor of the Bazar. She hurried home to paralyze a skeptical and jeering family with the acceptance, and she has since been greatly pleased at the local success of "Mrs. Mimms." Virginia papers have made kindly comment of her, and Mrs. Rinehart feels much encouraged thereby. She has been further encouraged by the sale of two other stories recently to leading magazines.

Algernon Tassin, author of "The Little Sister," in the January Delineator, is at present an instructor in English at Columbia University. He wrote the story as a one-act sketch for the late Joseph Haworth, and finding it successful in that form, gave it a slight setting of narrative when Mr. Haworth's claim upon it ceased, and sent it to the Delineator. With the editor's check came the following comment: "This is not so much a story as a picture." Knowing that the editor would be pleased at his own discernment, Mr. Tassin owned up to the fact that the story had been conceived as dialogue and incident first. That this is not a bad idea is shown by the experience with "Charley Johnson's Fine," which appeared in a November Collier's. This story went through the same evolution from dialogue to narrative, and now at the seeming end of its career, falling under the eye of an actress, is just returning once again to its original incarnation as a playlet, and is shortly to reappear on the boards. It is difficult for any one, Mr. Tassin thinks, to visualize a character and his varying moods just from the language he speaks. Most people, even actors, feel the need of constant explanation on the part of the writer. The story, too, gains in actuality and liveliness by conceiving the words primarily as spoken.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Burroughs.—I found John Burroughs in his library on the Hudson, a small building back of the house, away from domestic sounds and interruptions. He told me how Secretary Hugh McCulloch gave him a place in the treasury at Washington.

"While sitting by the vault of the treasury," he said, "I wrote a number of essays for the Atlantic Monthly, which were collected later and made into 'Wake-Robin,' my first book."

"But how had you learned to write?"

"I had been dabbling around for several years. While mad over Emerson's philosophy and style I had written an essay on the expression of man and nature, in which I attempted to imitate him. There was nothing cute in it except that I likened old Dr. Johnson to the third kind of lever by which the power applied always exceeds the weight that is raised. I hoped to show that Johnson was greater in himself, in his personality, than in anything he ever said or wrote.

"The essay was sent to James Russell Lowell, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, who thought I was trying to sell him something I had cribbed from Emerson. He hunted, but found nothing like it in Emerson's books, and so printed it anonymously, as was the custom in those days.

"The public attributed my humble little effort to the sage of Concord, as Lowell had done, and extracts from it went the rounds of the press, got into a book on rhetoric, and it was even credited to Emerson by Poole, himself, in his famous index to 'Periodical Literature.'

"'Here,' I said to myself, 'this won't do. You must get the Emerson musk out of your clothes and be nothing hereafter but John Burroughs.'

"So one winter, having failed to find a school, I began to write on things I knew about, stone fences, haying, chickens, and other homely subjects. The editor of the

New York Leader, a Tammany newspaper, printed my articles, but said he could n't afford to pay for them.

"My acquaintance with Walt Whitman was the most important event in my life.

"I wrote a little book — 'Wake-Robin' was my second, when I come to think about it — which I called 'Walt Whitman, as Poet and Person.' It was printed at my own expense, which was some three hundred dollars, but it created no stir. I sold a few copies and gave the rest away. They have all been swallowed up, and I haven't one that is complete myself."

"When do you write?"

"From nine o'clock in the morning until noon, and not then if I have lost sleep, eaten food that does n't agree with me, or am worried. I write readily, but not fast, and never to order. An order would fret me to death. I do as I please and in my own time. My publishers can take my work or let it alone. I begin to write when the frost comes, and quit when it goes. My ink turns to water in warm weather." —James B. Morrow, in the New York Tribune.

Ouida. — In her later years Ouida — who adopted that name because in her childhood days that was the way she pronounced Louisa — resented any reference to her early life. When the late J. B. Lippincott, her American publisher, once tried to draw her out on the subject, she cut him short with: —

"It is none of your business."

Report has it that she began showing literary ability at the age of four years, but her first published efforts appeared in the English magazines, in the form of short stories, when she was about sixteen years of age. At that time she was undecided whether to adopt the literary profession or take up the study of painting. She decided on literature, but her love for the brush never died, and many a little oil or water color study by her gave delight to her friends. It is said that she never painted a picture in which either a cat, dog, or horse did not appear.

Her first novel, "Held in Bondage," appeared in London in 1863. At that period the market was overrun with books on the slavery question, and the public, taking the title as denoting a boring subject, passed it by with the result that only seven hundred copies were sold. There was, however, one man who took the trouble to go beyond the cover, and from that event dated the success of Ouida. The late J. B. Lippincott read the book, and resolved to know more about the author.

Mr. Lippincott did not know whether Ouida was a man or a woman, but he was struck with the vigorous style of the writer, and by arrangement re-published the work. Mr. Lippincott changed the name to "Granville de Vigne," and that the change was a wise one was proved by the success which it obtained. — New York Times.

For her first book Ouida received $3,000, and it is estimated that she received from $7,000 to $15,000 for each succeeding novel she published. In the quarter of a century following her appearance as a writer she turned out about forty novels. In addition to this, leading magazines printed her short stories by the score.

Randall. — On the night of April 19, 1861, James R. Randall, a young teacher of literature in a Louisiana college, read a newspaper account of the bloody passing of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment through Baltimore on its way to Washington in response to Lincoln's call. The thought of Northern troops in the streets of his native city would not let him sleep. He rose and wrote down the fervid lines of "Maryland, my Maryland," as they flashed before his mind: —

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Next morning he read them to his class. The New Orleans Delta printed them. The Baltimore papers copied them. A young lady wedded them to the German student tune "Lauriger Horatius," and they were caught up and sung throughout the South. Randall's poem was the most stirring of the Southern war songs, as was Mrs. Howe's

"Battle Hymn of the Republic" in the North. — Christian Advocate.

Trowbridge. — The early history of J. T. Trowbridge is as romantic as anything his imagination devised later for the entertainment of his readers, says the Delineator for January. He actually lived on crusts in an attic as he fought to make his way in the world. He wrote for the Dollar Magazine, so called not only because it sold for a dollar a year, but because it paid its writers one dollar a page! It is hardly necessary after this to quote his own statement that he "was hungry at times." He adds cheerily, however, "no more so, probably, than was good for me, and never for long." It was when he was managing editor of Our Young Folks that he began the work that has made him so well known and loved. After they had published a series of stories for young people, written by Mayne Reid, Mrs. Whitney, Aldrich, and others equally famous, he was suggesting names for a successor in their work. His "chief" looked at him quizzically and observed, "'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'" So John did, with the result that thousands of young people have adored his books.

Watson. — William Watson has confessed that his road to recognition as a poet was not an easy one. Not twenty copies of his first volume of poems had been sold ten years after it appeared to persons outside the immediate circle of his friends and acquaintances, he says, nor did the second volume have much better success. The third book, "Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems," went rapidly through three editions and has been selling well ever since. — New York Sun.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

How to Open a Book. — Lay the book, back downward, on a table or smooth surface. Press the front cover down until it touches the table, then the back cover, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few of the leaves at the back, then a few at the front, alternately pressing them down gently until you reach the centre of the volume. This should be done two or three times. Never open a book violently, nor bend back the covers. Such treatment is liable not only to break the back, but to loosen the leaves.

Disappearance of High-class Magazines. — In the London magazine world there is nothing but inanity, tragedy, and funeral processions. Murray's Monthly Review is dead and so is the Gentleman's Magazine, and Longman's, and Temple Bar, and Macmillan's. They are all historic names and identified with some distinctive phase of literary life. What is the cause of it? Of course, the cause is very simple. The magazine that appeals to the one has been ousted by the magazine that appeals to the thousand, and the advertisements that went once to the select few have now gone in quest of "largest circulations." — London Letter in the Argonaut.

A Point of Honor in Fiction. — There ought to be a kind of close time for human beings, a period during which it shall not be lawful to introduce them as characters in novels — that is, under their real names. Novelists generally select traits from living people of their acquaintance, or even caricature them, as Charlotte Brontë did in the case of the Curates, of Madame Héger, and so on. Simple as I seem, I have sat for the hero of at least one novel, and as the villain of others.

This is all very well, so long as the real names of the originals are not published. It is a delicate question, how soon may actual persons be introduced into novels, names and all. Mr. Stevenson introduced the Master of Lovat into "Catriona," and made him behave abominably. Consequently some persons publicly expressed their wrath against Mr. Stevenson. Why he made the Master such a monster I never knew, and as the Master has been dead, I presume, for about a century, people south of the Tweed would not have cared much for what a novelist made him say or do. In Scotland it is otherwise; they do care.

Scott introduced in "The Legend of Montrose," under the name of Alan Macaulay, that Stuart of Ardvoilich, who murdered Lord Kilpont in the middle of the seventeenth century, and remonstrances poured in, though there was no doubt about the murder.

He named a valet Jernigan (or Jerningham) in "Peveril of the Peak," and though he only borrowed the name from "The Vicar of Wakefield," a lady of the house of Jerningham, in an amusing letter, protested against the outrage.

In a recent novel Robert Burns appears, and is made to behave detestably. This does not seem fair, Burns not being a public character, like, say, James VI., with whom any freedom may be taken. It really appears as if, except in the case of kings, one should not make free in a novel with any one who lived after the end of the sixteenth century. The man or woman may have living descendants, whose sentiments ought to command respect. Lady Charlotte Bury (née Campbell) was hurt by Scott's picture, certainly not flattering, of her ancestor, the Marquess of Argyll. I confess that I should feel reluctant to introduce John Knox and his love affairs (pour le bon motif) into a romance, though they offer a tempting subject. — Andrew Lang, in the Illustrated London News.

BOOK REVIEWS.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF RHETORIC. By Helen J. Robins and Agnes F. Perkins. Second edition, revised and corrected. 315 pp. Cloth, 90 cents, net. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

The fact that this Introduction Rhetoric, written by two teachers, — one, teacher of English in the Misses Shipley's school, Bryn Mawr, and the other instructor in rhetoric at Wellesley College, — has reached a second edition in four years is evidence that it has value and that it found a welcome. Its authors take up the subject in a new and original way, which makes the study of it interesting from the start. Instead of beginning with general remarks, or tedious definitions and rules, the first lesson explains the difference between "among" and "between," and quotes from good literature a number of examples to illustrate the proper usage. Then follow some rules for punctuation suggested by the examples given. Lesson II gives more examples, more rules for punctuation, and an exercise made up of sentences with blanks where either "among" or "between" should be supplied. So through the first two hundred pages of the book, devoted to "Use and Agreement of Words," the different parts of speech are taken up in order in this way, the elementary principles of good usage being thus taught in connection with the rules for punctuation. The second part of the book, about one hundred pages, is devoted to "Sentence Structure," and the principles set forth are illustrated by examples, so that everything is made clear in an interesting way. The book as a whole is one that will appeal to the student. There is nothing dry-as-dust about it.

While the book is intended for use in elementary classes as soon as the study of grammar is completed, or in more advanced classes as a direct preparation for college, it will be instructive to students of the art of writing at whatever stage. Rhetoricians never agree among themselves, and some of the dicta of this work will not go undisputed, but as a whole it is a safe and helpful guide. Its faults are minor ones — such, for instance, as ordering a period after the Roman numeral, as if it were an abbreviation, and excepting prepositions from the words in titles that should begin with a capital. As De Vinne says, "XIX is no more an abbreviation than 19," and long prepositions, like "about" and "among" are generally capitalized in titles. The best usage, too, shuts out the "split infinitive," which the present book prohibits, "unless special emphasis is desired." It is a question whether "directly to serve" is not really more emphatic than "to directly serve" in the quotation from Arnold's "Literature and Science" that is given on page 212. With regard to the illustrative examples in the book, the authors have taken the odd course of rewriting in faulty English short extracts from the works of well-known writers and then printing the incorrect form and the correct form in parallel columns, with the correct quotations duly credited. For years rhetoricians have pounced upon the blunders of conspicuous writers and used them as horrible examples in their text-books. To this practice the writers would have no reason to except, but it seems as if some of them might object to having their good English mutilated in a school text-book, even though the credit is given with the correct quotation and the liberties are taken with their work only for the purpose of instruction.

Regarded as a whole, this Introduction to Rhetoric is the most interesting and suggestive book on the study of English that has come to the attention of THE WRITER in many a day. No one who writes can read it without profit. W. H. H.

THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY. An examination of the more important arguments for and against believing in that religion. Compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Turton, D. S. O., Royal Engineers. Fifth edition, seventh thousand, revised. 529 pp. Cloth. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company. 1905.

Apart from all considerations of its subject, this book should be interesting to

writers, as an admirable illustration of well-planned argumentative composition. Colonel Turton modestly disavows any claim to originality, saying that he has not hesitated to borrow arguments and illustrations from any source, but his book is much more than a compilation, and he has put his material together in a most effective way. From beginning to end he has planned his work with scientific logical precision, advancing step by step in orderly judicial reasoning to his conclusions. The leading arguments for and against Christianity are clearly and fairly stated, in such an impartial, frank, and candid way that the reader feels that the only object of the author is to reach the truth. Each chapter has for a heading a tabular summary of the reasoning that it contains, and in each chapter the points of the argument are brought out forcibly, in a style that is notable for its clearness and its strength. A better example of skilful argumentative exposition would be hard to find. Every writer would do well to read the book, not only for its subject matter, but for the advantage to be gained by studying the author's method. W. H. H.

WELLCOME'S PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPOSURE RECORD AND DIARY. 260 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: Burroughs, Wellcome, & Co. 1907.

Every amateur photographer would like to have a copy of this handy pocket diary and exposure record, which, in addition to the ruled pages to be filled with useful records, contains clear explanations of the principles that underlie correct exposure and development, together with plate speed tables, monthly light tables, and a movable exposure calculation, which with one turn of the scale indicates the correct light value for any subject for any hour, month, or condition of light.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE POETRY OF LEIGH HUNT. Arthur Symons. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE REVIVAL OF THE POETIC DRAMA. Brander Matthews. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE LITERARY LADY. Agnes Repplier. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE DIALECT OF EMOTION. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

VOCATION AND AVOCATION. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE FOLLY OF TAUGHT GRAMMAR. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE MAGAZINE WEST. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for February.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE PARTS OF SPEECH. Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for February.

PROGRESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY. With special reference to the work of Eduard J. Steichen. Illustrated. Charles H. Coffin. *Century* (38 c.) for February.

HUMOR UNDER SUNDRY SKIES. Chauncey B. Brewster. *North American Review* (38 c.) for February.

BOOKISHNESS AND STATESMANSHIP. The Earl of Rosebery. *North American Review* (38 c.) for February.

THE DOGMA OF JOURNALISTIC INERRANCY. Munroe Smith. *North American Review* (38 c.) for February.

THE LEGITIMACY OF THE CLOSET-DRAMA. Brander Matthews. *North American Review* (38 c.) for February.

A SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION — HENRY BEYLE-STENDHAL. With portrait. James Huneker. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

"PURITY" IN LANGUAGE. The Point of View, *Scribner's* (28 c.) for February.

MY VISIT TO SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE. With portrait. Tommaso Salvini. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

KEATS AND SHELLEY IN ROME. Illustrated. Raffaele Simboli. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND. With portrait. Frederick James Gregg. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

SOME PHASES OF LITERARY NEW YORK IN THE SIXTIES. W. L. Alden. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

AT LARGE. VII. — The Dramatic Sense. Arthur C. Benson. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

EDITH WHARTON. With portrait. H. G. Dwight. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for February.

GEORGE MEREDITH AT EIGHTY. With portrait. G. W. Harris. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for February.

S. S. CURRY. With portrait. Shailer Mathews. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for February.

CONCERNING BOOKS AND CRITICS. *Uncle Remus's Magazine* (13 c.) for February.

DR. HALE AT HOME. Illustrated. Lyman Beecher Stowe. *Circle* (18 c.) for February.

POEMS THAT HAVE MOVED HUMANITY. Edwin Markham. *Circle* (18 c.) for February.

HOW THE TRUTH SAVED THE DAY. The newspapers' part in the recent financial crisis. With newspaper fac-similes. George C. Lawrence. *Appleton's Magazine* (18 c.) for February.

THE SYMBOLISM OF "THE TEMPEST." George Herbert Clark. *Arena* (28 c.) for February.

THE RIMINI STORY IN MODERN DRAMA. Professor Archibald Henderson, Ph.D. *Arena* (28 c.) for February.

ARE DRAMATIC CRITICS WORTH WHILE? Illustrated. Harris Merton Lyon. *Broadway Magazine* (18 c.) for February.

COURT JESTERS TO FATHER KNICKERBOCKER. Illustrated. Portraits of F. B. Opper, Thomas E. Powers, J. S. Anderson ("Vet."), C. R. Macauley, T. S. Sullivant, George McManus, R. F. Outcault, Henry ("Hy") Mayer, Maurice Ketten, H. C. Davenport, Eugene Zimmerman, T. A. Dorgan ("Tad"), W. A. Rogers, and H. B. Martin. Margaret Rohe. *Broadway Magazine* (18 c.) for February.

THE MIGRATIONS OF A SONNET. John M. Berdan. *Modern Language Notes* (28 c.) for February.

CONCERNING THE TELLING OF A STORY.—III. Part I. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for February.

RUDYARD KIPLING. W. B. Parker. *World's Work* (28 c.) for February.

MR. KIPLING IN FRENCH. Louis Fabulet. *World's Work* (28 c.) for February.

MAY SINCLAIR. Dolores Bacon. *Book News Monthly* for February.

NOVELS OF SEX. Talcott Williams. *Book News Monthly* for February.

THE WAY TO KNOW AND STUDY SHAKSPERE. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Ladies' Home Journal* for February.

RECOLLECTIONS OF "LEWIS CARROLL." Illustrated. Harry Furniss. *Strand* (13 c.) for February.

HUMOROUS COLLEGE JOURNALISM. Frank A. Paul. *Bohemian* for December.

WILLIAM J. LOCKE, NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST. H. T. Craven. *Theatre Magazine* for January.

PRACTICAL BOOK BINDING. Morris Lee King. *International Studio* for January.

HOW TO BIND MAGAZINES. Illustrated. Joseph N. Parker. *Popular Mechanics* (13 c.) for January.

ROBERT BROWNING: THE EAGLE-HEARTED POET OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. B. O. Flower. *Arena* (28 c.) for January.

THE EXCITING FORCE IN THE DRAMA. James D. Bruner. *Modern Language Notes* (28 c.) for January.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC USE OF SONGS. H. B. Lathrop. *Modern Language Notes* (28 c.) for January.

BREAKING INTO LITERATURE. Wallace Rice. *World To-Day* (18 c.) for January.

THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE. Professor O. W. Firkins. *Education* (38 c.) for January.

KATE UPSON CLARK. With portrait. Alice May Douglas. *Zion's Herald* (9 c.) for January 1.

BOOKS, PERIODICALS, AND MORALS. Reprinted from *Christian Life* in the *Christian Register* (9 c.) for January 2.

WHITTIER, THE POET OF PEACE. Edwin D. Mead. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for January 2.

MONCURE D. CONWAY. Edward W. Emerson. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for January 2.

WRITER'S CRAMP; WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT CAN BE TREATED BY THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN. S. H. Monell, M. D. *Medical Record* (13 c.) for January 18.

FRANCIS THOMPSON: POET-JOURNALIST. C. Lewis Hind. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for January 18.

THE WORTH OF POETRY. Eugene Parsons. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for January 30.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Theodore Drieser, for the past year managing editor of the Broadway Magazine, has taken charge of the editorial department of the Delineator.

William Dean Howells and Miss Mildred Howells have sailed for Italy.

Miss Mary Johnston is staying at Nassau, in the Bahamas. Her new novel, which she is now completing, deals with the period of Thomas Jefferson, and will be published some time this year.

John Murray is to publish a biography of Delane, the great editor of the London Times, with citations from the correspondence of noted men and women.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll is preparing a memoir of Rev. Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), and asks that letters in the possession of American friends be sent to Dr. Watson's publishers, Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York. Letters thus lent will not be sent to England, but will be immediately copied and returned to owners who shall kindly lend them.

"The Letters of Christina Rossetti" are to be published soon, edited by her brother, Michael Rossetti.

The third and last volume of the English translation of Albert Bielschowsky's Life of Goethe will shortly appear under the Putnam imprint.

"The Home Life of Poe," by Susan Archer Weiss, is issued by the Broadway Publishing Company.

A literary autobiography which is nearly ready for publication is that of Professor A. J. Church. This writer of "Stories from Homer" has produced seventy books. For more than forty years he has been associated with periodical literature in England.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. will publish this spring a volume on "Tragedy," by Professor Ashley H. Thorndike, in the Types of English Literature series, edited by Professor Neilson.

A life of Thomas Chatterton is in preparation by Charles Edward Russell, and it will be published in this country next winter by Moffat, Yard, & Co. Among the material accessible to Mr. Russell were Chatterton's manuscript diaries wherein he kept a record of each passing day.

The life of Paul Verlaine, written by M. Lepelletier, will be published soon in an English translation by Werner Laurie. It treats of both Verlaine the man and Verlaine the poet.

B. W. Dodge & Co. will publish shortly "The Career of a Journalist," by William Salisbury, who has had nine years' experience on various newspapers in this country, and who claims to have found journalism anything but a creditable profession.

The Fortnightly Review (London) will abandon serials. The editor, W. L. Courtney, finds that his readers do not care to read novels in monthly instalments, and with the conclusion of Maurice Hewlett's "The Stooping Lady" has resolved to substitute for the serial novel short stories, each complete in the number in which it appears.

Success (New York) will hereafter devote a page (about 2,000 words) to the best obtainable stories about people, witticisms, clever verse, and very short fiction, under the heading of "Point and Pleasantry," and for accepted matter of this kind will pay ten cents a word.

During the six months beginning April 1, the Tariff Reform Committee of the Tariff Reform Club will distribute three hundred dollars in prizes. For the best tariff reform article or editorial each month twenty-five dollars will be paid, also twenty-five dollars each month for the best tariff reform cartoon. All communications should be addressed to the Tariff Reform Committee, No. 42 Broadway, New York.

In connection with the International Congress on Tuberculosis, which will be held in Washington September 21 to October 12, a prize of $1,500 is offered for the best treatise that may be submitted to that congress on "The Relation of Atmospheric Air to Tuberculosis."

The Poe International Centenary Society offers a prize of $500 for the best poem memorializing Edgar A. Poe, making the strange stipulation that it must be written by a non-professional writer.

The Baseball Magazine (Boston) will begin publication in April, with J. C. Morse as editor. The new magazine office is at 19 Congress street, and it promises to pay well for accepted matter.

The first issue of the new Harvard Theological Review has the imprint of the Macmillan Company. This periodical has been founded as an undenominational organ of theological opinion, to be edited under the direction of the faculty of divinity in Harvard University. The board of editors in immediate charge consists of Professors G. F. Moore (chairman), W. W. Fenn, and J. H. Ropes.

Fisher Unwin, the London publisher, announces a new magazine, to be called The International: A Review of the World's Progress, which will appear simultaneously in English, French, and German in London, Paris, and Berlin. The editor, Dr. Rodolphe Broda, of Paris, has been traveling for several years in the interests of this magazine, and has secured a permanent staff of about 250 correspondents in all countries. Their reports will embrace political and economic reforms, labor movements, the progress of science, and all that is new and significant in art, literature, and religion. The object will be to "form a record of contemporary history, and a mirror of vital facts and tendencies in social evolution."

The America Company has been organized in Buffalo to publish a magazine named America in Spanish for circulation in Latin-American countries. George C. Vedder will be the editor. America will be profusely illustrated, and in appearance will resemble Country Life. It will be devoted to agriculture, stock-raising, mining, manufactures, and commerce. The first number will be issued in April or May.

Indoors and Out (Boston) has been consolidated with the House Beautiful (Chicago).

The Republic is a new magazine published in Washington, "for American schools, homes, youth, men, and women." There are departments devoted to patriotic societies. One section of the magazine is set apart for matter which will interest the young people.

Tropical and Sub-tropical America is the name of a handsome new illustrated monthly magazine published in New York. G. M. L. Brown is editor and proprietor.

The Reader (Indianapolis), until now published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, has been merged with Putnam's Monthly (New York), which for a time, at least, beginning with the March number, will be called Putnam's Monthly and The Reader. The Reader has given special attention to fiction and description, and the new monthly will present more stories and descriptive articles than heretofore, while the literary quality which has been the distinguishing characteristic of Putnam's will suffer no impairment.

The S. S. McClure Company has bought a controlling interest in Suburban Life, which will be published hereafter from 44 East Twenty-third street.

The Waverley Magazine (Boston) was established (by Moses A. Dow in 1850) on the sure and eternal foundation of the human foible scientifically termed "Cacoethes scribendi." The new management, which has just issued the first number of the new series, is in full harmony with the ancient spirit and purpose of the old monthly of many tales. As the new editor, Harrison H. Lavers, puts it, "the basic elements of the endurance and success of the magazine have been from the beginning the utilization and 'exploitation,' if you will, of the native and spontaneous literary talent of the people, and that desire for its expression by which all letters originate and exist among men."

George Livingston Richards, of Boston, has got into financial difficulties, and his magazine, Modern Women, is defunct.

To perpetuate the memory of her husband, General Custer, Mrs. Elizabeth Bacon Custer has purchased sixteen lots in Bronxville, Westchester county, N. Y., on which she will build a large home for dependent literary women of advanced age.

The F. A. Owen Publishing Company, publishers of the Normal Instructor, Primary Plans, and the Teachers' World, has gone into the hands of a receiver.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, has been reorganized, and $150,000 new capital has been brought into the concern. Most of the merchandise creditors have accepted the firm's proposition for settlement, and the business, which has not been interrupted, will be continued.

With February comes the anniversary of Chambers's Journal. It is the oldest periodical except one now published in England, and its founding, February 4, 1832, takes us back to Sir Walter Scott, who died at Abbotsford in the autumn of that year. In all the years it has never changed its cover, but appears still in the old familiar dress.

Full of delightful enthusiasm, an admirer of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" recently wrote to Mrs. Burnett a letter full of compliments, which ended with this interesting announcement: "I am now engaged in writing a sequel of your charming work."

Susan Hartley Swett died at Arlington Heights, Mass., December 31.

Professor Charles Augustus Young, of Princeton, died at Hanover, N. H., January 3, aged seventy-three.

James Buckham died at Melrose, Mass., January 8, aged forty-nine.

Henry A. Schuler died at Allentown, Penn., January 14, aged fifty-seven.

William Livingston Alden died in Buffalo January 14, aged seventy years.

James Ryder Randall died at Augusta, Ga., January 14, aged sixty-nine.

Edmund Clarence Stedman died in New York January 18, aged seventy-four.

Charles Emory Smith died in Philadelphia January 19, aged sixty-six.

Dr. Mary Wood-Allen died in Brooklyn January 21, aged sixty-six.

"Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée) died at Viareggio, near Florence, Italy, January 25, aged sixty-eight.

Daniel C. Heath died at Newtonville, Mass., January 28, aged sixty-four.

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CONCERNING THE TELLING OF A STORY.

I.

It has been urged elsewhere that the fascination in a story is natural and has existed for all time. A series of succeeding generations has produced in turn mythological yarns, Iliads and Odysseys, the jester and wandering troubadour, and, to-day, our own plentiful supply of modern novelists. Presumably, then — for human nature is constant — Adam told stories to Eve and (without any play upon the words) Eve told stories to Adam. Indeed, there is ample enough reason to suppose that story-telling began with the beginning of the world, and that it fascinated then just as it fascinates now.

At the same time, it is quite certain that *every* story does not fascinate. There are prosy romances unquestionably, and tales that can weary one unfailingly to sleep. So that it would seem that the story *per se* is insufficient, and that, to some extent, at any rate, it is dependent on the manner of its presentation. And this conclusion becomes more completely obvious when we call to mind the fact that many a fine, artistic conception has been almost ruined by clumsy management, and sometimes the poorest made attractive in a degree by some touch of skilful handling. There is worthless music, for example, which is brimful of charming melody; and there are worthless pictures without number which contain the germ of the most beautiful ideas. The artistic thought is there, but we turn away in disappointment because it is not presented in artistic shape, its beauty has not been sufficiently revealed. Again, it is not always the best plot that has produced the best story, nor the most costly silk that has fashioned the best-cut dress; and so, to follow out the analogy, it becomes apparent that the mere possession of good material to work upon does not necessarily imply, also, good work. Something more is clearly needed — the need of modeling, the need of form — in order that the artist's imagining may stand before the world a definite and pleasing figure. It is no new thing, indeed, for an author to have cried over a story of his own, which, in sober earnest, was nothing but the purest bathos. It could touch the writer because possibly he had conceived a beautiful thought, and because he could see, through the medium of his mind's eye, that thought in its completeness; but by no means whatever could it hope to touch anybody else when, from lack of ade-

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quate expression, it has involved, as it must inevitably involve in such circumstances, a corresponding lack of intelligent appreciation on the part of the reader. The dream that has been dreamed remains a dream, a phantasy, for the process of materialization has been neglected.

Stevenson, perhaps, sums up the question with most concise directness: "A work of art," he says, "is first cloudily conceived in the mind; during the period of gestation it stands more clearly forward from these swaddling mists, puts on expressive lineaments, and becomes at length that most faultless, but also, alas! that incommunicable product of the human mind, a perfected design. On the approach to execution all is changed. The artist must now step down, don his working clothes, and become the artisan."

Art, in short, is practical. Hence, like all things practical, it demands a complementary technique; that is, certain rules, maxims, guiding principles — call them what you please — which will aid in the attaining to a workmanlike result. In literature this technique has been built up, as is usual, by a slow process. It has moved tentatively; so that it reaches us now, not as the mere arbitrary dictum of any man, but as the natural and steady growth of years of experience and observation during which the best and the worst writers have contributed, each in their respective way, to show the methods that are good and the methods that are bad. The resulting lesson is, perhaps, less complete than one could have wished, and there is still much that stands beyond our comprehension. On the other hand, there is much that is precise, definite, and unmistakably clear, and this may be said unhesitatingly of those rules which apply to the management of the climax in fiction. Here there are three rules which may not be broken — the climax, to be effective, must be unforeseen, conclusive, and inevitable.

In illustration of the first of these laws — the law of unforeseenness — one recalls a recent episode. It happened somewhat after this fashion : —

A certain person with a pretty wit, as they were wont to say in olden days, and with an undoubted knack of spinning a dinner-table yarn, was engaged upon his latest adventure. He had been traveling in some out-of-the-way part of France, so he told us, and, knowing little of the language, complications soon arose ; one of these, in particular, one concerning Cheshire cheese, proving a special source of amusement. Cheshire cheese ! The waiter at the inn had never heard of it. He was desolated, of course, he was distracted, but, a sudden inspiration ! He rushed off and returned with butter ! The ensuing explanation left him still desolated, but not one whit shaken in courage. He paused a moment, and pondered deeply ; then, without a word, he withdrew, and this time came back triumphantly with a spoon ! And so, in due course, many things were brought, all unrelated to Cheshire cheese. Until at last, just when hope was dying out for good and all, that waiter's shoulders raised themselves unexpectedly a dozen inches or more. "Ah ! mon Dieu !" — the light had dawned, and his smile of satisfaction spoke more eloquently even than the words — "It ees — it ees — ze *cheese of Chestair !*"

Well, on the present occasion the story-teller had got as far as the incident of the spoon. We had smiled at the butter, we laughed outright at the spoon ; and with all the greater merriment because the climax, the real tit-bit, was yet to come. And it was at this critical moment that one of the company interrupted. He was a Frenchman, and he leaned forward with a gesture of apology.

"Par-r-don, M'sieu," he said, "but in France we speak of ze cheese of Chestair."

It was, of course, an earnest endeavor to keep the wanderer straight, to help him out of his trouble ; but, as you see, it just played Hades itself with the story. In an instant the whole fabric had fallen to the ground, the fat was in the fire, the game was up ; for the story was no longer a story — the show had been given away.

In dealing with a scientific problem, the

one thing that matters is the truth. It follows that the scientific writer is free either to adduce his evidence in the first place, and by gradual steps reveal the conclusion, or, alternatively, to state his conclusion straight away and then proceed to prove it; in either case the interest remains. Not so, however, with the telling of a story. Here the reaching of the truth automatically rings down the curtain ; for if the reader's attention is to be actively aroused by the story and fairly fixed upon it, he will have you keep him in uncertainty from the opening chapter to the last. For him it must be a period of tenter-hooks. He must live always and without ceasing in a state of conjecture, surmise, and expectancy — what will happen next ? And what is the end to be ? The Sherlock Holmes mysteries, for instance, or the fate of Little Nell ! But had Dickens started the other way about, had he first told us how it all would end, or had Conan Doyle begun by showing just exactly "how the trick was done," it is undeniable that an immediate loss of interest would result. And as obvious as the fact itself is the simple explanation of it — that, by this change of method, the author's avowed purpose is abandoned, and for romance he has substituted history. Yes, but not real history, mark you — only a record of imaginary events concerning imaginary people.

Of those who have lived in the world, who have controlled and guided it, we shall always love to hear, of Caesar, Alexander, and Napoleon. There is a lesson to be learned from their methods — a practical lesson — and therefore an importance attaching to their most trifling actions. These have a value ; they stand as examples. With the creatures of some man's fancy, on the other hand, it must necessarily be different. Their acts and the result of their acts are mere fancy, like themselves, and we cannot be sure that they will teach us aright. Maybe yes, maybe no ; but they have not lived, these people ; they have not been put to the test, and nothing has really ever happened. Perhaps it all turned out just as we are told, perhaps it did nothing of the sort — who shall say ? And when once one comes to ask this question in history, all concern in it is dead — for the simple reason that a history built of the imagination is not a history at all.

But in speculation as to the future, in that sense of wonderment and doubt — often pleasurable, often very much the reverse — there is always some interest to be found ; for it is of the essence of our very existence — the question, how will it end ? It crops up, does it not, at every moment, in every affair ? And we cannot get quit of it. The soldier on the battlefield, the diplomatist contemplating a *coup*, the artist struggling to express some fresh conception, and the humblest individual dealing only with the humblest responsibilities — the smallest as well as the greatest — each always and equally faces the problem. The thought may spur on ambition, or it may palsy the mind and the hand with fear ; but certainly it influences without ceasing. How will it end ! Failure or success, happiness or misery, life itself depends upon the answer.

What wonder, then, if a question of so much personal import should widen in its scope and extend beyond the personal ? What more natural than that we should ask the same question for others that we so constantly ask for ourselves ? And that, when we come to read a novel — a study of human life, and feeling, and emotion, we should find a deep and absorbing interest in the sequel ? These people are duplicates of ourselves, the same bodies, the same souls, the same humanity ; and we demand that the chiefest interest in our lives be reproduced in theirs. Uncertainty as to the future, therefore — our own daily experience — has become a necessity to the story ; and uncertainty as to the future means nothing more nor less than an unforeseen climax.

And this brings us easily to the second law, which says that the climax shall be conclusive, that the end shall be the end. The reasons already given would, taken alone, sufficiently advocate the need of this law. But beyond this, again, we remember that the common consequence of any high degree of tension is reaction. After a fever comes lassitude ; after any strong stirring of the emo-

tions — even though of a pleasurable kind — comes indifference, and sometimes — if the indifference be not promptly checked by distraction — disgust. Here, then, is a standing menace to the triumph of any story.

"Of course!" you exclaim; "that is obvious." And so, indeed, it is. But one may, at any rate, point to the fact that the obvious has not always been apparent to a very large number of writers — perhaps to the majority — and that it is no unusual experience to find that, with the tale finished, there are yet many pages of dull, prosy explanation to follow. The thrill is over, the excitement is past and done with, but this clumsy fellow — this author without a method — would have us still read on. And why? Simply because he has "foozled" the story. He has not taken the trouble, or he has not possessed the skill to arrange that the explanation and the end shall come together, or almost together; and when he reaches the finish, bless his heart! he has practically got to begin all over again.

At the same time, and by way of contradiction, it is undeniably true that there are instances of successful stories which have violated this law of climax — in particular, Stevenson's "Jekyll and Hyde." The finding of Jekyll's dead body ends the story — it is the thrill, the reaching of the fever point — and yet the book runs on for a third its length again! What is to be said to that? Well, as it would seem, there are two things to be said; first, that so exceptional a story as "Jekyll and Hyde" is hardly to be measured by ordinary standards; and second, that only so exceptional a story could have held its head up against such shocking mismanagement. It may be that nothing better was possible. The subject was complex, the explanation necessarily lengthy, and its inclusion somewhere or other certainly indispensable. And I am not aware that any one is prepared to suggest a more satisfactory plan than that devised by Stevenson himself. That, however, is beside the point. The fact remains that the author was beaten by his own story, that he has given us an end which was really a beginning, and that he has handed down to posterity a very excellent specimen of genuine unadulterated anti-climax. The weakness is there — there are no two ways about it; yet must the story continue to live for the brilliance of its conception, the charm of its writing, and the dramatic handling of its separate incidents. These things are irresistible, and they carry us along in a whirlwind, safely past the rocks, safely out of the breakers. A wonderful romance, it has succeeded in spite of its defects, and not in consequence of them.

The attitude of the reader, then — his natural interest in the final outcome of the story, and his equally natural loss of interest when once that outcome has been announced — demands from the author obedience to the two first laws which govern the setting of the climax. That same attitude demands, also, that the third law — the law of inevitableness — shall be no less respected.

Here the issue is plain enough, and depends for its elucidation upon nothing more subtle than the commonest of common sense. Our author has set forth to reach a given conclusion by means of certain evidence — by the recital of a number of episodes, incidents, and adventures all working for the climax. Clearly, then, that climax — when ultimately disclosed and tested by the evidence advanced — must bear upon its face the stamp of a convincing probability. Not, understand me, that we shall be able to forestall the secret — that, we know, would be the poorest story of all; but rather that, with the secret revealed, we shall at once exclaim: "Of course! Why didn't I see that before?" It has taken us by surprise, it is something unexpected, but immediately we recognize the truth. And the need for this logical exactitude gains emphasis when one remembers that the truth or untruth of the climax of a story can rarely go undetected. In more abstruse questions deception is often easy through the reader's inability to grasp the complex situation, and thus an apparently true conclusion may be allowed from false premises, or a false conclusion from true premises. But in fiction the subject is so

simple, so familiar, so pliant in every way to the comprehension, that even the least educated mind can follow out the train of thought. How, then, when the teller of the tale has himself failed to see with an unclouded eye? How, when the end of all his labors is a palpable absurdity?

These three laws of climax, then — the outcome, originally, no doubt, of a long series of experiments — stand really upon a firm psychological basis. In human instinct they find their justification, and, in a natural intellectual requirement, their most imperative demand. To disregard them, it is evident, would be to disregard the dictates of Nature; and this can rarely be adventured with impunity.

II.

It will be no new experience to any seasoned reader that he shall have waded through a large number of romances which were brimful of incident and adventure, and that he shall have reached the end without semblance of a thrill, or the awakening of an ordinarily lukewarm interest. Possibly — and we will assume it to be so — the book in each case is freshly imaginative, the situations are original and intrinsically exciting, and the solution of the tale — the climax — is held in suspense with artistic skill until the last page has been turned. Here we suppose a clever plot. Nevertheless, it has not stirred us for a moment; it has not even prevented us dozing off to sleep. Why is this?

The question clearly will meet with a variety of answers dependent on the circumstances; because, of course, there are many different ways in which a story may fail — through lack of the human touch, through some obscurity in style or thought, through want of sincerity, through a dozen other causes which spring readily to the mind. One ventures the opinion here, however, that when a strongly-conceived dramatic situation falls flat and ineffective, the source of failure lies as frequently as not in one particular — insufficiency of preparation. At any rate, it can be shown that preparation is a prime necessity to dramatic presentation, and that without it good work in fiction is impossible. A few masterpieces and some odd thousand abortive efforts are equally evidence to the fact; so that one might set about the argument from either point of view. For many reasons, however, the former of the two alternatives would seem preferable; and instinctively one turns to Stevenson.

In "Treasure Island" you will remember those terrible hours of suspense, when Jim and his mother were waiting alone at the inn. Below lay the dead body of the old buccaneer; and upstairs the boy and the woman hunted feverishly through the seaman's chest and listened — hardly daring to whisper a word — listened with all their ears for the tapping of the blind man's stick upon the highway. It was such a period of agonizing, breathless fear as has not, one believes, ever been excelled in any story; and yet, on a calm and dispassionate judgment, dealing with the situation just as it stands, the fear is wholly without reason. For, in the abstract, there can be nothing very alarming about a blind man. A man handicapped by nature, a blind man, a man restricted in his power of evil-doing — whatever his intentions may be — by the infliction of Providence is not an awe-inspiring person. The wonder is, then, that so helpless a creature could have created so overmastering a sense of dread.

The most plausible explanation that strikes one at first glance is that the simple knowledge of Blind Pugh's ruffianly disposition — already clearly revealed in the book — is enough of itself to react upon us naturally and infect us with an atmosphere of fear. But, if this be the real explanation, and if we are to accept it without qualification, how account for our attitude toward the criminal in actual life? In actual life the picture of any celebrated criminal is more complete than Stevenson's picture of Blind Pugh. A modern energetic press sees to it that we shall be made fully acquainted with every detail of a murderer's career. His methods, and all that prompted them, will be minutely analyzed, so that we may read without effort

the workings of his mind ; and lest our appreciation should still fall short of exact knowledge, a very excellent portrait of the man himself stares at us out of the printed page. No novelist could achieve, or would even attempt, so detailed a drawing. Yet one knows well enough that this murderer — a real murderer, mark you, a menace and peril to his fellows — has no power to terrorize a grown man. Alarm there would be most certainly if by some chance this criminal were let loose upon society, but it would not be of a nature to paralyze action ; rather would it stiffen the determination of law-abiding people to stand up before the danger and forthwith rid themselves of such a pest.

The strength, then, of Stevenson's effect cannot result from the mere accurate drawing of Blind Pugh. Somehow our first thought, proverbially the best, but in reality the worst, has led us astray. Its superficiality — that inevitable attribute of all first thoughts — has brought us, it would seem, only so far as a half-truth, it has tempted us into mistaking a part for the whole. For, though accurate and detailed drawing is essential to the appreciation of any character in fiction, something much more subtle than this, it is clear, is necessary to give vitality to the picture.

Turn once more to "Treasure Island." But this time, instead of opening the book where we had opened it before, try back a few chapters and see what has been happening. There was that previous episode, you will find, when Blind Pugh came to the inn, and when, on Jim offering him a helping hand, "the horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature gripped it in a moment like a vice." And presently, when Jim led him into the old buccaneer's room and Blind Pugh showed upon the threshold, "the poor captain raised his eyes, and at one look the rum went out of him and left him staring sober. The expression of his face was not so much of terror as of mortal sickness. He made a movement to rise, but I do not believe that he had enough force left in his body." He had been afraid of Black Dog — another ruffian who had previously paid him a visit — desperately afraid, but he stood up and fought him. Not so with Blind Pugh. At sight of him "the poor captain was filled with a mortal sickness." And this, remember, was the effect made by Pugh on a seasoned scoundrel, a man who had risked death in a thousand places in a thousand different ways, as tough a customer as you would meet in a lifetime. How, then, when this same formidable blind man was coming in the silence of the night to a defenceless woman and child ?

What a picture ! And how the living realism of it comes home to us ! The fortunate thing is that this literary *tour de force* should lend itself, as it does, so readily to analysis, and that it should so easily yield up its secret ; for the broad principle on which Stevenson has worked is obvious enough. He has adopted the natural method of gaining intensity by contrast, of building up the great from the lesser by a steady and enlightening process of crescendo. Natural, I say, because human nature demands it ; because the imagination of the average reader will always fail to grasp the *full* significance of any situation which is set before him unexpectedly and without adequate preparation. The average reader does not pretend to a trained imagination. His imaginative power exists, of course, but through want of practice, it moves slowly ; it cannot, as a rule, complete an incomplete picture — at least, not immediately. For that reason, the author must present his thought in its entirety if it is to be properly understood. And to do this he must gradually pave the way. He must prepare and stimulate the imagination by a series of incidents, each explaining, illuminating, and strengthening that which is to follow ; so that, when the final episode arrives, it shall burst upon the intelligence instantly, unmistakably, without effort, and with its fullest effect.

Thus, the source of Stevenson's power in "Treasure Island." That main incident — the dramatic episode at the inn — gains its force from the awful possibilities which we associate with Blind Pugh. This association of ideas, again, originates in the interview between Pugh and the old buccaneer when

the "poor captain" was filled with a "mortal sickness." But even this would be tame in a sense and somewhat wanting in significance but for that previous incident — the visit of Black Dog. When Black Dog called, although the captain was afraid of him, he plucked up courage in the end, and, drawing his cutlass, attacked the intruder and sent him flying for his life from the house; but, on Pugh's appearance, the buccaneer "made a movement to rise," and — failed! A brave man, a man with plenty of fight in him, he was held down, nevertheless, at that crisis by a mortal sickness of fear.*

In such circumstances, surely, the reader's mind becomes so fully informed, so thoroughly awakened to all the horrors of the position, that the final scene practically paints itself. There can be need now only for the fewest words. This contrast between a great fear and the greater fear of paralysis wants no further coloring.

Now, compare with this the work of some clumsy writer, and see in what plight he finds himself. He is sublimely ignorant of the law of preparation, or — which is the same thing to all intents and purposes — he is unable to apply it; so that, when the great *scena* arrives, he finds that it has turned up, like a six-months'-old child, rather unexpectedly. What is the consequence? Nobody is ready. Here is a pretty kettle of fish, then! The whole affair is unnatural, and should not have happened at all. What is the poor author to do? Well, obviously, he must talk. Talk is the refuge of every man in a mess, and, the worse the mess, the louder and more voluble must be the talk. Because the chief thing is not to let the other side think or be heard; comment must be shouted down, and criticism stupefied, if possible, with a torrent of verbosity. And so our author starts to shout — there is nothing else for it — and he rants and raves, and foams at the mouth, and throws words here and words there, and misses the bull's-eye every time. An explosion of language, a gallant attempt at the impossible, and — all too late! For the situation is not before the reader's mind, and words are powerless now to put it there. The proper means have been neglected! eloquence — if eloquence it be — avails nothing.

With the more finished craftsman, simplicity of description is characteristic always of the closing episode. It is the logical consequence of well-planned preparation. If the picture be practically finished — as we see that it is, when skilfully handled — if weeks have been spent in painting it, how small a thing must be that last artistic touch! The work has been already done, the full force of the effect made in advance.

So that it would seem that the perfect story shall consist of continuous preparation, the main episode being prepared by minor episodes, and these minor episodes being themselves prepared. And this is the truth. But, at the same time, it is well to bear in mind that the perfect story can never be produced by an imperfect humanity, and that it is often possible to reduce a sound proposition *ad absurdum* by the simple process of exhaustion; as, in this instance, should one point out that, if every incident is to be prepared, then it would be quite impossible to get so far back as the beginning. Nevertheless, the principle holds good. Preparation is the keynote of dramatic presentation, and the author must keep this fact before him always. He must lead up to his situation by a gradual process, he must pave the way by illumining episodes, and, if this be done with even the humblest skill, the final scene shall stand forth in the reader's sight a vivid reality.

What a wealth of material, then, is required for the making of a story! And how the writer's brain should teem with incident before ever he may venture upon the telling of a tale! To many this will seem a disheartening reflection. But, after all, if a man has any gift for fiction, the devising of incident will come almost as a second nature. In time, no doubt, the well will dry up — look at the writers of our own or any other day who have written much — but that must be forgotten. Meanwhile, presumably, ideas flow freely; the author's business is to see that they are used to good advantage.

The London Author. *Archibald Dunn.*

* The question of "atmosphere" — which, of course, arises here — is, with a view to avoiding confusion, disregarded in the present article.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Readers of THE WRITER will no doubt take special interest in Archibald Dunn's practical essay, "Concerning the Telling of a Story," which is reprinted, with grateful acknowledgments, from the London Author, and will be continued.

* * *

Charles Hanson Towne, the managing editor of the Smart Set, has discovered that the story, "The Shurtleff Dinners," published in the Smart Set for January, originally appeared in the Atlantic Monthly for October, 1900, under the title, "The Draxon Dinner," by Charles Warren, the only change in the story being in the title and the substitution of the name "Shurtleff" for "Draxon" throughout the narrative. The story was sold to the Smart Set as an original production by a contributor signing himself "Frederick Herron." Mr. Towne says : "Since the discovery of Mr. Herron's plagiarism I have communicated with several magazine editors in New York, giving them his name and address, and I find that he has been submitting work in many quarters ; indeed, he wrote me when he submitted his first story here that he had already had stories accepted by several prominent periodicals, and we had no doubt as to his integrity." To discourage such fraudulent procedure, it is to be hoped that Mr. Towne will pursue this case of obtaining money under false pretences to the legal limit.

* * *

The North American Review has apparently been imposed upon by a literary agency, which sold to it an old address by Lord Rosebery as a new contribution, without the English statesman's knowledge or consent. The article was printed in the February Review, and was entitled "Bookishness and Statesmanship." Lord Rosebery writes to the Westminster Gazette : "It is quite true that I delivered and published an address on that subject some years ago, but I never authorized its publication in the North American Review. Neither have I received any intimation from its editor of his intentions, nor indeed the courtesy of any communication whatever from him. You may judge, then, of my surprise to see the published article." David A. Munro, managing

editor of the North American Review, says: "The article purporting to come from Lord Rosebery was sold to us by a literary agency in which we had complete confidence. We had no reason to question the correctness of the representations made to us." This seems to be another case for legal action, in the interests of honesty.

* * *

To the Simplified Spelling Board's list of 300 words published March 21, 1906, and formally accepted by about 20,000 persons, the Board has now added a second list of amended spellings, including seventy-five words, which in the form recommended have been approved by nearly all the 200 educators, philologists, men of science, men of letters, and men of affairs who constitute the Spelling Board and its Advisory Council. Here is the list, showing the new and the old ways of spelling: —

ake	ache	harang	harangue
aile	aisle	hight	height
agast	aghast	indetted	indebted
alfabet	alphabet	iland	island
autograf	autograph	ile	isle
autum	autumn	lam	lamb
bedsted	bedstead	leag	league
bibliografy	bibliography	lim	limb
biografy	biography	num	numb
buro	borough	pamflet	pamphlet
bild	build	paragraf	paragraph
bilding	building	fonetic	phonetic
campain	campaign	onograf	phonograph
camfor	camphor	fotograf	photograph
quire	choir	tisic	phthisic
cifer	cipher	tisis	phthisis
coco	cocoa	procede	proceed
colleag	colleague	redout	redoubt
colum	column	redoutable	redoubtable
condit	conduit	redouted	redoubted
counterfit	counterfeit	sent	scent
curteous	courteous	sion	scion
curtesy	courtesy	sissors	scissors
crum	crumb	sithe	scythe
det	debt	siv	sieve
dettor	debtor	slight	sleight
diafram	diaphragm	solem	solemn
dout	doubt	soveren	sovereign
dum	dumb	succede	succeed
eg	egg	surfit	surfeit
excede	exceed	telegraf	telegraph
foren	foreign	telefone	telephone
forfit	forfeit	thum	thumb
furlo	furlough	tung	tongue
gastly	ghastly	wier	weir
gost	ghost	wierd	weird
gard	guard	yoman	yeoman
gardian	guardian		

The Syracuse Post-Standard points out that the new spellings, embodied in narrative, might make the language look like this: —

It was autum. A yoman of the gard looked over the redout, a leag from home. His lims were num. His tung was thick. His thums aked. It was a solem moment. The docil yoman said, "I'll get a furlo." "No," said the hostil captain, "not till the end of the foren campain." The yoman stood agast and dum.

At last he said, "I have had no lam chops, coco, nor egs this autum." "An awful forfit," remarkt the captain. "You should send your fotograf to the papers. You look like a gost." At this harang the sensitiv yoman walkt away thru the ranks, threw away his pocket sissors, shaved himself with a sithe, and riskt his life in a gastly manner at the head of the colum.

This, however, is hardly fair, and a circular issued by the Spelling Board, spelled in accordance with the simplifications recommended, shows, as it says, that "the amount of change in any one paragraf is still very small. The printed page has become in no way strange in appearance."

* * *

The simplified spelling movement may be making progress, but it is not conspicuous as yet. Meanwhile, as THE WRITER has already pointed out, writers will do well not to use the simplified spellings in making manuscripts, since they are not yet used to any extent in newspapers, magazines, and books, and using them in a manuscript will mean that they must all be changed to the ordinary form before the manuscript is sent to the printer — rather than do which an editor might regretfully reject the manuscript.

W. H. H.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

The cider had not been sold to be drank on the premises.	The cider had not been sold to be drunk on the premises.
"I have not resigned and do not intend to," says Comptroller Ridgely.	"I have not resigned and do not intend to resign," says Comptroller Ridgely.
Rev. Gow was pastor of a Methodist church.	Rev. Mr. Gow was pastor of a Methodist church.
No one will want the second place in the national ticket until they see the first fading.	No one will want the second place on the national ticket until he sees the first fading.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Fannie Stearns Davis, who had a poem, "A Sea-Spell," in Harper's Magazine for

February, and who has another poem, "A Joy From Little Things," in the Atlantic for March, was born in Cleveland, O., but has lived all her life in Massachusetts, where her father has held the pastorate of two Congregational churches. Hence, she says, her traditions and education have had the advantages and shortcomings typical of a New England clergyman's family. She was graduated in 1904 from Smith College, where her interest in writing was greatly stimulated by the atmosphere and vital influences of the institution and of the country 'round about. Since graduation she has studied music and languages in Boston, dabbled a bit in settlement work, taught English and literature a year in a church school near Chicago, and so on — all, she adds, in the process of eliminating from her possibilities of life the things she could n't do. Miss Davis is now at home in Pittsfield, Mass., and hopes to do more with her writing than heretofore. She has had verses during the past two or three years in Lippincott's, Everybody's, the Independent, Harper's, and the Atlantic. The only published prose work, besides what used to appear in the Smith College Monthly, has been two small unsigned articles in the Contributors' Club of a recent Atlantic. Miss Davis is a sister of William Stearns Davis, the author of several historical novels, published by the Macmillan Company.

Juliet C. Isham, whose poem, "Revealed," was published in Harper's Magazine for February, was born in the state of New York, and lives in Brooklyn. On her father's side she is a lineal descendant of Benning Wentworth, who in 1734 was made royal governor and king's counselor of New Hampshire, and whose colonial residence, near Portsmouth, has been celebrated in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." From her mother she claims descent from William Williams, one of the signers of the Declaration, and from Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame. For some years Mrs. Isham has been an occasional contributor of poems and prose to Harper's Magazine, the Century, the Atlantic, and other periodicals. Some of her work, written under her maiden name, Juliet C. Marsh, has been perpetuated in "Representative Sonnets by American Poets," published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. and others in a volume called "Treasures of the Poetic World." She was but sixteen when her poem, "Loves," was written and published in the Atlantic Monthly, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich said that she was the youngest contributor who ever gained entrance to the Atlantic Monthly.

Katharine Lynch, who had a story, "The Sign," in the Red Book for February, and a poem, "A Woman's Prayer," in Ainslee's for February, is a Californian by birth and training, and a graduate of the University of California. Most of her life has been passed on the cattle ranges in Southern California, and later in the well-known coast towns. This, with the exception of a year in Honolulu, in search of material, has furnished her with her only experience and her only material for story work. She began writing in 1903, and since then has had verse published in Lippincott's, the Overland Monthly, and Ainslee's, a prose article in Out West, and short stories in the Argonaut and the Red Book. Sunset has some verse of hers not yet printed.

Mary K. Maule, whose story, "Their Trial Marriage," was published in the Red Book for February, is the wife of John P. Maule, a New York lawyer. Mrs. Maule came to New York from Denver three years ago, and since then has had articles of a sociological and humanitarian nature published in the Century, the World's Work, the Outlook, Collier's, the Ladies' Home Journal, Munsey's, and the Review of Reviews, and stories in the Red Book, the Blue Book, St. Nicholas, the Youth's Companion, Munsey's, Ainslee's, Collier's, Travel (formerly the Four Track News), and Pearson's, besides contributing a number of articles to smaller magazines. In the Century for July, 1907, she had an article, entitled "Breaking Horses by Kindness," dealing with the method of training and breaking horses by a system of education rather than by brutality and force, which has attracted widespread attention. The Animal Rescue

League, of Boston, has asked permission to have 50,000 copies of the article printed in pamphlet form, for distribution in this country and in Europe. Mrs. Maule knows the West thoroughly, as she has lived there much of her life, and much of her fiction is of a Western character, although she has traveled a good deal and writes of other places and phases of life, as well. She has just completed a book, a story of Western life, which she has entitled "The Knight of the X Bar B," which is now in the hands of the publishers, and she is at work on a boys' book, the scene of which is located in Nebraska at that period in the history of the state, during the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, just preceding the civil war, dealing with a journey half across the continent in a "prairie schooner," and the pioneer life of a family of Quaker children on the plains of Nebraska.

Mary Stockbridge, whose story, "The Winning of Vict'ry," was published in Short Stories for February, has lived in or near St. Louis nearly all her life, although she is now living in New Rochelle, N. Y., or, as she herself expresses it, "forty-five minutes from Broadway." She is one of the newer writers, although a few years ago she did some newspaper work, and had a number of stories published in the Black Cat, Munsey's, and Short Stories. She is now at work upon a novel, but she is more interested in the study of sociology than in anything else.

Mark F. Wilcox, whose story, "His Convert," was published in the Century for February, was born in South Africa, where his parents were missionaries, and lived in that land until he was fifteen years old, when he came to America to complete his education. While at Oberlin, he wrote a South African sketch and sent it to Physical Culture. It was accepted, and he received his first check when he was but seventeen years old. After that the writer's "itch" began to develop. He wrote more sketches for Physical Culture, and finally sent a more ambitious article to McClure's Magazine. It was rejected, but with characteristic courtesy the editor suggested that the manuscript might find a market at the Century office. After an exciting period of probation, Mr. Wilcox did receive a letter of acceptance from the Century. This was in 1904. Then for three years, although he wrote stories and wrote stories, even neglecting his regular college work in his eagerness to be producing something, he sold only one story — and that to the Blue Book Magazine — until June, 1907, when "His Convert," after having traveled to a round dozen offices, found acceptance with the Century. Since then he has sold two stories to the Youth's Companion. Mr. Wilcox graduated from Oberlin in 1906, and has since been teaching school, this last year at Park College, Parkville, Mo. As soon as he can, he intends to return to South Africa and teach there, incidentally acquiring more experience, as he hopes some time to make his living by writing.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Meredith.—George Meredith, the most famous contemporary English man of letters, is eighty years old to-day [February 12]. With Thomas Hardy and Algernon Swinburne, he is the last of the great Victorian writers, but he was busy building his fame when both his fellows were still unknown.

Mr. Meredith has been writing novels and poems during fifty-four of his eighty years, and for more than thirty years he was literary reader to Chapman and Hall. He was born in Hampshire in 1828, and he began life as a journalist, writing articles for the Morning Post on social and literary topics, and editing the Ipswich Journal.

For years after he came to London he lived in real poverty. After he had abandoned journalism for literature he arrived at a time, indeed, when he had only a guinea in his pocket. With this he bought a sack of oatmeal; and, being too poor to buy fuel, he subsisted, it is said, during the whole of the time he was writing "Evan Harrington" on most unpalatable meals of oatmeal and water.

At the beginning his public was limited and his genius unregarded. Indeed, monetary success has never been his, and even when he had achieved great fame he did not receive

more than £400 for one of his novels.—London Express.

Oppenheim.— E. Phillips Oppenheim spends most of his time at Sheringham on the Norfolk coast, where he has a pleasant country house. He works in the mornings and plays golf in the afternoons. Writing of his work in the Bookman Mr. Oppenheim says: "I have made it a hobby for many years to frequent the cafés in all the cities which I visit on my travels. I make the acquaintance of the maître d'hôtel whenever possible, and in my conversation with him and by studying the types represented among the patrons a good idea for a story inevitably suggests itself. The rest is comparatively easy. I write scarcely a line, but dictate the whole book to my secretary in rather long instalments." In character drawing Mr. Oppenheim's stumbling-block is woman. "Women are my great difficulty," he says. "I never could understand them and would prefer to write my stories without them, only the public won't let me."

Parker.— Sir Gilbert Parker first conceived the idea of "The Weavers" ten years ago. He did not begin to write the book until six years afterward. Then he occupied four years in the work, completing it last year, and from that moment until its publication last September he continued to revise and polish the pages as they came to his hands.

People who wonder how Sir Gilbert accomplishes so much in many departments of activity may learn from him that it is all due to systematic work. During four days of the week he devotes his energy to his parliamentary work. When he is writing a book, the other three days are spent out of town at his little home, six hundred years old, which once belonged to John of Gaunt. His holidays are few, and a few weeks at Marienbad yearly constitutes his vacation. If in winter he goes to Egypt, or Italy, or Spain, it is to settle down and work. Every morning he rises at a quarter past seven, and is hard at work at his desk by nine. Every day at twelve he mounts his horse at the foot of the Duke of York steps and rides for an hour. He is in the House of Commons from half-past ten until eleven, with an hour for dinner. Sometimes for a year at a time he does not dine out, although he and his American wife keep open house to guests at dinner constantly. Such is the life of the busy writer and active politician, who never allows any distractions of life to come between him and his work.

Sardou.— M. Sardou began to talk and to illustrate his language with action. As he mentioned a name, his phrases, his accent, his expression, and his gestures were those of the person to whom it belonged; then another name was mentioned, and in a flash he had changed and was mimicking to perfection a person of a totally different character. To converse with M. Sardou is, indeed, to experience something apart from ordinary association with men. He sets forth every idea in the form of a short drama which he acts right through, putting life into every dull detail, and carrying home every point with word, feature, and limb.

I changed the conversation to the experiences of his youth, and asked him to give me some description of that period. His early days were days of hard study and poverty; in fact, the man who can now command a fortune for a new play has known the bitterness of actual want. Though he was born in Paris, his father was a Provençal, and his veins are charged with much of the strong, vivacious blood of the South. It was intended that he should be a doctor, but soon after he had begun the study of medicine it was found to be impossible to provide him with the funds necessary to continue it. He lived in a garret, gave lessons in Greek and Latin, and placed his pen at the disposal of the publishers in return for wretched pay. After devoting several months to the necessary research work, and then to writing a biography of Jérome Cardan, he was forced by hunger to accept payment at the rate of a penny a line. The passion for the stage showed itself, despite his troubles, throughout these early days. He was frequently a member of the claque at the Théâtre Français, and when he returned home it was his custom to turn over in his mind the characters and the structure of the play which he

had seen, and to try to construct new situations and new endings from the material used by the author. Sometimes he would leave before the last act was played, and proceed home and imagine it ; then on the next evening he would sit the whole play through and compare his idea of the last act with that worked out on the stage. In this way, by means of daily dramatic exercise, he attained marvelous skill in the art of "erecting the scaffolding" for a play.

"At that time I knew a shoemaker," said M. Sardou, "who had to fill up a good deal of his time by walking up and down his workshop waiting for customers. He was a kind-hearted fellow, and undertook to make my shoes and to wait patiently for the money. Every half-year regularly he sent me his bill, and just as regularly I found my finances in such a state that I could not pay. My first play, 'La Taverne des Etudiants,' was hissed at the Odéon, and all my hopes of paying my friendly shoemaker from that source were dashed to the ground. I then felt so ashamed of myself that I dared not pass his shop. But my only pair of shoes was in a hopeless state of dilapidation. Collecting together every sou that I possessed, I went to another shop and bought the cheapest ready-made pair that I could get. A few days later, when I was waiting outside the Odéon, I suddenly found myself face to face with my shoemaker. After giving me a genial nod of recognition, he stared at me for a moment ; then his eyes dropped from my face to my feet. All the geniality disappeared, and with an expression of the utmost disgust he exclaimed : 'Where in the name of everything did you buy that wretched lot ? C'est de la confection !' The day of my success came eventually, however, and I paid my shoemaker. Some years later, when I had become known to the world, I met him again. 'M. Sardou,' he said, 'nobody can deny that you have made long strides in my shoes.'" — "R. R.," in the London Morning Post.

Warner. — Ann Warner is an indefatigable worker with her pen literally, since she never uses a typewriter. During the year 1907, in addition to dramatizing "Aunt Mary," she had fifty-eight short stories printed in America, three books brought out in England, one published in this country, and the manuscript prepared for two more. The original story of "Aunt Mary" was rewritten five times before it appeared in book form, and the author wrote the play twice before it was staged. — New York Sun.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Does Newspaper Work Injure a Style? — The anonymous author of "Confessions of a Literary Journalist" in the Bookman is inclined to quarrel with the axiom that newspaper work is the ruin of a good style in writing. "While it makes against the habit of care," he says, "against the long search for the one word created for that very place in that one sentence since time began, it makes also for vividness, for facility, and for nervous force — in those born with any sense of style to develop or destroy. Those who, wanting this faculty, have been taught certain imitative rules in school or college it does ruin ; such people fall at once into the habit of putting down stock phrases ; but of such are the failures in both literary journalism and that which Goldsmith called polite letters. The art of 'breaking away,' then, lies in choosing that moment when one is at the top of the curve ; when being full of detail and the sense of life, one has not yet lost the power of inner imagination."

A Happily Lost School of Fiction. — Why for the past generation have we not had in periodicals the kind of short stories of romantic love which abounded sixty years ago — stories in which the youth and the maiden occupied the reader's interest from the beginning to the end, excluding other characters except those bearing directly upon the love-affair between these two, favoring or opposing, and admitting no feature or incident which did not either directly heighten the romance or roughen its course ? The American novel — after the days of Irving and Cooper and before the recognition of Hawthorne — was usually an expansion of this insipid banquet, helped out by equally crude religious or moral flavors. In accounting for the disappearance of this kind of fiction it is easy to

say that the writers grew weary of immaturity. — H. M. Alden, in Harper's Magazine for February.

The Journalist. —Three nights ago I dined with a man who, by a stray word of mine, was reminded of the South African war, and for an hour he talked of old memories, of old ghosts, of old adventures, and of old scandals. "Chestnuts," he said, when he rose to pay his bill. Yes, they were chestnuts, but if he were to write down, even now, the secret history of those things he had seen and heard, those chestnuts would burn some people's fingers. He was a journalist in South Africa, and he would be quite annoyed to be taken for a literary gentleman, though he knows something about life in many countries of the world, and has written columns enough to fill fifty books.

The journalist (who is not a literary man) has many opportunities of studying the human heart, which is one of the best of books, though sometimes rather battered, ill bound, and dog's-eared, cracked, and too much fingered by a careless Fate. Perhaps too much reading of it inclines him to be a pessimist, for he learns too much of its vanity, and ignorance, and cruelty. The interview that the reporter jots down in his notebook, or, better still, in his brain (for the notebook is the sign of a bad journalist), is generally accompanied by marginal notes which do not appear in print. And while the great person is telling him what to say, in order to conceal what should be said, the reporter sees the lie trembling upon his lips and the secret staring him in the eyes. With his eyes open the journalist sees a thousand things that tell a story, though he does not write it down. It is his mission in life to go into other people's houses to get at the life stories of strangers while the clock ticks. And that is a great training in the school of life, where no man may ever shut his lesson book and say all is learned. I, like others of my craft, have had many strange interviews, with dukes, and field marshals, and lord chief justices, and other great pomposities, with famous authors anxious for advertisement, and anxious to avoid it, with explorers and adventurers, with ratcatchers and revolutionaries, and rogues of all degrees, and I carry in what I am pleased to call my brain the memory of many queer conversations of which only a few stray words have passed into print.

So it is that the journalist gets into the middle of things, and literature, as it is made to-day, takes a second place in his esteem, for he is demoralized by life. His appetite grows with what it feeds on, and he is ever eager to industriously read new pages of the book of life which is not literature. There in one sentence are a mixed metaphor and a split infinitive. . . . But I write as a journalist. — Philip Gibbs, in the London Tribune.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

ON BEING ORIGINAL. Irving Babbitt. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

THINKING BY TYPEWRITER. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* (38 c.) for March.

READING. Edward S. Martin. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for March.

FOR A PARCELS POST. George v. L. Meyer. *North American Review* (38 c.) for March.

THE POET'S MIND. Max Eastman. *North American Review* (38 c.) for March.

ERNEST RENAN IN HIS YOUTH. Illustrated. Alys Hallard. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for March.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Harry T. Peck. *Bookman* (28 c.) for March.

EGERTON AND AGNES CASTLE. R. A. Whay. *Bookman* (28 c.) for March.

THE NEWSPAPER AS IT IS. General Charles H. Taylor. *Appleton's Magazine* (28 c.) for March.

ENCYCLOPEDIAS, PAST AND PRESENT. Illustrated. Louis Windmüller. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for March.

GEORGE MEREDITH, THE DEAN OF ENGLISH NOVELISTS. Duncan Campbell Scott. *Munsey's* for March.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF GOETHE'S FAUST. Illustrated. Dr. Paul Carus. *Open Court* (13 c.) for March.

HENRY A. SCHULER. With portrait. H. E. Kriebel. *Pennsylvania-German* (18 c.) for March.

CONCERNING THE TELLING OF A STORY. — III. Archibald Dunn. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for March.

REVERSION TO TYPE. Mildred Ransom. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for March.

LAFCADIO HEARN. Michael Monahan. *Papyrus* (13 c.) for February.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. *Outlook* (13 c.) for February 1.

FRANCIS THOMPSON, MYSTIC AND POET. Wilfred Meynell. *Collier's* (13 c.) for February 1.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. With portrait. Henry Mills Alden. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for February 1.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF HAMLET. John W. Wainwright, M. D. *New York Medical Record* (18 c.) for February 1.

THE WORK OF GEORGE MEREDITH. Elisabeth Luther Cary. *New York Times Saturday Review* for February 8.

STEPHEN MASSETT AND HIS FRIENDS. Mary Ogden Vaughan. *Argonaut* (13 c.) for February 15.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Preparations are being made for the celebration of the Milton tercentenary next fall.

A biography of the late Francis Thompson is being prepared by Francis Meredith Wilfred Meynell.

George W. Jacobs & Co. announce a book entitled "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn," by Dr. George M. Gould, with whom Hearn lived for a time in Philadelphia. A bibliography of Hearn's writings by a son of Edmund Clarence Stedman will accompany the volume.

Clement Shorter's book on Charlotte Brontë and her circle is now out of print, after a prosperous career, and Mr. Shorter does not intend to reprint it. Its place will be taken by a larger work containing much new material, with the old, entitled "The Brontës' Life and Letters."

A book entitled "Materials and Methods in Fiction" is announced by the Baker & Taylor Company. The author is Clayton Hamilton, who has been in recent years a contributor to leading magazines, and is now associate editor of the Forum. Mr. Hamilton was from 1901 to 1904 a tutor in English at Columbia, and his book is to contain an introduction by Professor Brander Matthews.

Another book about Meredith is to be published soon under the title of "The Novels of George Meredith," by E. E. J. Bailey. Its object is to show the analogies between Mr. Meredith's work and that of the earlier novelists, as well as to point out its purpose and peculiar qualities.

The latest biographer of Thomas Hood is Walter Jerrold, and in a volume just completed he aims to correct the errors of previous writers. His work is to be called "Thomas Hood — His Life and Times," and it is to be published in London this month by Alston Rivers.

The story of "Madame de Staël and Her Lovers," as told by Francis Gribble in the attractively printed volume published by James Pott & Co., is largely made up of correspondence, interspersed with the biographer's own material and comment, that make of the work a composite whole.

Rhey D. Snodgrass, formerly connected with Collier's Weekly, has been made editor-in-chief of the New England Magazine.

The Literary Agency of London, in behalf of an unnamed London publishing house, offers a prize of 250 guineas for the best first novel of any writer submitted before August 31, agreeing that the decision of the judges — Andrew Lang, W. L. Courtney, and Clement Shorter — shall be announced before January 1, and that the prize-winning manuscript shall be published before June 30, 1909. The address of the agency, which is responsible, is 5 Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.

The American Sunday School Union, Philadelphia, offers $2,000 in prizes for religious literature — $1,000 for the best original work on "Christian Principles in Our Rural Districts: How to Make Them a Controlling Influence"; and $600 for the best original work and $400 for the next best original work on "The Bible an Attractive Book." Each writer is asked to give an appropriate original title to his work, and will be allowed freedom in the form and style of treatment of the topic. The society desires books of a practical, instructive, popular, and evangelical character.

Non-graduate students of political economy who have hitherto been debarred from participating in the Hart, Schaffner, and Marx competition for the best essays on economics will be glad to learn that restrictions have been removed. Such writers may either compete with college graduates or enter their efforts in three special classes, in which the first prizes are $600, $500, and $300. Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, has charge of the competition. The prize essays are usually brought out in book form, five having been already published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

The Young Men's Hebrew Association of Philadelphia offers a prize of $100 for the best essay on the subject "The Emancipation of the Jews in Modern Times." No limit of length is set. Each essay must be signed with an assumed name and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, indorsed on the outside with the assumed name, and containing enclosed on a slip of paper the assumed name and the real name and address of the writer. Essays must be sent to Isaac Hassler, chairman, 302 Watkins building, 1033 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, on or before October 1, 1908.

The municipality of Bologna will celebrate the first centenary of the birth of Garibaldi by awarding a prize for the best historical account of the Expedition of the Thousand. The manuscripts may be in Italian, French, English, or German, and they must be received by June 30, 1910.

Edwin Ginn, the publisher, and Hubert R. Gibbs, head of the editorial department of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., have examined the manuscripts submitted in competition for the two prizes of $1,000 each offered by the American Humane Education Society, one for the best story showing the folly of international wars, and the other for the best story to make the rich and poor more kind to each other and to harmonize the disputes between capital and labor, and report that, while several of the stories in competition for both these prizes are of considerable interest, not one of them is entitled to either of the prizes offered by the society. There were five manuscripts offered in competition for the first prize, and eleven for the second.

At an early date the American Baptist Publication Society will publish a new illustrated weekly paper for girls, entitled the Girl's World. Miss A. Edith Meyers, formerly on the editorial staff of the Ladies' Home Journal, will be the editor. This periodical will be a companion to the Youth's World, which will hereafter be devoted exclusively to the interests of boys. The semimonthly paper, Young Reaper, will be discontinued after July 1 of this year, as the Girl's World, to be issued weekly, will more than take its place.

What's in the Magazines (Chicago) has suspended publication.

Burr W. McIntosh, photographer and lecturer, has gone into bankruptcy, but the Burr McIntosh Monthly (New York), published by the Burr Publishing Company, is not affected.

Following the bankruptcy proceedings of the A. C. Gunter Publishing Company, Esther C. Gunter, widow of Archibald Clavering Gunter, has filed papers in bankruptcy.

The Hunter Publishing Company, of Oak Park, Ill., has gone into bankruptcy.

The Robert Clarke Company, of Cincinnati, is in the hands of a receiver.

The Book News Monthly (Philadelphia), which is now edited by Norma Bright Carson, makes its March issue a George Meredith number.

John W. Oliver, editor of the Yonkers Statesman, died in Yonkers, N. Y., February 9, aged ninety-two.

George Herbert Sass ("Barton Grey") died at Charleston, S. C., February 10, aged sixty-two.

Sir James Knowles, founder, proprietor, and editor of the Nineteenth Century, died in London February 13, aged seventy-six.

Valerian Gribayedoff, the originator of newspaper illustration in the United States, died recently in Paris, aged fifty years.

Crosby Stuart Noyes died at Pasadena, Calif., February 21, aged eighty-three.

Professor Edward Gaylord Bourne died at New Haven February 24, aged forty-seven.

Henry Loomis Nelson died in New York February 29, aged sixty-two.

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CONCERNING THE TELLING OF A STORY.

III.

History relates that on an occasion — in the days when whist was still popular in the land, and when loose sleeves were still the fashion — a card happened to drop from Lord Chesterfield's sleeve during the progress of a game. At that period high stakes were customary, and, of course, cheating was not unknown. Naturally, then, a gasp went round the table, followed by an immediate and awkward silence. It was possibly as difficult a position as could well be conceived ; it did not, however, disconcert Lord Chesterfield. "Fortunately," he remarked in a quiet voice, but with some emphasis, "I am playing amongst *gentlemen*." Then, without further comment, he proceeded with the hand.

This tale points a moral. It shows us how mighty can be the influence of fitting the conduct and the appropriate word to the occasion. Silence and over-protestation are, in the hasty judgment of the world, equally reckoned evidence of guilt, and, at best, some tint of suspicion will remain ; and to have gazed round in helpless confusion, or to have blurted out a verbose and flurried explanation — the natural instinct, one believes, of many an honest man — would, in either case, have carried its own suggestion. How wholly suitable, then, in the circumstances, was Lord Chesterfield's attitude ! He was a *gentleman* amongst *gentlemen* ; cheating, therefore, was impossible ; and nothing more remained to be said or thought. By means of this nice discrimination, by selecting just the right thing to do at the right moment, he had in a breath dissipated the overshadowing cloud.

Now, what we find to have applied with so much force in this social episode at the card table will be found applicable, also, to every phase of life. Selection — a choice amongst alternatives — plays its part in every affair, and is the prime factor, as a rule, in deciding between success or failure. Napoleon in his heyday, for example, knew instinctively when a charge might be driven home or when retreat became imperative ; a lesser man would have chosen less wisely, and have thereby proved his inferiority. Again, the barrister who misunderstands the jury and appeals to their reason when only their emotions are capable of response, will surely play second fiddle to an opponent who has more accurately gauged his hearers. And so with the

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diplomatist, the business man, and — what concerns us chiefly — the artist. Each will be arriving continuously at the cross-roads, and see there no finger-post for guidance but the light of his own knowledge and intelligence. One road, seemingly, is as good as another, but one leads to the goal and the other does not — which is it to be ?

The novelist, clearly, will meet this difficulty twice over ; because, before he commences to treat his book in detail, he must have first conceived some *motif*, some main idea on which the book is to be built. He cannot advisably write about nothing ; therefore, he must begin by selecting a subject.

And here, the first thing to remember is that the purpose of fiction is chiefly to interest and entertain, and that the interest attaching to works of fiction is of a nature wholly different from that attaching to other forms of literature. The student, for example, picks up his text-book with an energetic brain, and, that he may appreciate it fully, bends his whole intellect to the task ; for him, the interest lies in the acquirement of knowledge, and he is prepared to labor at it. The novel reader, on the other hand, turns to the novel for relaxation ; he is a pleasure seeker, and, as a rule, he is in a lazy mood ; he does not want instruction, therefore, for that implies concentration of mind and consequent effort ; his desire is simply to while away an idle hour in an easy-going fashion. Of course, if a sufficiency of skill be granted, the novelist can, no doubt, convey instruction without detriment to the story ; he may introduce it, possibly, with so finished an art that it shall be assimilated instinctively and almost imperceptibly ; he may so interweave it with more essential matters that the tale keeps moving along smoothly and without check. In such circumstances all is well ; the novel with this higher mission must be the better for its achievement. Nevertheless, judged as a novel, it will fail most assuredly unless it fulfils the first condition of all — that it shall interest and entertain.

Consequently, our business is to find some key to the novel-reader's interest. What subject is there that may be relied on safely to attract and please him ? Each individual, we know, has individual tastes ; some people prefer a story of adventure, others a story of love ; and thus it might appear that what would be pleasing to one could only be wearying to another, and that there can be no common ground. But this is not so. For, however individual a man's tastes may be, there still remains one interest which appeals to all, an interest in human nature. It would not be possible to be uninterested in ourselves, in our own thoughts and actions, and in their effects and consequences ; it would be no less possible to prevent that interest extending to the rest of mankind, who are reflections, almost duplicates, of ourselves. A comparison of them with ourselves, the charm of wondering what they will do in certain circumstances, and what we should do ; of how they think about it and how we should think ; the sympathetic delight of putting ourselves into their shoes ; of sharing their sorrows ; of enjoying their pleasures ; of fighting their battles and of braving their dangers cannot fail to stir the human imagination. This is natural ; and here, in this natural instinct, the novelist finds his subject.

Thus the origin of a novel offers two alternatives. It may be based upon action, say a well-planned detective episode or a tale of adventure ; or it may be suggested by some psychological problem, by the desire to illustrate some type of character or attitude of mind. Either will answer the requirement of the human instinct, but — only as a starting point. To complete the work — and one speaks, of course, of the best work — to make it alive, realistic, and convincing, these two alternatives must surely be combined. A body without a mind, or a mind without a body, cannot, for its obvious shortcoming, represent the true human being. Therefore, that reality may be depicted, the story of incident must meet with psychological treatment, and the psychological problem must be replete with incident.

The study, then, of active humanity supplies the author with his subject. There is all the world to choose from, and hardly any corner of it that cannot, under skilful management, be made in a measure interesting.

Of course, if some virgin field can be found, some land that has never been exploited before, so much the better; the novelty and freshness of the idea can but add zest to the enjoyment. But, failing such originality, it would still seem evident enough that there is matter and to spare for the endless writing of good novels.

And now, assuming that the author has found something to write about, that he has decided upon the *motif* and outline of his book, he will find that he has stumbled straightaway across the second difficulty of selection in *treatment*. He has dreamed a dream, which is one thing; he has to relate it vividly, which is another. To this end his material will need shaping and adapting; it will need to be presented in an illumining manner; and many alternatives will suggest themselves.

It becomes a question, then, of selection, and in the exercise of this judicial process certain guiding principles are already admitted. The climax, it is agreed, must be unforeseen, conclusive, and inevitable *; and every strong dramatic incident must be led up to and prepared by an incident of lesser dramatic force.† These conclusions resulted from a study of the reader's natural attitude of mind. Referring to this same attitude once more, we shall arrive at a further principle on which the novelist must work always; he must select only that which is direct of purpose, true, and effective, and he must exclude all else.

Directness of purpose, it is clear, will cover a considerable field. It implies an orderly marshalling of ideas and a studious avoidance of verbosity and inconsequence. In conversation there is no more wearying creature than the windbag, and nothing that can distract and confuse so surely as a muddled statement; the same conditions exactly apply to the written word. The writer who does not tell a "straight" story in every sense can never get a grip upon the reader; automatically, attention must wander and the interest must suffer. Hence, as Stevenson warns us, the author "must suppress much and omit more. He must omit what is tedious or irrelevant, and suppress what is tedious and necessary." And this is no easy business. Indeed, we shall find no contradiction in the literary man's excuse for writing an inordinately long letter — that he had been too hurried to make it shorter; for it takes time and an infinity of pains to condense sufficiently and to ensure a proper sequence of events; it means arranging and rearranging until there remains not one single thought or expression which is out of place or superfluous.

But, difficult though this process of condensation and orderliness may be when looked at in its general aspect, it is made more difficult still by the temptation which so constantly besets every writer and calls him so persistently to leave the track. There is that brilliant idea, for example! It has no reference, perhaps, to the immediate question, and nowhere can it be included appropriately. Never mind! the author has had it scintillating in his brain for a twelvemonth, feverishly waiting for deliverance, and now he will wait no longer; so, in it goes, anywhere, anyhow. Or, again, that beautiful sentence chiefly concerned with nothing at all! Yes; but it runs, does it not, with a captivating smoothness, and, in the author's opinion, it stands for a very model of style. Will he, then, have the moral courage to put his pen through it once and forever? Probably not. Yet both this unnecessary sentence and this inapposite idea are digressions which distract, and, through their distraction, check and weaken the interest of the reader.

Selection, then, in regard to directness of purpose may be said to find a test of its due accomplishment in the answer to one practical question: Does the thought or the word aid directly, clearly, and logically in the narration and illustration of the story? That any author worthy of the name can ask himself this question and fail to answer it correctly on a careful examination of his manuscript is inconceivable. It is not here, or it should not be, that the real stumbling block will lie; it is rather in accomplishing what he now knows to be a necessity, in exercising always an unwavering self-restraint, and in using so strong a determination that he will labor strenuously until the commands which

* See Chapter I.
† See Chapter II.

spring from his intelligence are finally obeyed.

But are the conditions still as simple and is the test of efficiency still of the same elementary character when we move a stage farther forward and come to speak of selection in respect to the truth ?

The question can best be answered through the medium of an example. In Frank Norris's very interesting essays on literature collected and published under the title of "The Responsibilities of the Novelist," he quotes an incident which illustrates the point to a nicety. It is so apposite in every way, and so clear in its bearing on the subject, that I cannot do better than repeat his words verbatim. "It happened once," he says, "that it was my unfortunate duty to tell a certain man of the violent death of his brother whom he had left well and happy but an hour before. This is how he took it : He threw up both hands and staggered back, precisely as they do in melodrama, exclaiming all in a breath : 'Oh, my God! This is terrible ! What will mother say ?'"

Now, obviously, this could not be admitted into a serious work of fiction. If it is anything at all, it is burlesque pure and simple, this intermingling of the Almighty with such a commonplace as "What will mother say ?" Yet the episode actually happened ; it is true to life. Why, then, should it be excluded ?

Mr. Norris gets out of the tangle with the observation that "life is not always true to life — from the point of view of the artist." But with this explanation as it stands, it is not possible to agree. The argument is plausible, but it will not do. To assert that "life is not true to life" is to contradict one's self ; and to qualify the contradiction is only to juggle with the English tongue. One requires something more exact and more informative than this. Here is the truth — there is no doubt about it, the reader wants the truth — there is no doubt about that, either ; but he is not to have it in this case. Why ?

Well, does not a simple thought at once suggest itself ? A broad principle, we see, unquestionably sound and logical, has been found faulty in some particular instance. Why not, then, draw the obvious inference that the crux of the whole business resolves itself into a distinction between generalities and particulars — into a recognition of the fact that, though the truth is essential, *certain* truths must nevertheless be withheld ? With this solution — and there would not appear to be a better — both sides of the argument meet an answer, and the backbone of the problem is broken. It would still remain, however, to inquire which truths, or rather which class of truths, stand by themselves outside the more general law. And here we turn again, as we have so often turned before, to the reader's attitude ; throughout it has been our guide, philosopher, and friend. The reader, then, wants the truth, but — mark this well — he wants convincing truth ; and the only truth that can convince him, as a rule, is the truth that he knows. He is acquainted, remember, with the conduct of men in given circumstances, he has an experience of life, and therefore instinctively he measures the truth by that experience ; he has no other criterion. If, then, an ordinary episode be presented in extraordinary colors, it may have happened, of course, but at least it must be difficult of appreciation and belief. So bizarre an effect may perhaps become convincing after a laborious preparation, after a careful attuning of the mind to receive the unexpected result ; and, to go a stage still further afield, an author may state anything he pleases in a fairy tale, for who can say what is true in a region which has yet to be explored ? But, apart from this, in the commonplaces of life the only truth that can surely seem the truth is the natural conduct of the average man.

Hence, one would like to give a twist to Mr. Norris's dictum, and re-write it thus : "Life will not always *seem* true to life from the *reader's* point of view" ; and, taking this amended version, commend it most heartily to the writer for a test. Is his work truthful within the reader's experience ? And that he may ensure an accuracy of selection on so knotty a point, it would be well that he should recall Sir Walter Besant's advice, and watch out continuously to see how the piece is looking "from the front." In this he will

find a practical working method and a means by which he may confidently hope to discover whether the story which he tells is a story acceptably true.

The greater problem lies ahead. Thus far, with care and a tolerable ability, the story is direct of purpose and truthful. In other respects, too, in a close adherence to the laws of climax, and to those other laws of construction which are definite, it proves adequate. Is it, then, for that reason an effective story? Does it convey to the reader the precise effect which the author intends to convey? And, further, is that effect, when conceived, the best effect conceivable? Possibly; but, also, possibly not. For though by an adherence to certain broad principles we may have traveled a long way towards the goal, we shall certainly not have reached it unless, first and foremost, throughout and at every stage, the spirit of the treatment be in the most marked degree suited to the subject.

"A fact," Stevenson tells us, "may be viewed on many sides; it may be chronicled with rage, tears, laughter, indifference, or admiration; and by each of these the story will be transformed to something else." And in telling us this he mentions no more than a tithe of the numberless alternatives. What a yawning chasm, then, to entrap an author! He may set his story in a dozen different fashions; yes, but only one of these may be passably good, and, without dispute, only one can be the best — the puzzle is to find it. In those earlier days there was no such task as this. Indeed, you may not yet have forgotten how lightly you set about the writing of that first story of all. You saw a clear road, did you not, from the very beginning, as plainly discernible as a pikestaff, and so invitingly smooth to travel over, and never the thought of another and a better crossed your mind? It was a simple business at that time, this story-telling, and the only concern was to purchase a pen that could keep pace with the activity of your fancy. In the outcome, perhaps — for we cannot say that anything is impossible — you produced a masterpiece. On the other hand, perhaps — and this is likely — you did nothing of the sort. But, anyway, it is certain that never since have you worked with such facility. At that time you were satisfied with the road which you saw; now, unless I am much mistaken, you will hunt to search out others, and, having found them, discover to your chagrin that the vision of the whole is become strangely and suddenly obscured. Nowhere any longer does an obvious pathway remain; the cloud of uncertainty has fallen on them all and fogged them. Only out of this cloud is one thing distinct, a spectral figure pointing with dubious finger, and challenging you to go forward. "Choose!" it says. "You've got to choose, but — mind you choose the best!"

Such one believes to be the normal mental attitude of every writer who has passed out of his novitiate, the nightmare which besets and stifles his efforts. That he has chosen well is nothing when this goblin reminds him that perhaps, after all, he might have chosen better. Confidence deserts him, and the plank which had once carried him ashore seems now to have lost its sustaining power. Once it was enough that he should have satisfied the broadest sense of suitability, that the humorous word should be spoken under amusing conditions, and that the pathetic touch should spring from a pathetic incident. That he knew was necessary; but the strictly necessary will no longer suffice — his aim has stretched beyond the adequate, and reaches out to attain the more perfect, which implies the most effective. And it is here that he will meet with the clearest evidence of his own limitations; for there are many degrees of effectiveness, and now the judge sitting in the judgment seat is not science and mechanism, but, instead, some occult power which, by common consent, is called the sympathetic temperament.

In these two words we abandon the exact, and trench upon the inexact. Of directness of purpose we can judge through the light of experience; the truth, as applied to fiction, we can attain through an appreciation of another's intelligence and knowledge — which may be gauged. But who can gauge the emotions, their strange variation of intensity and expression, the weird fashion in which sometimes they will be left quiescent,

or sometimes as unexpectedly aroused — who can say what will of a certainty appeal to them ? When, for instance, the German emperor passed Charing Cross on his way to the Mansion House ; when, after a long period of waiting, the echo of distant cheering reached us at last, and people began to nudge each other and whisper: " Here he comes ! " ; when the sharp word of command was finally given, and the rifles rattled to the salute ; when the Life Guards trotted into view, resplendent in all the glory of their uniform, and behind them, seated in a carriage, his hand raised to his helmet, we saw the emperor, a wild, unrestrained, whole-hearted welcome burst from 10,000 tongues ! Yet, at that very same moment, under the very same conditions, there were many hundreds of other tongues that could not, though their lives depended on it, have managed to utter a sound. Again, I recall an incident which occurred not so long ago, while King Edward was at Biarritz. He lived as a private gentleman ; he was constantly to be seen in the streets, but it was not permissible to recognize him. One day, however, a tiny English child, innocent of all convention, espied him in the distance. A moment later, while the nurse was looking the other way, it had toddled across the road, staggering by luck through the traffic, and, stumbling up against His Majesty's knees, blocked his progress ; then, pointing a round, fat forefinger delightedly into his face, cried out aloud : " King ! King ! " Was this humorous or pathetic ? Some people were amused, I know ; others, it would be safe to say, felt a very large and a very uncomfortable lump rising in their throats. And similar to this — identical, at least, in its results — is another episode about children. Two ragamuffins of the pavement, neither of them as yet ten years old, a boy and a girl, were playing in the gutter. They were clothed in rags, miserable, unfed little creatures, but, so far as I could judge while approaching, the game was going merrily, and they were having a good time. Just as I reached them, however, they quarreled. In an instant the boy sprang to his feet. " Garn ! " he said with withering contempt. " Go home to yer mother ! " The girl rose slowly, then, turning away, burst suddenly into a flood of tears. " I ain't gort no mother," she answered in an undertone ; and at the words the crowd of loiterers guffawed with laughter. Yet it seemed to me the saddest, the most pitiable thing I ever heard.

And lastly, and most remarkable of all, these very same scenes will leave some people untouched, unresponsive to feeling of any sort whatever.

To disentangle this mass of contradictions, to realize in them something that is practical and comprehensible, to understand the emotions and the art of playing upon them — in short, to know the feelings of men and women — is to know the secret, also, of suitability in treatment, and is the business of every writer of fiction who would be effective. But the difficulty of it all lies in this, that the emotions spring not from the mind, which is reasoning, but from the soul, which is, within our knowledge, unreasoning. No longer is method or logic of any avail ; the need is for some subtler sense which can give this deeper insight. Hence, there is no definition of the sympathetic temperament. We do not understand it. We recognize its presence, of course, or its absence ; and thus readily we see how a man may be talented above others, and yet fail to write a good novel. In his book, maybe, he gives us much that is valuable, sufficiently so to justify its existence and to ensure, perhaps, its permanence ; but its value and its permanence cannot depend upon its worth as a *novel*. Lacking the sympathetic sense, our author lacks, also, a proper understanding, and therefore the sense of effective selection ; and with this blemish to his work, let it be what it will, it cannot hope to be a convincing study of humanity. And, worse, no agency can help to mend matters. For the truth is, we have come now to an insoluble problem — one of the secrets of creation — the source and origin of human attributes.

And what a melancholy conclusion ! To tell a man that success is dependent on his ability ! To tell him that he should see first and above all things that he is born a genius ! At the same time, a clear appreciation of the real position is necessary, and a clear under-

standing of the fact that without the sympathetic temperament good fiction is impossible. With this granted, however, there comes a word of encouragement — that even the smallest atom of sympathy may be fostered and made to grow. It will grow most certainly if we study humanity; it will grow still more if we strive, in imagination, to be ourselves no longer, but, instead, the actual actors who are playing their part in the drama. Circumstances, we shall find, alter cases; and it will make all the difference in the world whether we chance to be the people chiefly concerned, or merely lookers-on. Thus, studying to view life through a more indulgent eye and in a juster spirit, we shall come to realize many things; that the test of perfection is not always ourselves; that the hearty eater is not necessarily a glutton because we eat sparingly; that a religion other than our own, and based on faith like our own, may be honestly upheld; besides a whole wealth of other truisms. And so, endeavoring to live always in a state of mental unselfishness, we shall certainly progress. But not, mind you, that we shall thus create the sympathetic temperament; only that, in this manner, we may gradually strengthen such sense of sympathy as already exists.

Whence it might seem that only a good man may write a good novel, and that the higher the moral nature the more perfect the work. With this, however, one disagrees at once. For where is the analogy between unselfishness of thought and unselfishness of action? Where shall we find the unselfish thought that always stands the practical test, the well-meant intention that is always carried out? Why, thought and action are as different as chalk and cheese. Indeed, many a man has formed an ideal view of life and expressed it, too, while trembling all the while lest the secrets of his own should be discovered; and when the history of the best writers of fiction comes to be written — if it ever does — one may safely venture the opinion that it will not be a history of the angels.

Archibald Dunn.

The London Author.

A READER'S PROTEST.

Why does not some one enter a protest against the heroines of fiction who, when overcome by grief or even slight, retrospective sadness, drop their tears without let or hindrance into whatever bit of culinary work their fair hands may be engaged upon? The reader involuntarily finds himself wishing for the introduction into modern life of the "tear bottles" of old Egyptian days.

It is not necessary to particularize the volumes that have offended in this way. It will be enough for any one simply to keep his eyes opened for such allusions, and he will be surprised to see how often they occur, in books by some of our "foremost writers," and in many and many a "leading magazine" story.

In one recent book, beautifully written in the first person, the heroine naïvely describes herself at a pathetic moment as "dropping tears on a delicious bit of blue-fish." Fortunately, however, it was a delicacy intended for her own consumption — so no one's fastidiousness but her own was involved. Not all writers are so considerate. More often the heroine is stirring up a pudding, or making a cake for the whole family's delectation; or perhaps, still more frequently, washing the tea dishes, when, her sensitiveness overcoming her, the tears are allowed to drop unchecked where they will. It is hard not to feel a little shiver of repulsion — not only toward the dishes or edibles so moistened, but toward the otherwise attractive young heroine, as well.

I have looked in vain for a protest from other offended readers, but if any has been made, it has escaped my attention.

Bertha Gerneaux Woods.

TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

It is suggested that the series of "Little Novels of Various Cities," projected by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, may offer an opportunity "for good writers who have either not yet attempted the long novel or who have manuscripts that do not conform to ordinary fiction requirements." The idea is to publish in handsome form short novels that are especially characteristic of the cities in which their scenes are laid. The publishers say that there will be no attempt at uniformity in the style of the stories. The characters and the plots will in some cases be historical, and in others purely imaginary. Some will be tales of past centuries and some of the present, but all will be essentially characteristic of a town or city, and all the stories will be short.

* * *

Writers have sometimes wondered why there is so little demand among publishers for manuscripts between those of the short story and those of the ordinary novel. Every one who has had experience in the sale of manuscripts knows that it is vastly easier to sell a manuscript of from 6,000 to 10,000 words or one of from 70,000 to 90,000 words than it is to sell a novelette, say of 40,000 words. The magazines that print "a complete novel in each number" provide a small market for such stories, and there have been two or three book series of short novels, but experienced writers have found that it does not pay to write stories of 30,000 or 40,000 words, although some stories naturally fall within those limits.

* * *

For this there are two reasons, one connected with the art of writing, and the other with the business of publishing. The publisher knows that while it may cost less to make a book of 40,000 words than to make an ordinary novel, the amount of work on his part required in one case will be about as great as in the other, while the labor and expense of advertising, circularizing, and generally pushing the book will be practically the same in the two cases. As the small book must be sold at a small price, and the financial return from it will therefore be smaller than from the $1.50 novel, he naturally prefers to devote his energies to the larger book. On the other hand, the writer soon learns that if he has a 40,000-

word story it is generally an easy matter to pad it to the ordinary novel size, and so get a larger royalty. These two reasons practically account for the small number of short novels published in book form. Occasionally a publisher, by the use of large type, wide margins, and broad spacing, pads a short novel so that it looks like an ordinary book, but the reader is likely to lay the volume down with a feeling that in point of quantity he has hardly got his money's worth, and so the experiment, as a rule, is seldom profitable to the publisher. It seems, however, as if a series of high-grade short novels the quality and reputation of which, as a series, should be so high that the stories would not need much individual advertising, might be a profitable undertaking. It is obvious that the natural limit of many stories falls between 20,000 and 70,000 words, and the literary art suffers when these stories are cut to the arbitrary length of a magazine short story, or padded to the ordinary novel size to get a market for the manuscript.

* * *

Every now and then some man in the sixties is shocked to see himself referred to in a newspaper by some young reporter as "aged," or if he is in the seventies the reporter is very likely to speak of him as a "venerable" man. Reporters should learn that men under eighty take no pride in their age, and do not like to be called "aged," and that few men ever get old enough to be pleased when young reporters speak of them as "venerable." There are even men of from fifty to sixty who look upon themselves as in the prime of life, and who feel like protesting when in a novel a man of fifty is referred to as an old man for whom presumably the activities and joys of life are past. As bearing on this general topic writers should be interested in this classification of a male person during the successive stages of his life: "Under one year he is an infant; from one to three years, a baby; from three to six years, a child; from six to eleven years, a boy; from eleven to fifteen years, a lad; from fifteen to twenty-one years, a youth; from twenty-one to forty years, a young man; from forty to sixty years, a middle-aged man; from sixty to seventy years, an elderly man; from seventy to eighty years, an old man; from eighty to ninety years, an aged man; from ninety to 100 years, a venerable man; from 100 to 110 years, a patriarch; beyond 110 years, a Methuselite."

* * *

The readers of a Western religious weekly must have read with other feelings mingled with regret its notice that "On October 14, 1907, after a short but violent illness, Sister —— —— received notice to retire off the stage of action." W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Rosamund E. Nesbit Bland, whose story, "A Man's Part," appeared in Ainslee's for February, is the younger daughter of Hubert Bland, a distinguished English author and journalist, and Mrs. E. Nesbit Bland, whose stories for children are popular on both sides of the Atlantic. Miss Bland began to write at an early age, and there are in existence verses of hers, accompanied by her own illustrations, executed at the age of five. She is now twenty-one years of age, and has hitherto written chiefly stories for children, of which several have been published in three little books. In addition to her writing, she is secretary of a junior branch of the Fabian Society, a sort of training ground for young Socialist debaters. In 1904 a bust of her appeared in the Paris salon. It shows a noble, thoughtful face, marked by both intellect and beauty.

Agnes Rush Burr, whose story, "A Genial Young Caesar," was published in Pearson's Magazine for March, is a native of New Jersey, although she has passed most of her life in Philadelphia. She had editorial charge of a small weekly paper in that city for several years, passing from that to editorial charge of the woman's page of the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. She has had contributions in Good Housekeeping, and she is also the author of "The Life and Work of Rus-

sell H. Conwell," which is just now going into a second edition.

Benjamin Thorne Gilbert, whose story, "My Lady of the Canyon," was published in Scribner's Magazine for February, was born in Utica, New York, in 1872. He prepared for college at Lawrenceville and at Phillips Andover Academy, took two years of the classical course at Yale, and then a year at the Sorbonne in Paris, and received his A. B. at Columbia University, with the class of 1907. Since graduating he has been interested in architecture, manufacturing, and mining. He has also made several archaeological collections in the Southwest and in old Mexico, and a portion of his collections is now in the Museum of Natural History, New York city. Mr. Gilbert has traveled extensively in Europe, Africa, South America, the West Indies, and in North America, both for business and for pleasure. "My Lady of the Canyon" is the first writing that he has done since leaving college, as he has very little leisure to devote to writing at present, although he hopes to devote more time to it in later life.

Fannie Heaslip Lea, who had a story, "The Señor of Puerto Pizarro," in Short Stories for March, and another, "Marsh Lights," in Lippincott's for April, was born in New Orleans twenty-four years ago, and has lived in that city ever since. She is a graduate of the class of 1904 of Newcomb College, and has done considerable work in post-graduate English at Tulane University. Miss Lea says that she has been writing for the magazines for the past three years, although that fact has not yet dawned upon a number of editors. Before that, she wrote for the New Orleans newspapers, and did work on the college publications. She has had stories published in the Bohemian, the People's Magazine, Short Stories, and Lippincott's, and she has had stories accepted, though as yet unpublished, by Lippincott's, the People's Magazine, the Bohemian, Short Stories, the Woman's Home Companion, and Everybody's. The material for "The Señor of Puerto Pizarro" was obtained while Miss Lea was on a trip to Central America last summer, and the hero of the story is a real and very well-known figure, painfully well-known at one time in New Orleans by reason of his unfortunate combination of frenzied finance with governmental trusts.

Frank L. Packard, whose story, "The Little Super," appeared in the Century for March, was born in Montreal in 1877. He graduated from McGill University in the class of 1897, and took a post-graduate course in Belgium. Mr. Packard has been writing evenings and leisure moments more or less for the last two years, and during that time has placed about twenty-five short stories, and two series for Gunter's Magazine. His "Rafferty's Rule" was in the New Year's number of Collier's.

Elmore Elliott Peake, author of the story, "Flying Crow," in Harper's Monthly for March, was born in Decatur, Ohio, in 1871, and has since lived pretty much everywhere. His itinerancy began as a child from the fact that his father was a Methodist minister. Mr. Peake has been writing fiction since January, 1896, and has written for practically all the better magazines, with the exception of Scribner's and the Century. He is the author of four novels: "The Darlingtons," published in 1900 by McClure, Phillips, & Co.; "The Pride of Tellfair," published in 1903 by Harper & Brothers; "The House of Hawley," published in 1905 by D. Appleton & Co.; and "The Little King of Angel's Landing," published in 1906 by D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Peake is spending this winter in California, with the idea of collecting material for a new and entirely different kind of novel from any that he has hitherto written.

Bertrand W. Sinclair, whose novel, "Under the Great Bear," was printed in the Popular Magazine for March, is a thorough-going Westerner, having lived since childhood in the Western states and in the Canadian Northwest. He has been more or less in touch with every phase of life on the frontier, from the old buffalo hunters down to the latter-day irrigation expert, and whatever knowledge he possesses of the different types

he attempts to portray in his stories has been gained in each case by direct contact with the type itself in cow camps, mining camps, in the sage-brush country, and the Northern wilderness. His first published story, a short story of the cattle country, was printed in the San Francisco Argonaut in 1902. Mr. Sinclair was then riding the range in Northern Montana for a cattle company, so that, as he says, "the writing hung fire for some time." In the latter part of 1904 he began again, and sold several stories to the Argonaut and other Western periodicals. He is now a regular contributor to the Popular Magazine, and his novel, "Raw Gold," will be issued this fall by the G. W. Dillingham Company. Mr. Sinclair is now living in Santa Cruz, California, where he says he has found a "climatic paradise." He lived in Great Falls, Montana, for two years previously, and before that his home was anywhere between the Rio Grande and the Arctic circle.

Virginia Tracy, whose short story of the stage, "The Candle's Flame," was published in Scribner's Magazine for March, is a New Yorker by birth, a Chicagoan by adoption, and a citizen of the country behind the scenes by everything, so she says. She has a real claim to speak for the life her work describes, as she comes on both the father's and the mother's side of a theatrical family, and was herself for nearly ten years upon the stage. Her service under such different banners as those of Charles Frohman, David Belasco, and James A. Hearne gave her an experience doubly valuable now for the more imposing side of her portrayals, while the stock companies and the one-night stands that she declares did their best to kill her succeeded only in completely wrecking a health never robust and in filling her with a lively desire to impart their terrors to the public. During the two years of her literary work, Miss Tracy has written almost exclusively for Collier's Weekly, which was the first magazine to make her feel that she really had something to say, but her only novelette, "They Also Serve: The Story of a Farewell Performance," appears in Lippincott's for April. Most of her work has dealt with the humbler, or at least the more domestic side of theatrical living, and has aimed at reproducing faithfully the exact atmosphere of that imperative workshop and the exact color of that busy life which are generally rather more luridly understood. Although until now she has confined herself entirely to short stories, Miss Tracy says that her whole ambition is to write what John Barry has called "the authoritative novel of the stage."

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Alcott.—In the winter of 1874 I happened to live in the same "family" hotel in New York in which Louisa M. Alcott had her little "den," where she kept herself pretty busy at work most of the time. She was then the idol of all boys and girls who had read her "Little Women," and many grown-up folks were made energetic enough through the spontaneity of her delightful home story to flood her with letters telling how their youth had been brought back to them. She told me that this display of adoration on the part of people she did not know, and the healthy tone of it all, affected her deeply.

I was very young then, just starting into newspaper life in the great city, and I was overjoyed by her consideration of me and the interest she seemed to take in my welfare.

She had a very lovable personality, singularly magnetic and forceful, a tall and graceful presence, and her eyes constantly beamed with apparent joyousness.

She was "motherly," "sisterly," and "chummy" all at once. I used to go to her frequently about my troubles, and one day I timidly submitted a little story I had written, begging her to tell me its faults. She returned me the manuscript shortly, accompanied by the following thoughtful note:—

"Sunday, December 19, 1874.

"Dear Neighbor:—

"I have read the parts of your story, and think it worth finishing; only, if it was mine, I should re-model it as it is for children.

"The prologue I should put into the first part somehow, in order to explain Part Sec-

ond. Describe less and have the actors come on the stage at once, as that instantly interests little readers.

"T. W. Higginson gave me some good advice on that point, and I felt the worth of it at once, for instead of describing places or people, I plunged into the heart of my story and opened it with a conversation, letting the actors unfold the plot and themselves dramatically.

"From that time 'my goods sold well,' and this was the secret in a great measure. Learning to write short is another good thing; and the art of taking a very simple event or character and making it true to life with the mixture of the comic and pathetic that exists in what we call human nature.

"Why don't you try a campfire Christmas? That would be fresh and jolly, and taking with the boys. I wrote a Christmas tale about an old man forgiving his daughter through her child twenty years ago in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. Put your own experience into your tales, and they can't fail to be good.

"Your friend,
"L. M. A."

I think this is good advice for every one who starts out to tell a story. It certainly was of value to me. It taught me to begin at once in anything I had to tell. — Richmond Times Dispatch.

Danby. — An interesting story is told in the Bookman of the writing of Frank Danby's new novel, "The Heart of a Child." Owen Hall, the author of "The Geisha," "The Gaiety Girl," and many other musical comedies, was a brother of Frank Danby (Mrs. Julia Frankan). He was sent abroad on account of ill health, and his sister accompanied him. While stopping at Harrowgate, they planned to write a book together dealing with the life of a Gaiety girl. In three days the plan was sketched out, and Mrs. Frankan gives her brother credit for doing the main part of the work. They differed as to the ending of the story on the evening of the fifth day. Mr. Hall thought that the Gaiety girl, who married a peer, however virtuous she was, would fall morally when exposed to the far greater temptations of social life. They discussed the matter until midnight, when Mr. Hall retired, and Mrs. Frankan sat up and sketched the story as she saw it. In the morning Mr. Hall was found dead in bed. Mrs. Frankan in grief abandoned the book. Later she was persuaded to take it up again, when, to use her own words, "It would not come in the way her brother had arranged it."

De Quincey. — Proof-sheet marginalia offer, as a rule, even less of literary attraction than does the dictionary; but some of De Quincey's corrections of proof (and of printer) have a certain vituperative emphasis and vigor that make them lively reading. A few of his vehement and pithy remarks, culled from his proof-sheets, have lately found their way into print and are worth passing along. The little opium-eater was emphatically of the genus irritabile, put into a passion by a misspelt word or a misplaced comma, and making life miserable for his printers. The word "aerial" set up with initial diphthong called forth the following objurgatory apostrophe: "Oh, thou unknown compositor, dost thou mean to drive me to an early grave, dost thou not know that aerial was a word of four syllables in the times of the Greeks and the Romans, was then, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen!" In another instance, correcting the omission of a letter, the incensed author told the compositor, in language far from polite, that the missing letter was a necessary part of the word, and would remain so "when you are damned, or hanged for forgery." — The Dial.

James. — In the preface to the new Scribner edition of "The Portrait of a Lady," Henry James tells us that the "single small cornerstone" for the "large building" was his "conception of a certain young woman affronting her destiny." It is his theory that the story must grow out of the characters. In this he agrees with Turgenieff, of whom he says: —

"I have always fondly remembered a remark that I heard fall years ago from the lips of Ivan Turgenieff in regard to his own experience of the usual origin of the fictive picture. It began for him almost always with the vision of some person or persons, who hovered before him, soliciting him, as the

active or passive figure, interesting him and appealing to him just as they were and by what they were. He saw them, in that fashion, as disponibles, saw them subject to the chances, the complications of existence, and saw them vividly, but then had to find for them the right relations, those that would most bring them out ; to imagine, to invent, and select, and piece together the situations most useful and favorable to the sense of the creatures themselves, the complications they would be most likely to produce and feel."

Tennyson.—Tennyson's own notes to his early poems will be found in the just-published reprint of those poems which are now out of copyright. Here is a passage referring to an epic written in his early teens : "I used to compose sixty or seventy lines all at once, and shout them about the fields as I leapt over the hedges. I never felt so inspired, though, of course, the poem was not worth preserving, and into the fire it went." By way of general advice he says : "Knowledge, shone, knoll — let him who reads me always read these vowels long." On the question of plagiarism the poet wrote in annotating his line, "and at their feet the crocus brake like fire," "I will answer for it that no modern poet can write a single line but among the innumerable authors of the world you will somewhere find a striking parallelism. It is the imaginative man who thinks everything borrowed."

Thompson. — Writing of the late Francis Thompson, poet-journalist, in Harper's Weekly, C. Lewis Hind, formerly editor of the London Academy, says : —

"In memory I see him one miserable November afternoon communing with the Seraphim, and frolicking with the young-eyed Cherubim in Chancery Lane. The roads were ankle-deep in slush ; a thin, icy rain was falling ; the yellow fog enwrapped the pedestrians squelching down the lane ; and, going through them in an arrow-path, I saw Francis Thompson, wet and mud-spattered. But he was not unhappy. What is a day of unpleasant weather to one who lives in eternity ? His lips were moving, his head was raised, his eyes were humid with emotion, for above the roof of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company, in the murk of the fog, he saw beatific visions. They were his reality, not the visible world.

"He was on his way to the office of the Academy with the manuscript of a book review, and on his damp back was slung the weather-worn satchel in which he would carry away volumes for the ensuing week. In the first year his monthly cheque was posted to him in the ordinary way, but that method did not work. When he was in funds he disdained to deliver his articles ; so I adopted the plan of sending a weekly cheque to his landlady, and giving him, whenever he called, a small sum in cash. That suited him ; it suited us. A Thompson article in the Academy gave distinction to the issue. What splendid prose it was! Reading the proofs, we would declaim passages aloud for the mere joy of giving utterance to his periods. He wrote a series of articles on 'Poets as Prose Writers' which must some day be recovered from the files ; he wrote on anything. I discovered that his interest in battles, and the strategy of great commanders, was as keen as his concern with cricket. So the satchel was filled with military memoirs, and retired generals ensconced in the armchairs of service clubs — wondered. Here was a man who manipulated words as they manipulated men."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Writing for a Living. — The writers' craft is now become a very large craft. In numbers it ranks perhaps second or third among the professions. There are more teachers and possibly more lawyers than there are persons who make their living wholly or in the main part by writing ; and possibly there are as many physicians. But if you could count the reporters and correspondents, the special writers for the newspapers, the makers of text-books, the writers for magazines, the novelists, the playwrights, the writers of governmental and other public documents, and all the rest who make their living wholly or in main part by writing, you would be aston-

ished to see how large a company they are. — Walter H. Page, in the November Atlantic.

A Hard-dying Idiom. — One of the most noticeable of the expletive usages which beset the rapid writer is the repetition of "that" after a sentence containing an intervening proposition bearing upon the main statement. Few authors, indeed, there are who have not at some time experienced the risk if not the reality of being caught in this verbal pitfall. The difficulty of avoiding it is due to the fact that all the traditions of the speech are in its favor. The repetition of the conjunction in such cases has a very ancient and honorable history. It is frequent in Anglo-Saxon ; and the same statement is true of later English. Chaucer, for instance, says : —

> "There is a law that sayeth thus:—
> That if a man in one point be aggrieved,
> That in another he shall be relieved."

There are occasions, indeed, when this repetition becomes necessary to preserve clearness in consequence of the intervention of several clauses. In modern days, however, the practice has been so frowned upon that the employment of the second "that" has been reduced to its lowest possible limits. Yet idioms die hard ; and this one has been so ingrained into the texture of the race that few persons there are who, after composing rapidly, do not find it incumbent upon them to cut out a redundant "that" which in an unguarded moment has escaped from the pen. — Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, in Harper's for December.

The Adjective. — The heading over a diminutive item published in these columns a fortnight ago has attracted a surprising degree of attention. It suggested the advantage of economy in the use of adjectives. All experienced writers understand that a chief sin of the inexperienced is the abuse of this part of speech. The schoolgirl's essay invariably abounds in adjectives ; it is full to running over with phrases supposed to be descriptive of attributes, qualities, or conditions. Nothing is mentioned without the ascription to it of pretty much all that, with the utmost exercise of imagination, can be distinguished regarding it. At this point might be inserted a thousand illustrations, taken from current writings, of the tendency. They are needless.

It would seem to be bad enough that nothing can be spoken of unless accompanied by descriptions of it ; it is a further regret that the descriptions are in most cases unessential, inappropriate to the occasion, inadequate as descriptions, and indicative of a lack of observative and descriptive ability rather than of an overactive exercise of it. Our remark took notice only of the disposition to characterize where characterization was unnecessary. The comment upon our remark indicates a widespread impression that the characterization generally indulged in is not only unnecessary, but formal, empty, idle, and meaningless. The power to describe has been in large degree lost. The appreciative ability which enables one who feels upon him the necessity to characterize to do so with point and meaning has vanished. A correspondent calls attention to a report in the Boston Transcript of even date with our editorial, of an address by President Eliot at a Phillips Exeter Academy anniversary, in which the learned head of Harvard University animadverted to the subject. Dr. Eliot said : —

> It is a curious phenomenon of the day that the educated young men seldom talk English. One of my grandsons recently received a letter from a cousin who has the misfortune to be studying this winter in a boarding school in Switzerland. He is not pleased with his surroundings, with the school, nor with the sports which are open to him. He complained of all these things in his letter. My grandson read the letter and then threw it on the table, remarking : "Terrible dearth of adjectives !"
>
> I read it through. There was only one adjective in the entire note, and that adjective was used many times. That adjective was "rotten."
>
> And this difficulty is not confined by any means to schoolboys. One night in Sanders theatre an English gentleman gave a lecture as good in form as in matter. He chanced to interest a Harvard graduate, whose interests in college had been chiefly athletic. He came on to the platform and expressed to the lecturer his approbation. And he, too, used his one adjective. He said : "Mr. Blank, that was bully."
>
> I recently listened to the conversation of two graduates of Harvard, men now thirty-five years old, perhaps. And if I were not familiar wfth the language of the football field and the broker's board, I should have had to ask what they meant. Their conversation is chiefly derived from these two classical

sources. I plead, therefore, for storing the mind with more words of power, phrases of elegance and virtue.

"Words of power," "phrases of elegance and virtue" have their place and use. The adjective is not, however, the word of power. A thing is better described by a statement of what it does than by an attribution to it of qualities. Speak in verbs, that is, rather than adjectives. Use the adjective discriminatingly, of course, if you use it at all. But use it sparingly. The etymological evidence in the case is not misleading; the verb is indeed "the word" — the word of power and importance. Examine the work of the writers who move you: you will find they write in words of motion — in verbs. — The New York Times Saturday Review.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE AGE OF MENTAL VIRILITY. W. A. Newman Dorland. *Century* (38 c.) for April.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Topics of the Time, *Century* (38 c.) for April.

HOW THE BRAIN WORKS. Edward A. Ayers, M. D. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for April.

THE FRENCH ELEMENT IN ENGLISH. Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for April.

REALISM AND LITERATURE. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for April.

JOURNALISM, POLITICS, AND THE UNIVERSITY. George Harvey. *North American Review* (38 c.) for April.

AT LARGE. X. — Our Lack of Great Men. Arthur C. Benson. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for April.

THE RETURN OF SUAVITY. Cornelia Atwood Pratt. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for April.

ENGLISH HUMOR AND AMERICAN ART. H. Perry Robinson. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for April.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN AND EUGENE FIELD. Caroline Ticknor. *Bookman* (28 c.) for April.

A GERMAN'S CARICATURES OF LITERARY MEN. Gardner Teall. *Bookman* (28 c.) for April.

TWO DISCUSSIONS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA. Brander Matthews. *Forum* (53 c.) for April-June.

INTROSPECTION AND SOME RECENT POETRY. Brian Hooker. *Forum* (53 c.) for April-June.

THE NOVELS OF FRANK DANBY. Edward Clark Marsh. *Forum* (53 c.) for April-June.

THE QUALITY OF EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Grace Isabel Colbron. *Forum* (53 c.) for April-June.

A MODEL FOR DRAMATIC CRITICS. Frank Moore Colby. *Forum* (53 c.) for April-June.

HOW NOVELS ARE WRITTEN. With portraits of Hall Caine, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, W. B. Maxwell, H. A. Vachell, Max Pemberton, W. W. Jacobs, Miss Winifred Graham, Sir Gilbert Parker, Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Mrs. E. F. Benson. Illustrated with fac-simile. *Strand* (13 c.) for April.

BABIES IN POETRY. Illustrated. *Strand* (13 c.) for April.

EDWARD W. BOK: EDITOR EXTRAORDINARY. With portrait. Ada Patterson. *Broadway Magazine* (18 c.) for April.

THE COMING CENSORSHIP OF FICTION. Basil Tozer. *National Review* (78 c.) for April.

HOW BIBLES ARE MADE. Illustrated. *McCall's Magazine* (8 c.) for April.

LIBRARIES THAT REACH ALL THE PEOPLE. Irene Van Kleeck. *World's Work* for April.

THE STEDMAN I KNEW. Albert Bigelow Paine. *Pearson's Magazine* for April.

A. B. FROST. Perriton Maxwell. *Pearson's Magazine* for April.

WHY THE ESSAY IS VALUABLE AS READING. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Ladies' Home Journal* for April.

IDA M. TARBELL. M. Irwin MacDonald. *Craftsman* for April.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON TIMES. Henry W. Lucy. *Munsey's* for April.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE BOOK PUBLISHERS. Merton H. Forrester. *Munsey's* for April.

THE CRIMINAL IN FICTION. Arthur Stringer. *New York Times Saturday Review* for April 11.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON. With portrait. E. S. Martin. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for March 14.

MEMORIES OF AUTHORS. Bohemian Days and Comrades. Illustrated. William Winter. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for March 28.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, who arrived in New York with her husband March 19, is making her first visit to the United States.

Hall Caine's autobiography is to be published in "Tay Pay's" London Weekly.

A Life of John Delane, the great editor of the London Times, by his nephew, Arthur Irwin Dasent, is almost ready.

"The Life and Letters of George Bancroft," by M. A. DeWolfe Howe, will be published soon.

There is to be published in London soon an authoritative biography, by Stewart Ellis, of Harrison Ainsworth, who wrote about forty sensational novels, among them "Rookwood," "Jack Sheppard," and "The Tower of London."

Thomas Chatterton, the boy poet, whom Rossetti placed among the five lights of English song, has his first American biographer in Charles Edward Russell, who believes that Chatterton has been unjustly treated, and reveals the work of another hand in preparing the so-called "Chatterton forgeries."

The new edition of the "Complete Works of George Eliot" will have introductions prepared for each of the different novels setting forth in detail the circumstances under which it was written.

Rev. Stopford A. Brooke has just finished a volume of essays upon Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, and Arthur Hugh Clough. The volume will be entitled Four Victorian Poets, and will appear shortly under the Putnam imprint.

The book, "Lives of Great English Writers From Chaucer to Browning," by W. S. Hinchman, instructor in English at Groton School, and Francis B. Gummere, professor of English at Haverford College, is inspired by the belief that the study of literature should begin with the lives of authors and their original works, and that literary criticism should be withheld until the student has formed some opinion of his own. The volume is a series of biographies, each including the whole of the man's life, but of a length proportionate to its relative importance.

Mary H. Leonard's book, "Grammar and Its Reasons," published by A. S. Barnes & Co., is not a text-book, but a study in the history and evolution of our language as shown by the best usage of to-day, with a discussion of mooted points.

William Homstrott, of 1332 Bergen street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is secretary of the Poe International Centenary Society, which offers a prize of $500 for the best poem memorializing Poe by a non-professional writer, preferably a college student.

E. J. Clode, who for the last five years has been conducting a publishing business under his own name, has become the editor of Pearson's Magazine, in which he will have an interest. He will continue his publishing business.

The Circle, published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, has been taken over by a new company in which Eugene Thwing, its founder and editor, is largely interested.

The Home Magazine (Indianapolis) has been merged in Uncle Remus's Magazine (Atlanta).

The publishers of the Waverley Magazine (Boston) have made an assignment to Charles W. Lavers for the benefit of creditors.

The publication office of the Woman's Home Journal and Popular Fashions was removed April 1 from Boston to Springfield, Mass.

D. Appleton & Co. have removed to 29-35 West Thirty-second street, New York.

Henry Holt & Co. will remove this month to 34 West Thirty-third street, New York.

Duffield & Co. (New York) completed their fifth year April 1, and will remove May 1 to new quarters in the Ball building, 36 West Thirty-seventh street.

It is unfortunate that an anthology by Dr. William Knight should be published with the title, "A Victorian Anthology," which belongs to Mr. Stedman's standard work.

The substance of the Bromley lecture delivered at Yale University March 12 by George Harvey, editor of the North American Review, is printed in the April number of that periodical under the title, "Journalism, Politics, and the University."

Henry Loomis Nelson died in New York February 29, aged sixty-two.

Edmondo de Amicis died at Bordighera, Italy, March 11, aged sixty-one.

Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D., died in New York March 25, aged fifty-five.

Joseph Howard, Jr., died in New York March 31, aged seventy-five.

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CONCERNING THE TELLING OF A STORY.

IV.

This is how George Eliot introduces Silas Marner : —

"In the days when the spinning wheels hummed busily in the farmhouses — and even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread lace, had their toy spinning wheels of polished oak — there might be seen in districts far away among the lanes or deep in the bosoms of the hills certain pallid, undersized men who, by the side of the brawny country folks, looked like the remnants of a disinherited race. The shepherd's dog barked fiercely when one of these alien-looking men appeared on the upland, dark against the early winter sunset ; for what dog likes a figure bent under a heavy bag ? — and these pale men rarely stirred abroad without that mysterious burden. The shepherd himself, though he had good reason to believe that the bag held nothing but flaxen thread or else the long rolls of strong linen spun from that thread, was not quite sure that this trade of weaving, indispensable though it was, could be carried on entirely without the help of the evil one. In that far-off time superstition clung easily round every person or thing that was at all unwonted . . . . In the early years of this century such a linen weaver, named Silas Marner, worked at his vocation in a stone cottage that stood among the nutty hedgerows near the village of Raveloe, and not far from the edge of a deserted stone pit. The questionable sound of Silas' loom . . . had a half-fearful fascination for the Raveloe boys, who would leave off their nutting or birds'-nesting to peep in at the windows of the stone cottage . . . . But sometimes it happened that Marner, pausing to adjust an irregularity in his thread, became aware of the small scoundrels, and, though chary of his time, he liked their intrusion so ill that he would descend from his loom, and, opening the door, would fix on them a gaze that was always enough to make them take to their heels in terror." And, again, further on : "Jem Rodney, the mole-catcher, averred that one evening as he was returning homeward he saw Silas Marner leaning against a stile with a heavy bag on his back and — with his eyes set like a dead man's."

Now, what impression, I ask, does this make upon you ? Of course, you cannot as yet describe Silas Marner in detail — the author has not supplied sufficient particulars ; but, surely, with an imagination one degree more active than that of a rocking-horse, you can see him standing before you, unmis-

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takable flesh and blood. And better! you can feel his influence. The figure is clear as a pike-staff — a weird, uncanny creature, pallid and undersized, dreamy by nature and solitary, able to scare the children with a look and to put the fear of God into the hearts of grown men; and the resulting effect, I believe, is that you would conceive anything possible in Silas Marner and that you read on with bated breath.

So much for the æsthetic side of the question; turn to the practical.

The number of words in the extract quoted is just short of 400. In 400 words then, or less, George Eliot has shown us a clear view of the period, a clear view of the scene of action, a clear view of the villagers with their senseless leaning toward the supernatural, and a vivid picture of Silas Marner. The village and its inhabitants are distinct, and prominent amongst them is the sinister figure of the weaver. We know the actors in the drama — so far as we have gone — and we know their surroundings; and, chief of all, we are waiting in an atmosphere of nervous suspense. That man with "eyes set like a dead man's!" — what is he going to do? The story is moving, is it not? And yet we have only read the contents of a couple of pages.

Obviously, then, the first lesson is that of condensation — or, better — of directness of purpose. The author has a story to tell and she has set to work to tell it. It would have been easy to write a few odd thousand words about those ladies in "silk and thread-lace," and, taking them for a starting point, to discuss the manners of King George's court, and then Napoleon, and, by a simple gradation, to drift off to Cæsar and Alexander; it would have been easy to write another few thousand words on superstition as we find it amongst civilized and uncivilized races; it would, in fact, have been the easiest thing in the world — to judge by the evidence of the majority of novels — to fill up the work with "padding" and to bore the reader to death. But, no! George Eliot "comes to business" from the outset. Straight away we are introduced to the people themselves, to the stage on which they act their parts, and straight away we are prepared to receive them in a proper spirit. That uncanny weaver! that man with the "eyes set like a dead man's!" The note of mystery has been struck; and we, the instruments on which the author is going to play, are attuned for the occasion. Atmosphere, local color, and character-drawing — they are all blended here, and there is nothing that you would wish to eliminate. Every word is essential, every sentence helps to the making of the story.

But there is something that, to my thinking, catches the eye of the inquirer even more definitely than this; and that is the air of movement which pervades the entire composition. The ladies spin, the dogs bark, the alien-looking men appear on the upland, Silas works at his loom, the boys leave off nutting and peep in at the window of the cottage, and so on. Everybody is moving, everybody is alive.

To illustrate this important point fully, take another example — the opening paragraph from Bret Harte's delightful story, "The Iliad of Sandy Bar." As here quoted, those words especially indicative of movement are emphasized, and, as a consequence, the page is literally disfigured by italics; yet, for its completeness, it ought clearly to have been still more disfigured. This is the paragraph: —

"Before nine o'clock it was pretty well *known* all along the river that the two partners of the 'Amity Claim' had *quarrelled* and *separated* at daybreak. At that time the *attention* of their nearest neighbor had been *attracted* by the sounds of *altercations* and *two consecutive pistol shots. Running out,* he had *seen,* dimly, in the grey mist that *rose* from the river, the tall form of Scott, one of the partners, *descending* the hill toward the cañon; a moment later York, the other partner, had *appeared* from the cabin and *walked* in an opposite direction toward the river, *passing* within a few feet of the curious *watcher.* Later it was *discovered* that a serious Chinaman, *cutting* wood before the cabin, had *witnessed* part of the *quarrel.* But John

was stolid, indifferent, and reticent. 'Me *choppee* wood, me no *fightee*,' was his serene *response* to all anxious *queries*. 'But what did they *say*, John?' John did not *sabe*. Colonel Starbottle deftly *ran over* the various popular *epithets* which a generous public sentiment might *accept* as reasonable *provocation* for an *assault*. But John did not *recognize* them. 'And this yer's the cattle,' *said* the colonel with some severity, 'that some *thinks* oughter be *allowed* to *testify* ag'n a White man! *Git* — you heathen!'"

Now, no man has ever yet managed to write without at least some suggestion of movement — that would be impossible; the trouble is that, as a rule, he will deal it out too sparingly and in too niggardly a quantity. There will be movement, certainly; but not enough for the purpose. For, if we are to take George Eliot and Bret Harte as models — and surely they will do! — then it would seem that nothing less than continuous movement will suffice. Besides, the same faith is held by every other writer who is reckoned great. And, lest this be still counted short of proof, then there remains the strongest point of all, which is argument. Consider the sea, the atmosphere, the crackling furniture, the creaking stairs, the ever-shifting molecules in an iron girder, and, most restless and unceasing movers of all, the hearts of men and women. Consider everything around and about you, animate and inanimate, consider it well, and tell me then whether you know of any one thing in all the world that is really still, excepting, perhaps, death. I do not think that you will find it. Pack up your clothes and look at them after a period — they have worn out; fold up your umbrella, store it in a cupboard, and in a few years' time it is in holes. And so with all else. Your experience of life and of everything associated with life must be, and is, an experience of perpetual movement. Would it, then, be illogical to say that movement is the chief symbol of life? And, if not illogical, then how avoid the conclusion that in fiction — which aims at being a picture of life, a picture painted by symbols — it will not be the color of a man's hair or the shape of his face that shall bring him vividly before us, but rather what he does — with his body and with his brain?

And of these two — the body and the brain — it is obvious, I believe, that the latter must always take precedence. There are many people in the world whom we know, and yet do not know; whom, at least, we never get to know any better. Their appearance is familiar to us even as our own, and possibly they rank as friends. Yet when fortune strikes them, for good or for evil, a step up the ladder or a kick down the hill, it leaves us strangely unaffected; and, with a thinking twist to our minds, we may stop to wonder at such indifference. The real marvel, however, would be if it were otherwise, if these people should ever at any time have even the most trifling power to rouse our sympathy or to make us respond. For, the truth is, we do *not* know them; apart from their appearance, they are the completest strangers; and, as to their appearance, we should know that just as well if they were dead. We have the knowledge which photography can convey — no more than that; but photography — the picture of the body only — has never yet revealed and never will reveal a living man. It may become necessary, and it generally does, for the rounding off of any story; but clearly it is of the least importance. A word here will do, as the tale proceeds, another there; but never, as you count yourself more artistic than an auctioneer or a market gardener, the hint of a set and deliberate catalogue.

And for the illustration of the mind; see how George Eliot and Bret Harte have managed it. Silas Marner is a gloomy dreamer, a creature of mystery; but — the author has never said so. She has painted him gazing out over the stile with "eyes set like a dead man's" — that is all. Again, "The nearest neighbors," Bret Harte tells us, "had been attracted by the sounds of altercations and two consecutive pistol shots; and then York and Scott descended the hill — one toward the cañon and the other toward the river." How the whole scene strikes one in a flash from such a description! What a

revelation of two angry men! And why? Why do we judge thus of Marner, and York, and Scott? Why! Simply because there is no alternative, because their mental attitudes have been depicted in a way that cannot fail to convince — that is, by means of *incidents illustrative of that attitude.* "If," says Besant, "you read a page or two of any good writer, you will discover that he first makes a character intelligible by a few words, and then allows him to reveal himself in action and dialogue." You write with effort 10,000 folios arguing that your hero is brave, but it is doubtful whether I shall believe you at the end; you show him in the thick of some desperate adventure, finished and done with perhaps as the page is turned, and the truth comes home irresistibly. Moreover, the economy of labor goes further, and we shall kill two birds with one stone; for the picture of the mind fully conceived and appreciated results, as often as not, in a fully conceived picture of a body to fit — instinctively we clothe the spirit, when once understood, with suitable flesh and blood. Maybe it is not the picture which the author would have us see, but what matters that? Indeed, may not such a result be reckoned a positive advantage, for the reader's conception must necessarily be true — to him — while the author's, if the reader could manage to see it, might frequently seem untrue? And, if this be so, how wholly inartistic to illustrate character by some trick of mannerism, and, through a wearisome repetition, to force this stock figure on the reader's mind! In so plain a bluntness, surely, fancy must be scotched.

The London Author. ***Archibald Dunn.***

HOW NOVELS ARE WRITTEN.

It has been said that in everybody's life there is the material for one good novel. But how to use the material? That is the practical question which must thwart the attempt to put the axiom to the test. Method in the art of fiction is even more important than material, and as to method there would seem to be room for great divergence of view. What is the more usual practice of the most successful masters of the art? How do they prepare themselves for the writing of a novel? How make a beginning? In what way is the plot woven together? How do they create their characters and draw their scenery? With these questions in mind, the Strand Magazine has induced a number of leading novelists to reveal some of the secrets of their literary workshops, and this is the result: —

Hall Caine first evolves an idea — a motif relating to the life of the time. The "Votes for Women" demonstrations, for instance, as an outburst of the woman movement of the twentieth century, would present themselves to him, not as of very great importance in themselves, but as an indication of great forces behind them. Having turned over such a theme in his mind, he would think out some central character in whose person it could be illustrated. Then would come the subordinate characters, usually two groups — two families — in whose lives he would introduce the incidents which make up the story.

The novelist then writes out what he calls his first scenario, or synopsis, of the book. This is written at great length without the slightest regard for literary form, so much so that some of the sentences will probably be unfinished. It is dictated to a typist in hot haste, the novelist working almost continuously until he has unburdened himself of all that is in his mind regarding the motif, the characters, and the incidents. On one occasion Mr. Caine thus dictated 20,000 words — and this first scenario has sometimes extended to 40,000 words — in the course of

two days, working right on through the night. It is like an artist making the rapid first sketch of a big picture, throwing the paint on to the canvas in order that he may at once put his ideas of form and color into a tangible form.

Then comes the making of a second scenario — eliminating, developing, clarifying. This work Mr. Caine does with the pen in his hand. A fair copy is made on the typewriter, a wide margin being left on one side of the paper.

At this point the novelist's hardest work begins. He has to gather the material with which to ensure the lifelike accuracy of his characters and scenery. His method of doing this is laboriously conscientious. If his chief character is a Labor leader, he would take steps to become personally acquainted with several Labor leaders ; he would read everything he could lay his hands upon respecting them, carefully noting every little trick of speech, every peculiarity of dress, and so forth. When he was writing "The Eternal City," Mr. Caine obtained an introduction to the papal secretary, and through him secured permission to spend some time in the pope's private chambers. He would note down every detail in a room, down to the smallest article of furniture ; this not because he expected to use all these details, but in order that he might feel, when writing, that he knew the pope's chambers as well as he knew his own flat in Whitehall Court.

In this way the novelist accumulates an enormous pile of material. He goes through it with the second scenario by the side of him, putting in all the necessary details on the margins.

Then — and not till then — comes the actual writing of the novel. Mr. Caine writes it with his own hand, bit by bit, from day to day. For two or three hours before putting pen to paper he thinks out every word until he has the whole passage engraved, so to speak, on his mind. He writes rapidly for twenty or thirty minutes, and his day's work is done.

When the manuscript is complete a typewritten copy is made, and on this copy Mr. Caine makes a final revision — striking out a word here, changing one there — before it is sent to the printers. From first to last the making of the novel has occupied from two to three years.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson have made their names in collaboration, and they make a joint statement with reference to their methods of work.

"Our motoring books we wrote from enormous quantities of notes, which we make even whilst traveling in the car — jotting down impressions before they have time to fade. Then, when we finish a tour, we sort out all our notes, and, in a way, classify them. The plot of the story we always decide on before beginning the tour into the account of which it is to be woven, and I think all our ideas for the stories have been thrashed out while taking long, lonely, country walks. One of us has always sketched a plan while lying awake at night, and during the long walk tells it to the other. Then the other adds something to it, and after an afternoon or two among the heather in Surrey, or by the sea, or on the mountains near Cap Martin, the plot gets itself ready to be put down on paper in condensed form, 'lest we forget.'

"After that, though, the book has still to be written, and we like best to write out of doors. There is a summer house where we love to write at our little Surrey place. There is a lovely view which we fancy gives us inspiration. And at the Chalet des Pins, a tiny villa we have between Cap Martin and Menton, there's a much queerer summer house built up in a big pine tree, where we are very fond of working. Neither of us can bear to write if we think there is any chance of being disturbed, so no one is allowed to come near us. If we are very keen on our work we go on with it hour after hour and hate to stop. We don't tie ourselves down to regular hours for writing, but seldom a day passes without our doing three or four hours' work, at least. I can't write if I have ugly surroundings. It upsets me completely and spoils my thoughts to be in an ugly room. Where I can write best I write fastest, but my husband finds it rather

the other way. He has no superstitions ; but I would not write unless I had on a quaint thumb-ring I bargained for of a Bedouin gypsy at Bethlehem, when I was in the Holy Land. It was his 'lucky ring,' and it is mine. I feel quite lost without it."

W. B. Maxwell is popularly supposed to have been "coached" in the novelist's art by his mother, the venerable "Miss Braddon," with whom he lives at Richmond. And this fact — if fact it be — gives an added interest to his confession.

"I begin always with the characters, endeavoring, in notes, to build them up as substantially as possible before trying to construct the book. My characters are altogether imaginary. Of course, all writers, consciously or unconsciously, must use such materials as their own observation of life has provided. But I have always avoided any attempts to make a word-portrait of a real personage.

"I have always taken trouble about what is termed 'detail,' collecting on each subject dealt with as much information as I could obtain — much more than one could safely let loose on the long-suffering reader. Having been for a considerable time interested in the prevailing conditions — good and bad — of English shop-life, employment of girls in towns, and kindred matters, I found the collection of study of London shops for 'Vivien' an easy and congenial task."

Horace Annesley Vachell tells us : —

"I always work in the morning, generally from nine to ten. After tea I may put in another hour. I don't trust to the inspiration of the pen, although I clutch at it if it comes from that source or any other.

"As a general rule, I work out my stories very carefully, long before I put them on paper. One gets an idea, a possible theme for a novel, and then one, so to speak, pigeon-holes it. After that, for a year or two, one collects, consciously or sub-consciously, the material best likely to nourish that theme. I suppose a number of men work in this way. When the period of incubation ends I go seriously to work and work hard. I write and re-write until the book is finished in the rough; then I revise with great care, adding and subtracting."

"I do my work," explains Max Pemberton, "between eleven and one o'clock in the morning and five and seven in the evening. The two hours before dinner are the best in the day, but I generally get my ideas when I first awake in the morning. This is all very commonplace, but it is true. My experience tells me that you can do, in the country, a good day's work in three hours, whilst in London you do a bad day's work in seven. That is why I have cut myself free from telephones and gone where the taxes are at rest."

As to the construction of a novel, he adds : —

"I begin a novel with the plot in most cases. The central character occasionally supplies the plot ; but in the case of a writer of adventure stories not always.

"My characters are taken both from life and imagination.

"My history is worked up by reading the best books on the subject — and the rarest books I can find.

"All the places used to any extent in my novels are those I have personally visited, except in the case of the purest and obviously imaginative romances."

"A character in a play I saw some years ago," said W. W. Jacobs, in a laconic reply to our query, "in answer to a question whether he always twiddled his thumbs that way, replied : 'No ; I sometimes twiddle 'em this way and sometimes I twiddle 'em that way.' This, I suppose, is my method for writing stories. I suppose that I generally start with an idea of some sort, and then write it out with the assistance of the characters as I go along. Some of the characters are partly taken from life, and the scenes are generally founded, more or less, on the places I have visited. Generally speaking, I put my pen to paper at the last possible moment and remove it at the earliest — although I need not tell *you* this."

"In commencing a novel," states Miss Winifred Graham, "I only want to have the chief idea in my mind, the main pivot around

which the whole matter revolves. As in each novel methods are bound to differ, I will take as the most important my latest, 'Ezra, the Mormon.' I met a world-famed traveler at Cimiez early last spring. He had been staying with the Mormons at Salt Lake City, and excited my curiosity by describing them as 'the wickedest people on earth,' though inwardly the most religious. From many facts which came under my notice, the plot of 'Ezra' gradually formed in my mind. The book was begun in the open air last February, among orange groves, roses, and carnations. Its progress at first was slow, for the subject was vast, and at every turn difficulties hindered my efforts toward Mormon research. By one mail fourteen secret books from Utah reached me, and so much secrecy was connected with their coming and the manner in which they were obtained that even now I half fear to speak of them in print. These books gave into my hand the initiation rites and polygamous marriage ceremony of the Mormons, who still defy the government and carry on strange customs which may be practiced only under the rose. The novel occupied me till late autumn. It was continued in London during the season, on the Thames at Hampton, in Bath, South Wales, and Scotland. Even when completed, an after-thought caused a whole fresh chapter to be written in, which delayed publication till November. In all my books the characters work out their own destiny, and the plot grows with them, created from an original skeleton. I always write quickly, but correct and alter slowly, treating my manuscript with all the harshness I can muster. I prefer to describe scenery from personal knowledge, but I have, when this has been impossible, managed to become intimate with a locality through studying photographs, and coloring them with imagination by talking to people who know the very spots I would describe, and pestering them with so many questions that for the time they wish their eyes had never beheld those coveted scenes. It may be remembered that in 'World Without End' I described each room and all that takes place in the great Mahommedan shrine at Mashad, in Persia, the sacred precincts of which are supposed never to have been visited by European eyes. It has puzzled many Persian travelers, who have tried to draw from me the source of my knowledge, while a learned sheikh wrote from the East a solemn condemnation and religious denunciation of this novel, in his most flowery Arabic. After hotly speaking of my calumnies about the sacred countries which are 'far from the eyes of Christian dogs,' he assures me I shall bring upon myself the displeasure of Almighty God, and He will punish me. I wish I could say how my information was obtained, as it would be of great interest, but, unfortunately, the secret must die with me."

By way of explaining the beginnings of a novel, Sir Gilbert Parker recalled the circumstances under which "The Seats of the Mighty" came to be written. An historian of Quebec, James Lemoine, excited his interest in a certain Captain Robert Stobo, who was an intimate personal friend of George Washington, a Glasgow man by birth, and a descendant of the great Montrose. "I hunted up some old records," Sir Gilbert says, "and found that not only was his life singularly fascinating in the matter of adventure, but that he played an important part in the history of the empire.

"In my story I show the real reasons why this man was obliged to endure sufferings for his country which his country did not attempt to relieve. In fiction one would naturally attribute some of his disasters to a woman, and, in truth, I discovered, through some old letters in the possession of a certain family in Quebec, that his troubles were intensified in consequence of his love for a French lady.

"After I had thus got the groundwork of my story, it took me two years to write. Usually I write with comparative ease and facility, and if a thing does not seize me I drop it for a time. Once absorbed in a novel, and I can write under almost any circumstances. One of the concluding chapters of 'The Trail of the Sword' I wrote in a railway train; two chapters of 'The Translation of a Savage' I wrote between London and New York. Some of my short stories have been written among crowds of people; one

was written at a railway station when I was waiting for a train.

"But I have first to call up all my will to force myself, as it were, into a separate atmosphere from my surroundings, and to concentrate all my faculties on the pictures which I see with my mind's eye; and when once I have my characters clearly before me, they hold me in spite of the gossip of the passing crowd. Naturally I prefer to work in perfect quiet; yet there are times when absolute silence is painful to me, and then a hand-organ under my window is a positive relief."

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler described her methods as follows: —

"I begin a novel by making a sketch of the plot, and never alter the main points of such afterwards. I never begin to write until the plot is absolutely complete in my own mind. Then I set about drawing characters and filling in details.

"I draw my characters almost entirely from imagination. I may now and then endow them with a quality as a mannerism which I have seen in real life, but I have never put a real person wholesale into any of my books.

"The whole story is — as I have said above — planned in my own mind before I put pen to paper; and I also make a rough sketch of the chapters, and what each is to contain. But this latter sketch is subject to modifications, as one cannot always know definitely beforehand exactly what length any particular incident may be.

"The time I prefer for working is from nine to twelve o'clock in the morning. I do not mind working, also, from four until six in the afternoon, provided that the weather is not fit for being out of doors; but I never let my work interfere with going out of doors twice a day, weather permitting. I do not in the least mind where I write, given that people will not talk to me and distract my thoughts.

"But the thing that utterly paralyzes my pen and makes writing impossible is hurry of any kind. If I am pushed for time I cannot write a line. I work quickly when there is no need to do so, but when there is I cannot work at all.

"It takes me about a year to write a book; or, rather, it usually takes from September to Easter, as I never do much work in the summer. I write quickly when I am in the mood, and I do not write at all when I am not. When I am in full swing I consider 1,500 words, or from that to 2,000 words, a good day's work.

"I think my scenery is all described beforehand. Though I never take *people* from real life, I always take *places*. But there is no need for me specially to visit a place before writing about it, as I never forget what I have once seen, but can always call it up before my mind's eye whenever I choose. I always visualize everything, and I cannot *write* about things, or places, or people without inwardly *seeing* them. All my thoughts, so to speak, are illustrated."

E. F. Benson thus explains his methods: —

"I begin with an idea — the main idea of a story. Then I make a rough draft of my plot; but it is only a rough draft, liable to much alteration when I get to the actual writing. I made a synopsis of the first ten chapters of the novel I have now in hand, but on comparing them with the synopsis I find every one has worked out quite differently. What I thought would go into a page has taken an entire chapter, and, *vice versa*, what I thought would fill a chapter has occupied only a page. Only two or three of the leading characters are thought out at the outset. The rest develop with the story. Sometimes a character will take the bit between its teeth, so to speak, and drag me along with it — and that is best of all. There is a general impression that my characters are usually taken from life, Dodo, I suppose, being the most notorious example. That is quite wrong. I have never consciously drawn any important character from life. As regards Dodo, I have got quite tired of telling people who talk to me on the subject that I had been working at the novel quite six months before I met the lady whose personality is supposed to have suggested it. My subordinate characters are introduced as the need for them

arises, and sometimes I have taken them from living persons, because it saved trouble and ensured realism.

"My scenery, on the other hand, is almost invariably described from actual places with which I am familiar. That is to say, I may take a house, for instance, from one place and give it a garden from another place. In this way, whilst having exactly the kind of house and garden that I want, I can make sure of accuracy. I never take note either of scenery or anything else for the purpose of my books. I rely upon memory, but if I am in doubt about an important point respecting any place, I make a point of re-visiting it.

"Having put pen to paper, the progress of my work depends upon circumstances. If I am in London for a month with nothing particular to do, I work at a book day by day, and then put it aside for a month, perhaps. I find it almost impossible to work in the country — I am too fond of outdoor pursuits."

SEEKING A MARKET.

The writer has been so often urged to make a close study of the magazines in order to learn just what is and what is not required by editors in the way of literary material, that it is time the other side of the argument were presented.

There are but fifty magazines that are worth writing for. Increase the list, and ceaseless worry and inconvenience will be your lot. Keep to this list, and you will receive nothing but courteous treatment, prompt attention, and fair rates.

To submit the average manuscript to these fifty magazines requires an outlay of four dollars in stamps — not an exorbitant percentage on the price paid by almost any one of these fifty magazines for a short story. In submitting verse, the expenditure is halved — although it is but fair to add that the receipts are more than quartered!

By submitting to these magazines in the order of their standing in the periodical world — or, if you choose, according to the remuneration they offer — you will do far better than to waste your time in trying to fathom the individual idiosyncrasies of a multitude of editors. Suppose you are seeking a market for poetry. Very close and continuous investigation would be required to determine the fact that Pearson's "almost never" — I quote the editor — uses "anything that touches upon love, in poetry"; or that the Delineator studiously avoids anything that savors of a religious problem; or that the Connecticut Magazine has confined its verse-topics to nature and philosophy, with a leaning toward the sonnet-form; or that the Ladies' World eschews the love-element in poetry, and desires only simple themes simply handled. Often these hints come to a writer as the direct result of submitting an unsuitable article — in which case he obtains, for four cents, information from headquarters that would otherwise have remained a surmise at best. But frequent changes of editor or of editorial policy often make the most recently-acquired knowledge worthless and misleading. Hence I recommend submitting manuscripts first to the foremost magazines, and then to the others in the order of their standing.

Of course any reader of periodical literature knows enough not to make the mistake of sending an article on "How to Make a Flying Machine" to the Bookman; or a story of doubtful propriety to the Churchman or the Congregationalist; or a tragedy to Life or Puck. Aside from these general dictates of common sense, close study of the magazines is a waste of time and money.

Arthur Powell.

STRATFORD, Conn.

THE WRITER.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

An interesting case of conflict between the rights of author and of publisher came up recently in New York, where Dorothy Richardson applied for an injunction restraining the Butterick Publishing Company from distributing copies of the Delineator for April, containing an article bearing her name as author, which she charged had been improperly revised and mutilated. The Butterick Company replied that it had bought Miss Richardson's article from a syndicate, paying $195 for it, and that the manuscript had merely been revised by the editor in the usual way. The publishers argued that the article was already incorporated in the April number, and that to remove it would mean the substitution of new plates, thereby making it impossible to get the number out at the usual time. Justice O'Gorman denied the application for an injunction, saying that as the magazine had been printed and was ready for distribution, it would be a greater hardship for the defendant to suppress it than for the plaintiff to allow its publication. If Miss Richardson has suffered any grievance, therefore, she will have to get redress some other way.

* * *

Referring to this case, the New York Times says editorially: "The changes made, it seems, consist in part, at least, in the addition of new matter by one or another of the editors through whose hands the manuscript passed, and that is a new, or, at least, an uncommon grievance. Its reality, however, is not the less on that account; indeed, it is the greater, if anything, and almost everybody in the writing trade will sympathize with the indignant author. . . . Consideration of space and make-up would usually be held to justify the dropping of a line, or even of a paragraph, if judiciously selected so as not to produce any serious effect on the article as a whole. The editor, too, would naturally be allowed to remove or change a word or phrase to which he objected on the grounds of propriety, accuracy, or even of taste, but this sort of alteration is always a delicate business, and if the writer chooses to protest defence is often difficult. Editorial changes in signed articles that affect the sense, especially in matters of opinion or conviction, are commonly held to be in honor forbidden,

and we should say that additions, if equally material, came in the same category. The author to some extent stakes his reputation and future income on the quality of his work as printed, and, as he retains a certain responsibility for it, he would seem to have a continuing right to guard himself from what he knows or thinks would be injurious to himself or to causes or ideas in which he is interested."

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

He is stopping at the Plaza.	He is staying at the Plaza.
Mr. Babbitt will never write another similar to it.	Mr. Babbitt will never write another like it.
After the work had progressed for some time they succeeded in extinguishing the flames by tearing portions of the cupola from its fastenings and dropping it to the street, where the fire was soon stamped out by willing hands and feet, for doubtless many of them had spent their happy childhood days in the old school.	After some time they succeeded in extinguishing the flames by tearing off portions of the cupola and dropping them to the street, where the fire was soon stamped out by the bystanders, many of whom, doubtless, as children had attended the old school.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

"Anne F. Barr," whose poem, "The Sandman," appeared in Harper's Bazar for April, is the latest of six pen-names of Dorothy McPherson Farnsworth, who is the daughter of the late John Hanson Thomas McPherson, of Frederick county, Md., and the wife of Patrick Thomson Farnsworth, formerly of Memphis, Tenn. She now lives in the mountains of North Carolina, where gardening, tramping, fern-hunting, and kindred amusement absorb much of her time, and her favorite avocations — "sculping," embroidery, and designing and executing "handcraft" furniture in the fine native woods — leave little attention to spare for writing, although she says there are two novels and a play that she is going to write some day. None of her work ever appeared under her own name until last summer, when Harper's Bazar published an account of a traveler's hammock that she had devised to be made at home. Some little verses, "My Grandpa," to be published in the May St. Nicholas, are the first to be signed with her full name. "Anne F. Barr" is an anagram of "Francis Barine," most of whose work was grave verse for the Youth's Companion, and a series of humorous verses about children, illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory, for Harper's Bazar, which began with "The Mud-Pie" in the number for August, 1903, and ended with "The Disillusioned Jumping-Jack" in the Christmas number of 1907. Mrs. Farnsworth has written, purely for the love of it, ever since she could hold a pencil to print and illustrate stories for her dolls. Her first published work was a bit of humorous verse in Harper's Bazar. Her first short story surprised and delighted her by bringing a check for forty-five dollars, and the next two, sent at the same time, but under different signatures, to the Youth's Companion, when she was about the age of thirteen, not only were both accepted and liberally paid for, but one of them brought a request for another story, and, best of all, the editors addressed her as "Dear Sir"! The pseudonym, "Anne F. Barr," was adopted shortly before her marriage, and only a little verse has appeared over this signature, the "Sleepy-Time Song," in St. Nicholas for May, 1906, being the first. This and a number of her other lyrics have been set to music by various composers, and already permission has been asked to add "The Sandman" to the list. Under her various pen-names, Mrs. Farnsworth has had short stories, sonnets, humorous verse, "nature-poems," and prose articles published in the Harper publications, Scribner's Magazine, Life, Town and Country, Outing, THE WRITER, Puck, the Youth's Companion, St. Nicholas, the Woman's Home Companion, the Churchman, and the Smart Set, and a few other periodicals.

O. W. Firkins, whose unusual poem, "To a Greek Bootblack," appeared in the Atlantic Monthly for April, is an instructor in English in the University of Minnesota. He was born in Minneapolis in 1864, and has spent practically all his life in that city. Educated at the University of Minnesota, from

which he took his bachelor's degree in 1884, and his master's degree some years later, he has been employed for many years in that institution as assistant and instructor in the departments of English and rhetoric. Among his associates in the department of English are its chief, Richard Burton, the well-known poet, dramatist, and critic; Frances Squire Potter, author of the novel, "The Ballingtons," and the comedy, "Jamieson"; Mary G. Peck, collaborator in the play of "Germelshausen"; Joseph Beach, author of "Sonnets of the Head and Heart"; and Friedrich Klaeber, author of "Das Bild bei Chaucer," and other scholarly works. The poetical vein of Mr. Firkins dates from childhood, but has been sparingly worked, and until recently has found outlet mostly in local magazines and papers. His brother, Chester Firkins, of New York, is well known among rising journalists and poets. It may be of interest to add that the New York Times Saturday Review, in a column editorial on the poem, "To a Greek Bootblack," headed "A New Theme for Poetry," says: "Mr. Firkins is on the right track to arouse a new interest in poetry. Associate it with the simple facts of our every-day life, catch and express the poetry of the highways, and if you must sing the glory of a dead past, find a modern subject, understanded of the public, to pin it to. The Greek bootblack serves well." The poem has peculiar merit.

Jean Dwight Franklin, author of the "Flitterwochen" series in the Delineator — of which "A Touch of Pink and White" appeared in the April number — and Jean Whittemore Dwight, whose series, "My Lady in Haste," is also running in the same magazine, are different signatures of the same person. Jean Dwight Franklin is a direct descendant of the Dwights who have done so much for education and the dissemination of knowledge in these United States. Mrs. Franklin has a pellucid style, a pretty gift of invention, and a conception of things that is beyond everything poetic. Added to these, the series, "My Lady in Haste," has a vast deal of hard common sense. This series will run eight months. Mrs. Frankiin is also writing a series for the Ladies' Home Journal, called "The Merry Makers Club," a series of suggestions for entertainments for clubs of boys and girls. The Outlook is bringing out two short sketches of hers. The "Flitterwochen" stories published by the Delineator were to have appeared as a serial, under the name "Flitterwochen" (Spangle Weeks), but they have been so largely cut as to have lost much of their original delicacy and continuity. Mrs. Franklin hopes to publish the stories in their original state in book form as a wedding anniversary gift-book.

Lewis Gaston Leary, whose story, "A Postponed Proposal," was printed in the Red Book for April, is a Presbyterian clergyman. He was born in 1877 at Elizabeth, N. J., and was graduated from Rutgers College, with the degree of B. Sc., in 1897, where he took first Scientific honor, Rhetorical honor, and prizes in history, debate, oratory, and metaphysics. In 1900 he received from New York University the degree of M. A. (English literature), and in 1905 the degree of Ph.D. (Arabic and Hebrew). Dr. Leary has traveled in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Syria — where he was for three years instructor in the American College in Beirut. He presented the first English play ever given in the Turkish empire, Roumania, Servia, and other countries, and speaks five modern languages. He is an authority on Semitic literature and Old Testament exegesis, and lectures on the latter topic at various summer schools. He has just completed one hundred encyclopedia articles on Oriental topics. In the last four years Dr. Leary has had twenty or thirty travel articles published in various magazines. Scribner's has already published two, and has accepted a third, "The River of Adonis." Dr. Leary finds his travel articles easily marketed, and as they pay so much better than short stories, he had done little in that line, although he has a dozen or so tales in various stages of completeness. He has in preparation another dozen travel articles, which he contemplates putting into a book. He also gives travel lectures. At present he

is the very busy pastor of the Huguenot Memorial Church of Pelham Manor, N. Y., and writing and lecturing have to be relegated to odd hours. Dr. Leary is married, and has two boys, one and two years old.

Edwin A. Locke, whose story, "'Liza Ann's Baby," was printed in the Red Book for April, was born at Little Valley, N. Y., in 1845. He has written a number of short stories, but is better known as the author of a number of successful plays. One of his musical plays, entitled "Stars," inaugurated the public career of those well-known comedians, Frank Daniels and Harry Connor. During the eighties Barney McAuley starred in Mr. Locke's plays, "Uncle Dan'l, Messenger from Jarvis Section, "'The Jerseyman," "Quartz Valley," and "Mayberry's Girl." In 1882 the Dowling-Hasson Company brought out Mr. Locke's "Nobody's Claim," which has held the boards continually for twenty-six years, and has probably had more presentations than any other American play, with the exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Locke's "Si Perkins," "The Life Guard," and "Cherub" — the latter played several seasons by the Western actress, Miss Mattie Vickers — are almost as well known. Mr. Locke has just completed a dramatization of the popular book of Western life, "Hope Hathaway," which will be ready for presentation next season. He resides in Chelsea, Mass., being one of the fortunate ones whose home was not wiped out in the recent conflagration. He also has a summer home in Lockhaven, N. H., the place being named for him when a post-office was established there in 1890.

Anne McQueen, whose story, "My Lady," appeared in the Delineator for April, is a Southern woman, living in Tallahassee, Fla., among many types of the "old South" of which she writes. Miss McQueen has been writing, intermittently, for about four years, and has had stories, verse, and domestic articles accepted by various magazines. During the present year she has had a story, "The Creed of Wealthy Day," in the People's Magazine for February; an Easter poem, "Resurgam," in the Youth's Companion; a story, "Lorena: A Tale of the Flat-woods," in Watson's Magazine for April; and verse in Uncle Remus's Magazine, and the Western Field for March. She has not had much time to devote to literary work, but, having met with a measure of success, hopes to be able to do more in the future. She writes of plantation life, with which she is most familiar, and of the backwoods folk and the negroes; all her types are from life, and her highest ambition is to depict her characters with accuracy and sympathy. In her own judgment, the best story she has ever written is "The Changing of Mary Ellen," which was published in Short Stories.

Mariana M. Tallman, whose story, "A Fourth-Class Resignation," was printed in the Woman's Home Companion for April, lives in Providence, Rhode Island, where most of her literary work has been on the Providence Journal. For several years, when the Sunday Journal was more a literary sheet than a newspaper, she was a special correspondent. For some years she furnished a story weekly for a Boston paper, taking the editorship thereof for one season. Her first story was published when she was fourteen, and her first wild triumph was when she took the prize offered by the S. P. C. A., all the schools of Providence competing, for the best essay on their hobby. This she won at the age of sixteen. Miss Tallman is the author of "Tent V, Chautauqua," and "The Fairhaven Fourteen," published by Lothrop, Lee, & Shepard; "Pleasant Places in Rhode Island, and How to Reach Them," published by the Providence Journal Company; and "Trolley Trips from Providence Out," which, profusely illustrated, sold in editions of several thousands. She is too busy now to write much, and would not have found time to write the post-card story in the Woman's Home Companion but for the fact of belonging to the Rhode Island Short Story Club, a club comprising all Rhode Island's professional women writers. A cup of strong tea drunk at bedtime allowed her to jot the story down in shorthand the night before the meeting, in which form she read it aloud. Afterward she copied it on the typewriter, and thought she might as well do it in triplicate,

and send to three magazines at once, to save time in getting it back again. To her horror, all three magazines accepted it. The New England Magazine was one, and as it failed the week after the recall of her story, Miss Tallman has felt a trifle guilty ever since, fearing that this last blow was too much for the magazine to bear. The New England Magazine is being published again, however, so her fears were ungrounded. Miss Tallman has had several letters regarding this story, among the rest one from a business woman who wished a large number struck off for use in her "Post Card Club," and one from a man of leisure, with a very entertaining foundation of fact for a story which he would like to see her handle.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

LITERARY ROLLS OF HONOR IN FRANCE: The Académie Française, The Académie des Goncourt, The Committee of Women of "La Vie Heureuse." Illustrated. Th. Bentzon. *Century* (38 c.) for May.

ALDRICH IN NEW YORK. With contemporary portraits. Ferris Greenslet. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for May.

"TIMON OF ATHENS." Illustrated. William Sharp. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for May.

COPYRIGHT. W. D. Howells. Editor's Easy Chair, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for May.

PRESENT DAY FICTION. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for May.

DRAMA AND DRAMATIST. Sidney Rogers Cook. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for May.

THE UNIVERSITY JOURNAL. Joseph S. Auerbach. *North American Review* (38 c.) for May.

THE BOOK IN THE MAKING. Laurence Burnham. *Bookman* (28 c.) for May.

REACHING THE MILLIONS (Modern Advertising). J. Walter Thompson. *Appleton's* (18 c.) for May.

"THE TIMES," 1785-1908. Hugh Chisholm. *National Review* (75 c.) for May.

HENRY VAN DYKE IN HIS PRINCETON HOME. Illustrated. Roland L. Thompson. *Suburban Life* (28 c.) for May.

THE TRAGIC END OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT. Albert Schinz. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for May.

THE LITERATURE OF JOYLESSNESS. Francis Lamont Peirce. *World To-Day* (28 c.) for May.

AUTHORS' CORRECTIONS. "G. H. T." in the *Author* (London) (18 c.) for May.

THE ART OF SHAKESPEARE. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for May.

CONCERNING THE TELLING OF A STORY. — IV. Archibald Dunn. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for May.

IN DEFENSE OF THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT. May Stranathan. *National* (18 c.) for May.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, THE HOME OF BYRON. M. Crosby Smith. *Munsey's* for May.

THE NEWS IN ADVERTISING. Louis Wiley. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for May.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS. *Outlook* (13 c.) for March 21.

UNITED STATES COPYRIGHT. — I. George Haven Putnam. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for April.

THE CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for April.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. *Outlook* (13 c.) for April 18.

EDMONDO DE AMICIS. William P. Andrews. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for April 23.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling are on their way from South Africa to England.

Myrtle Reed (Mrs. J. S. McCullough) has just finished a manuscript which will be published early in the fall by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The manuscript is a romance, and is to be called "Flower of the Dusk."

Lincoln Steffens has ceased his active connection with the American Magazine, and will devote himself for several years, at least, to sociological studies.

Arthur Stannard, a civil engineer, and husband of John Strange Winter, the novelist, has been examined recently in an English bankruptcy court. His liabilities were £855 and his assets £1. Mr. Stannard said that his wife's income formerly amounted to £1,200, but that of late years it had fallen off in consequence of her ill-health.

"The Technique of the Novel," by Charles F. Horne, Ph.D., is announced by Harper & Brothers.

Next month "The Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer," by his friend, Dr. David Duncan — the "one volume of moderate size" for which Spencer left materials in his will — will be issued in London by Methuen & Co.

The third volume on the work and art of George Meredith published within a half-year is "Aspects of George Meredith," by Richard H. P. Curle.

Following the lives of Montaigne and Balzac in the French Men of Letters Series comes a biography of Rabelais from the hand of Arthur Tilley, M. A., fellow and lecturer of King's College, Cambridge, and the author of a work on "The Literature of the French Renaissance."

Professor William R. Lounsbury, in his new volume, "The Standard of Usage in English," denies that the English language is degenerating through corrupt usage — though corrupt usage is admitted; gives specific arguments for and against certain disputed words and phrases in popular use; and makes suggestion as to how the best standard shall be finally determined.

The Putnams have published the third and last volume of Bielschowsky's "Life of Goethe."

The new Tauchnitz "Manual of American Literature" will be published in this country by the Putnams. It is the work of the professors of the English department at Cornell, and it is edited by Theodore Stanton.

Heretofore the prizes offered in the Hart, Schaffner, & Marx competition for the best essays on economics have been restricted to those who had a college education. This year that restriction is removed, and now men and women who have not had college training may compete. Moreover, another and special contest for them alone has been instituted and the trustees further announce that the contestants are not limited to the subjects set, though any other subject chosen must first be approved by the board as worth while. The first prizes in the three classes are $600, $300, and $500. Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, is the chairman of the committee which has charge of the competition, and will give full information on request. All essays which are awarded prizes are subsequently brought out in book form, five already having been published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. The present competition will end June 1, 1909.

General Count Alexis Araktcheff, who died in Russia in 1834, left a most extraordinary will, bestowing a fortune of millions on any writer who lives up to its requirements. When the will was opened it was found that a sum of 100,000 rubles had been set aside under its terms, to accumulate at compound interest in the Imperial Bank until 1925. "This sum," to quote the words of the will, "is intended as a reward to that writer who, one hundred years after the death of his late majesty of blessed memory, shall write the best — that is, the fullest — most trustworthy and most eloquent history of Alexander I., czar of all the Russias, and shall be awarded by the highest literary institution in Russia, under whatsoever name then existing"; and "to the end that my pious and patriotic bequests shall not pass into forgetfulness," the old general ordained in his will that its provisions with regard to the history should be advertised in the London, Paris, and Berlin papers every fifteen years. Calculated at four per cent., the 100,000 rubles will in 1925 amount to some $2,000,000 or more, which according to the terms of the will are to be awarded to the fortunate writer whose history of Alexander I. is declared by the Imperial Academy of Russia to fulfil most nearly the requirements of the testator.

What to Eat (Chicago) offers each month various small prizes in its different departments.

Collier's will no longer offer a prize bonus for the best quarterly story, but will continue to pay a minimum rate of five cents a word, and those authors who have an established rate above this will be paid accordingly.

The book, "Literary Reviews and Criticisms," by Professor Prosser Hall Frye, of the University of Nebraska, which the Putnams announce, might very properly be called studies in comparative literature, for half of the essays are concerned with French writers — Balzac, George Sand, Zola, Maupassant, Corneille, Anatole France, Sainte-Beuve — and comparisons or contrasts between modern literature and classic literature, and especially between the aims and methods of French and English letters, abound.

Rev. John R. Straton, of the Seventh-street church, Baltimore, has received a prize of $1,000 offered by the Commercial Club, of Portland, Oregon, for the best story on Portland. It is asserted that just before the message came Mrs. Straton dreamed of a scene in Portland and heard the awarding of the prize to Mr. Straton.

Popular Electricity is a new monthly magazine published in Chicago.

Ernest A. Fink & Co., 343 East Eighty-fifth street, New York, have begun publishing a new monthly magazine — Fink's Magazine — devoted to elocution, physical training, and amateur plays, which will print illustrated popular articles, stories, plays, entertainments, pantomimes, drills, marches, recitations, and monologues.

The Atlantic Monthly, beginning with the August number, will be published by the Atlantic Monthly Company, of which Ellery Sedgwick, Waldo E. Forbes, MacGregor Jenkins, and Roger Pierce will be members, the Houghton Mifflin Company retaining an important interest. No change in the character or general conduct of the magazine is contemplated. Bliss Perry continues as editor, and the magazine will still be issued from 4 Park street, Boston. Mr. Sedgwick, who will have an important part in the management under the new arrangement, was graduated from Harvard in 1894. He has been connected with the Youth's Companion, and was editor of Leslie's Monthly, later called the American Magazine, from 1900 until it was bought by the McClure seceders. Since then he has been connected with McClure's Magazine, and with D. Appleton & Co. as book editor.

The Circle Magazine, which was sold recently by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, is now published by the Circle Publishing Company, which occupies the fourth floor of the S. P. C. A. building, corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-sixth street, New York. Eugene Thwing is the editor of the magazine, and the managing editor is Proctor W. Hansl, who was formerly with the Delineator.

Success has removed to 29-31 East Twenty-second street, New York.

Street & Smith, publishers of Ainslee's, the Popular, Smith's, and the People's Magazines, have acquired Gunter's Magazine, which, beginning with the May number, they will publish as an all-fiction magazine, enlarged to 160 pages.

S. S. McClure is now sole owner of the S. S. McClure Company, publisher of McClure's Magazine, and of the McClure Company, publisher of books.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. announce the incorporation of their firm under the name Houghton Mifflin Company. This will involve no change in the management or conduct of the business.

The Americana Society, publisher of the American Historical Magazine, has removed to No. 154 East Twenty-third street, New York. The March number of the magazine contained an interesting article on "Early Massachusetts Newspapers," illustrated with fac-simile reproductions.

The liabilities of the A. C. Gunter Publishing Company, New York, are $50,658.68, and the assets $6,725.23.

The Pekin Gazette, started in 911 A. D., which has appeared regularly since 1351, is to suspend publication.

Seymour Eaton, of the Booklovers' Library, has started a publishing enterprise called "The Thinker's Club," the object of which is to "issue books that will 'fill the gap between the condensed magazine article and the exhaustive and expensive book.' For this purpose the club's publications will be of a uniform size — from 8,000 to 12,000 words — and sold at the uniform price of twenty-five cents. The great majority of these books will be new and written for the club by well-known authors."

Rev. Frederick Mayer Bird, formerly editor of Lippincott's, died at South Bethlehem, Penn., April 2, aged sixty-nine.

James Jeffrey Roche died at Berne, Switzerland, April 3, aged sixty years.

Rev. Dr. Edward Abbott died in Boston April 6, aged sixty-six.

Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix died in New York April 29, aged eighty years.

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CONCERNING THE TELLING OF A STORY.

IV. — Continued.

From all of which it follows that the satisfactory painting of the isolated figure is impossible. As true in workmanship as you please, as accurate in its analysis, a drawing so limited in scope must always be unreal. For who is there in the world that stands outside the world entirely alone? You may say — "the man in a balloon." But, taking the expression in its broadest sense, we surely cannot be of the world and not on it, nor can we be on it without having contact with life other than our own. Every man has his surroundings — the hermit his cell, the castaway his desert island — and, for companionship, at least the animals; and, therefore, to picture the man alive, to make him real, these surroundings must be disclosed, both animate and inanimate. And this is "local color." There is the village of Raveloe and the villagers, Silas Marner's cottage, and the countryside, and, besides all this, a description of the period and its customs; with less, there could not have been the Silas Marner that we know. For, whatever else be true, it is plainly certain that a man's associations are a prime influence in his conduct. His parents in the earliest beginning, later his education, and afterward the set with which he mixes and the conditions under which he exists. It is easy not to steal when our stomachs and our purses are full, it is difficult not to sin when we live in temptation; and that sums up the whole business.

But, moderation in all things! We have outlived the inordinate desire for plum pudding, perhaps, only to cultivate some other of as damaging a nature, and, with the novelist, that may be and often is a lust after local color. It is so inviting, is it not, in the opportunities which it offers for padding ad nauseam? Sir Walter Scott, in one of his novels — I forget which, and I don't want to remember — opens fire upon the reader with a bombardment of forty or fifty solid pages of description of scenery. At least, that is my recollection. Possibly it was not fifty pages or even forty, but it seemed that much to me, and a good deal more; and this I conceive to be not only an outrage on human endurance, wearisome beyond bearing, but also a fault in construction and, therefore, bad art. To say nothing of the obvious lack of directness of purpose and of the consequent inattention which necessarily repays so herculean and heart-breaking an effort of the wind-bag, there remains the further illogical proceeding of transforming a means to an end into the end itself. For the wrong thing clearly has been made the feature. The rip-

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pling brook delights, of course ; and so, too, does the autumn tint of foliage. These and many other touches of Nature are well enough ; but, after all, what are they when compared to our interest in humanity ? No, it is the people who count, those people who hold the centre of the stage who count above all ; the others and every lesser consideration must, for their lesser value, stand in the background. Indeed, one could point to many a vivid tale where local color plays the humblest part — this especially in the short story. In the novel — the larger canvas on which the individual should stand forth with a greater preciseness — the same restraint is hardly possible. Still here again, and despite the need of more elaboration, there shall be restraint. Until, in the end, it comes to this — how far is the introduction of such-and-such a person or such-and-such a description going to aid in the illustration of the story ? In short, we have just slid gently back again to Stevenson's golden rule that the artist shall "omit what is tedious or irrelevant and suppress what is tedious and necessary" — in local color as in all else. Local color there must be, but — for the sake of art firstly, and of the poor, patient reader secondly — laid on with a sparing and judicious brush and always in a temperate spirit.

George Eliot's lesson, then, has taught us the need of condensation, of continuous movement, of action in the portrayal of character rather than a string of words descriptive of that character, and, lastly, the value of local color ; and this is much more than a very great deal. But, is it all ? Is the writer who has gone thus far and no farther, who has been content to handle the opening of his story on these lines and no others, to believe that now he may complacently pat himself on the back and say with confidence : "Here is the beginning of a work of art" ? Well, hardly ! At any rate, not quite yet. For the lesson is not done with, and perhaps the most important point of all is still to come.

Refer just once again to that introduction to "Silas Marner." Read it through carefully with a cool head and with an entire disregard of everything but its logical result, and tell me then whether, after all, we have not simply been the victims of an innocent trick ? Silas Marner we had decided to be a somewhat alarming person, endowed with an uncanny capacity for startling practices and unpleasant surprises. Whilst the story was yet young we had attempted no prophecy. Nevertheless our minds were made up that there was tragedy in the air and that we could put our finger with sureness on the chief tragedian. Whatever was about to happen — and the happenings promised to be sensational — Silas Marner, we guessed, would be in the thick of it and the ruling spirit. That was our verdict, you remember, and the conclusion seemed inevitable. But, was it fair ?

Naturally one turns to the evidence, and — what is there against Marner ? The dogs barked at him ! Of course they did ; but they bark just as much, you know, at many a harmless creature trudging along the high road. Ah ! but the children ? those children who scampered off in terror when he looked at them — what of them ? What, indeed ! when a child is timid by nature, and when a stern, impassive face can frighten it without reason. Anything else ? Yes, certainly — those eyes that "set like a dead man's" and scared the life out of Jem Rodney, the mole-catcher ! You can't get away from that ! No, unless one should chance to remember that there are such things in the world as silly, superstitious, ignorant peasants and simple fits of absence of mind.

Such is the evidence for the prosecution, and on it no jury dare hang the scabbiest and scurviest of mongrels. Yet — strange part of it all — it has carried weight from the day when it was written, and in all likelihood will continue to carry weight in the days that are to come. Strange, I say ! and yet not strange a bit. For, try as we will, it is not possible to read this passage through and remain unaffected by some sense of mystery, even of fear. The feeling steals upon us against our better judgment and despite the absence of real proof. And this is why I call it a trick — it is the trick of suggestion.

Think how this bears in a practical way upon the experiences of life. To be chased

by an angry bull, for example, is far from desirable and often enough decidedly anxious work; nevertheless we shall still manage to run like the very liveliest of lamplighters, and — should we live to think it over quietly — may perhaps recall a certain exhilaration, if not actual pleasure, in the excitement of the adventure. Try the same experiment in a dream, and the result can be summed up in the one word — paralysis. Again, there is a burglar in the house; and, with the majority, the first thought would be to find a poker and "come into action." It is another story, though, when the bedroom door mysteriously opens during the stillness of the night, or the staircase begins to creak at intervals for some cause which we cannot divine. Who is astir? and so stealthily! At such a time one walks warily, I tell you, on setting forth to investigate, with a quaking heart and a remarkable tendency to start back at the echo of one's own footsteps! It all fizzles out at the end, maybe, into a half-closed window, a gale that has sprung up unexpectedly, and a natural straining of the woodwork. But, never mind. We have succeeded meanwhile in giving ourselves a fright that will not readily pass away. For the simple fact is that the occurrences which strike with the directest force and which grip most surely at the heartstrings are always those built up out of our own imagination; the others, those real occurrences, make as a rule a comparatively tame impression — we know too much about them, the worst is before us and we are ready to face it. For the imagination, on the other hand, there can never be a "worst," there must always seem a stage beyond; and it is of just this that the expert novelist takes so full an advantage — he shuns the open statement as he would the devil, and instead gives chiefly hints and innuendos. Thus Silas Marner has never even hurt a fly, yet the dogs barked at him, the children ran from him in terror, and, creepiest suggestion of all, those "eyes that set like a dead man's"! In an instant, irresistibly, our imaginations are aflame, and possibilities, greater far than the utmost possible — that is the beauty of it — are filled in instinctively.

To bring the reader into this condition of active receptivity is to create atmosphere — in other words, to instil him with the spirit of the piece and to make it real. And, simple though the process may look when viewed through the medium of George Eliot's ability, it will be found a problem of amazing contradiction and uncertainty so soon as we adventure it alone and without the aid of the more talented mind. The broad principle still holds good; everything depends on suggestion. But *which* suggestion — that is the problem; and there are so many of them, are there not? This surely should do the trick, and it may not; this, again, is useless, and yet — the very thing. Until presently we shall come to realize that we are involved in a most delicate and elusive art.

In the author's favor, however, and to cheer him on his way, there remains that saving and blessed fact that the reader is, at least at the beginning of the story, the author's ally. Of his own free will he has handed himself over to the author's care, and, with the best of intentions, is ready and anxious to join and help in the game. He is no critic by nature, and, properly managed, will never become one. His only cry is: "Entertain me! as you please, how you please, by what tricks and jugglery you please, but, for God's sake, entertain me!" That is all he cares about; and — for a truism worth remembering — there is no surer way of entertaining him in story-telling than by starting him off to entertain himself. For, are we not all story-tellers, and is not the best story in the world a story of our own, peopled with our own people and filled with our own imaginings? Is there anything else that can ever be so real, so vivid, so true to us as that? I believe not. The trouble is that we cannot, as a rule, find this story in the first place, we cannot manage to make a commencement — that is the trouble of the reader. Hence the need of the author at all, that he should be there to turn the handle and set the machine moving, to supply the incidents and adequate suggestions to stimulate the imagination; and, as at intervals the works will run down, the fancy tire and flag, then the author's further business is to stimulate that imagination afresh. A con-

tinual prompting — no more than that — without too great a lavishness of detail lest the illusion be destroyed, then will the reader do the rest, then will he create his own people who are the true people. And thus, through the closest of partnerships, shall the real work of fiction, the story alive, be evolved — with the author at the helm, the reader at the sheet.

The production of atmosphere, then, serves a double purpose: it attunes the reader's mind, and, as a consequence, gives instant vitality to the people in the book. Indeed, it would seem that we have just been traveling round a vicious circle and have come back again to the starting point, which was the illustration of character. And this is true. Nevertheless the journey has not been fruitless, for something has been gathered by the way. Before, we knew that the secret of character-drawing was *incident*; now, we see that the strength of the incident lies in *suggestion*. It is not what a man actually does — always a poor affair — which appeals to the imagination, but the suggestion of what he *might* do which clothes him in glory — or, the reverse. "That is the highest art," Sir Walter Besant tells us, "which carries the reader along and makes him see without being told the changing expressions and gestures of the speakers and hear the varying tones of their voices . . . which causes them first to stand before the reader in clear outline, and then with every additional line . . . grow from the simple outline more and more to the perfect and rounded figure." It is a sketch, in fact, which Besant advises, a suggestion on which the reader may work; and, though no man's word is gospel without proof, the opinion of an expert must always have a value.

Archibald Dunn.

The London Author.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Francis Marion Crawford was born in Italy, at the Baths of Lucca, some fifty-three years ago. Thomas Crawford, his father, was a Scotch Irishman by descent, though of New York birth. An artist by nature, the elder Crawford had gone to Rome in his early boyhood determined to learn wood carving, and remained there to learn marble cutting, also. He was a pupil of the famous Thorvaldsen, and became known as a sculptor of first rank.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe and his wife, Julia (Ward) Howe, were then traveling in Europe, accompanied by Mrs. Howe's sister, Miss Louisa Ward. The young sculptor met them and fell in love with their young charge. When the young woman returned to America, the sculptor found it convenient, also, to be in this country. Their wedding soon followed, whereupon they returned to Rome, and lived there continuously until Mr. Crawford's death. The name of Marion comes to the author through his ancestor, General Francis Marion, a heroic figure in the Revolutionary War.

Marion Crawford began his travels early in his career. When only two years old he had been sent to this country to live with relatives in New Jersey, on a farm near Bordentown. Shortly after his father's death, which occurred in 1857, he was taken to Rome, where he spent his boyhood days. A French governess had charge of his education during that period. All his studies were taught him in French. In consequence, he is as much at ease in this language as in English or Italian. In Rome he also began to study Latin, which he reinforced by the practical method of reading inscriptions on walls and monuments.

When twelve years old, Marion was again in America, and entered at St. Paul's school at Concord, N. H. At fifteen he was once

more in Rome, hard at mathematics. He then became a student in the little English village of Hatfield, Regis (since intimately described in "A Tale of a Lonely Parish"), under the tutelage of a clergyman; then at Trinity College, Cambridge, where boating and mathematics took up his time until he transferred his interests to Germany and became a student at Karlsruhe and Heidelberg (1874-'76), where he continued his studies in mathematics and engineering. He perfected himself in the German language, and developed a fondness for its philosophy and literature.

His liking for the German is shown in his preference for their steamships, on which he is a frequent passenger between America and Europe. He always occupies an officer's stateroom. Between his hours of writing, — for he never allows these ocean trips to interfere with certain set periods at his literary work, — he is deep in discussions on philosophy, mathematics, and marine matters with the commander or with one of the officers.

He speaks the purest Italian, to say nothing of its many dialects; so that, as in the case of French, his range of literature is very wide. In early manhood he was proficient in Spanish and Swedish, and he has since acquired more or less proficiency in Russian, Turkish, and Portuguese. At the University of Rome he took up the study of Sanskrit, and interested himself in Buddhism and other Oriental mysteries. He has considerable accomplishment in music.

With this mental equipment, and a capital of a hundred pounds, which he borrowed, for his family had met with reverses, he landed in Bombay. He immediately set out to learn Hindustani, continuing his study in Sanskrit, and learning to read and write Urdu. In the interval, newspaper work was the only source of income, and rupees came slowly and went fast. Finally it came to a question of enlisting in the army, if that was possible, which would at least bring clothes, and food, and adventure.

The writer can now see the half quizzical, half serious expression that came over Mr. Crawford's features as he reverted to this time, when there was such a narrow margin between the directions his lifework should lead him. A letter was actually written, sealed, and stamped for the colonel of the recruiting English regiment. At that moment a communication was handed to him from one of his newspaper friends, saying that the editor of a newspaper up country had died, and offering him the position at a salary of 300 rupees (about $150) a month. Needless to say, the colonel's letter was not posted. It was a matter of a thousand miles up the country to Allahabad, where an afternoon paper, the Indian Herald, was wanting an editor, — an editor who would work hard, where rain or great humidity and heat were seldom or never absent.

It was in the Ambala district, at Simla, that the author first met his "Mr. Isaacs"; only in reality it happened to be a Mr. Jacobs. But as Mr. Jacobs or "Mr. Isaacs," he proved a wonder for character study. Mr. Crawford says that "He looked like an Italian; but he evidently was a Mohammedan, for he regularly read his Koran."

Events sent Mr. Crawford back to Italy after eighteen months of the hardest work he ever had. The illness of a sister in Boston started him across the seas, — not in a "six-minute boat," as he is now fond of dubbing the ocean greyhounds, but in a tramp steamer; for funds had again come to a low ebb, and — "any port in a storm." Bad weather and terrific storms finally put the machinery out of action. The vessel was short-handed, and young Crawford had taken his turn at the watch with the captain and the mates. After six weeks of nerve-racking experience, they managed to reach Bermuda. As Crawford was the only one aboard who could speak English, the captain asked him to go ashore with the papers. There was a high sea running, and the boat was swamped; but fortunately a launch came to their rescue. After re-fitting, the steamer with its one and only passenger crawled into New York.

Mr. Crawford was then twenty-seven years old. He was still undecided as to his future; or, at least, so far had not foreseen its actual trend. It was characteristic in him, however, immediately to forget his unusual sea experience and hasten to a university. He entered at Harvard as a special student, took Pro-

fessor Charles Lanman's course in Sanskrit, and received a diploma. In the interval he divided his time between Boston and New York, contributing special articles to periodicals, writing book reviews, and doing much work for the Critic. But he ignored fiction. His subjects were along the line of political, social, and economic philosophy, even delving into the financial question, and he wrote a pamphlet on "Silver" for the bankers' convention at Niagara, which was afterward reprinted in the Bankers' Magazine.

It seems appropriate to say here that only to-day the writer was told with much amusement by one of the family that among a lot of letters resurrected in their old Boston house attic, one was from Mr. Crawford at that time, in which he emphatically stated: "I am absolutely devoid of imagination."

With which newly-unearthed confession, the world not knowing what a sane and magnificent imagination was really there, I revert to the part the author's uncle, Sam Ward, played in his subsequent career.

Mr. Crawford had seen a great deal of Sam Ward since he had bade farewell to the tramp steamer; but it was a night to be remembered (May 5, 1882), when, at the invitation of this uncle, they dined together at the New York Club, then facing on Madison square. That the terrapin was the real diamondback, that each individual dish had the earmark of genius stamped on it, will be believed by those who remember Mr. Ward's little dinners. While smoking, stories were exchanged. Theosophy, Buddhism, India had been discussed. Then the author told his uncle of the diamond merchant, Mr. Jacobs, whom he had met in India, up at Simla.

The romance of the whole thing so impressed Mr. Ward that he said: "That is a good two-part magazine story. You must write it out immediately."

"He took me round to his apartment in Clinton place," the author relates, "and that night I began to write the story of 'Mr. Isaacs.' I kept at it from day to day, getting more interested in the work as I proceeded, and from time to time would read a chapter to my uncle. When I got through the original story I was so amused with the writing of it that I thought I might as well make 'Mr. Isaacs' fall in love with an English girl, and then I kept on writing to see what would happen. By and by I remembered a mysterious Buddhist whom I had met in India, and so I introduced him, to complicate matters still further. I went to Newport to visit my aunt, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, when I was in the midst of the story, and continued it there."

It was at his aunt's house that he finished the last chapter of "Mr. Isaacs," June 13, 1882. His uncle appeared at that time, heard the remainder of the story, and undertook to find a publisher, which he soon did, in the publishing house of the Macmillans. He was well acquainted with the elder George Brett, of that firm, who forwarded the manuscript to the London house, where it was immediately accepted, and continuously to this day Mr. Crawford's books both in England and America bear the Macmillan imprint.

Mr. Crawford had the greatest admiration for Mr. Ward. Their tastes in many ways were similar, and notwithstanding the difference in age, they were the greatest friends. He was a man of many acomplishments, and his personality was delightful. Author, traveler, linguist, *bon vivant*, and *bon raconteur*, famous for his entertainments, with their surprises of original and delicate dishes, — all this overwhelmed him with friends both in America and abroad, especially in England. The poets Longfellow and Halleck were his intimate friends. And he has long since been recognized as the delightful Mr. Bellingham (Uncle Horace) in Crawford's "Dr. Claudius," published in 1883.

The success that immediately followed the publication of "Mr. Isaacs" was a huge surprise to the author, and it opened a pathway in life which he had never dreamed of finding or following. He tells how, in order to secure an English as well as an American copyright on the day of publication, it was necessary for him to be on English soil; that he had gone to St. John, N. B., and while there had finished "Dr. Claudius"; that on his return to Boston just before Christmas, having heard nothing from his publishers in the interval, he was almost overwhelmed on step-

ping from the train to find the news-stands plastered with huge posters announcing "Mr. Isaacs."

Shortly thereafter the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, asked to see him, and arranged for a serial for that magazine. By February, 1883, "The Roman Singer" was completed and handed in. Mr. Crawford acknowledges that he wrote this and some of his other novels since then in almost record time. But that by no means always implies that the general outlines and often most of the details of a given story have not been in his mind for a long time. Indeed, the writer knows personally of stories that have been under preparation for years and are not yet ready to be written. His mind is extraordinary in its retention of facts and the thoroughness with which he follows a line of thought once started. No research, no physical difficulty seems too great in his gathering of the material he feels necessary for a perfect presentation of his story.

If there is so much as a single flaw in what he holds to be necessary and logical, it is either overcome, or the entire story is laid aside till that particular point is covered satisfactorily. So that when he sits down to write, his mind for the most part is already fully primed, and page after page is rapidly turned out, the original sheets going to the printer frequently without the change of a single punctuation mark or an interlineation. As to minor specific things that his characters do, and how they do them, and what they say, as he has often said, he has not the slightest idea when he sits down to write. The characters work out their own salvation, and often, as a matter of fact, it is of great interest to him what they do say. A character once introduced does the thing such a real person would do under like circumstances, and he proceeds to record it.

"Marzio's Crucifix," a short novel, a story of the silver workers (early in his life in his art studies he had worked out silver pieces himself and knew thoroughly the life and subject in all its details), was written in ten days as it appeared in serial form. "The Tale of a Lonely Parish" was written in twenty-four days. This story is also a case where he had, so far as the background was concerned, everything at his finger ends, simply faithfully reproducing the little English village of Hatfield Regis and its environment, where he had gone to school.

Mr. Crawford returned to Italy in 1883, and spent the following year in Constantinople. Here he married Miss Elizabeth Christopherus Berdan, daughter of the American general of that name.

Sorrento has the same charm for the moderns as it had as Surrentum of the Augustan age, and as it had for the poet Bernardo Tasso; but to-day it is best known by Americans as the home of Marion Crawford. It was here that the author brought his bride from Constantinople. Where the Sorrento boundary line ends and the quaint little village of Sant' Agnello begins, high up on the cliff, surrounded by orange groves, stands the delightful old inn of Cocumella, once a Jesuit holding. Here the author and his wife stayed while they planned a permanent home. And it was here, before his marriage, that he had written "To Leeward" and "Saracinesca."

Just beyond, next to an old Capuchin monastery, now stands their beautiful villa, 200 feet above the sea. There is little in the fine, massive, but irregular building, with its tower, which holds the author's study, to remind one of the dilapidated, weather-beaten villa as it originally stood. The site is one of the most beautiful on the entire superb expanse of the bay. All the re-building, additions, interior improvements, with a splendid system of American plumbing, heating, and water supply, great arched retaining walls, a façade of great beauty, as well as strength, to resist the storms that now and again had threatened the villa itself, are entirely the work of the author himself, as he utilized the ordinary Italian labor at hand simply as help.

But this rare villa and its charming circle is a story by itself. There is evidence everywhere of the exquisite taste and refinement of the author's wife, and an enviable group of four children, — Eleanor, now engaged to Cavalier Pietro Rocca; Claire, whose accomplishments in music are unusual; Harold, now at Harvard University; and Bertram,

twin brother of Claire, preparing for Oxford. The author has a delightful, almost inaccessible, little retreat at the end of one of the upper terraces, completely canopied and half hidden by great spreading boughs of friendly trees that have a way of thriving in the most impossible spots on apparently the sheer face of the cliff. Here in summer days Mr. Crawford writes to the music of plashing water from a beautiful little fountain, a rare bit of bronze art in the shape of a Medusa head and conch shell basin, a Greek inscription on the wall above, — all a birthday gift from his wife.

The author's stanch, roomy, two-masted schooner yacht Alda is in constant use. A stateroom is always held in reserve for his wife, who often accompanies him on his cruises. The little vessel began its career as a pilot boat, the Ezra Nye, in New York harbor. He purchased it some years ago, and sailed it across the ocean himself (he is a fully equipped sailor, holding a master's certificate after the most rigid examination, enabling him to command a full-rigged ship on the high seas). His literary work continues on these cruises as regularly as it does at his own villa or at his novel retreat down on the Calabrian coast, — one of the watch towers erected by Charles V., which he has fitted up as a secluded study where he shuts himself out from the world.

For a number of years and until quite recently Mr. Crawford had a suite of rooms at 70 Fifth avenue, New York, which he occupied whenever in the city. The great roominess of Italian palaces and villas had its effect upon him even here. His principal work room at these quarters was sixty feet long by thirty-five wide, plainly but comfortably and characteristically furnished. From nine till ten any morning he might be found in his fencing outfit, foil in hand, energetically parrying with his *maître d'armes.* He never allows anything to interfere with his regular exercise, which, in part, at least, accounts for his fine physique ; for he stands six feet two, and with his broad shoulders and military carriage might easily be taken for a soldier. At one end of the room was a big handsome poster of his play, " Francesca da Rimini," autographed by Sarah Bernhardt, Chari, the French artist, Marcel Schwob, who translated the play, and all who had to do with producing the drama. It was a striking souvenir of the play that the " Divine Sarah " had asked Marion Crawford to write for her, and which, when produced in Paris, was an immediate and great success. As a dramatist, Mr. Crawford has another side which might be dwelt upon to his credit. That is a story by itself.

But there is still another side to this versatile genius, and that is as an historian. He feels that he is now engaged in what he believes will be his most important work ; namely, a history of Rome in the Middle Ages. But it may be surmised that an author who has had published thirty-eight novels, of which over 2,000,000 copies have been sold, is not likely to break himself of the habit.

The Sunday Magazine. *Horace T. Carpenter.*

HYSTERICAL LITERATURE.

The constant advice given to a literary aspirant is to be simple, direct, and plain; to express his opinions in Saxon rather than Latin words ; and to gain an audience by his clearness and strength. A study of the prevailing fashion in fiction would indicate that most writers had gone a step further, and, after mastering all those rules, had followed that other advice: "Now break every one of them."

To prove this, one needs but study the short stories served to the reading public by the magazines and the various weeklies. Some few magazines have developed the short-story hysteria in but a mild degree, although evidences of its presence are to be

found. It does not require an alienist to discover certain indications likely to develop into a positive literary disorder. The most common is substituting capitalized pronouns and nouns in the place of Christians names. Why is it considered an admirable plan to call one's heroine She instead of Mary Smith? Is Girl more euphonious than an old-fashioned name that has survived all fads? Perhaps there is a certain aptness if she be denominated the Much-Loved Girl, but its wearying repetition suggests a First Grade reading lesson.

The man of the short story has dropped the familiar or romantic John or Reginald, and has become He, Boy, Man, or even Shirt-front, as his condition appears to require. Will there come a day when we shall borrow the aborigines' nomenclature and the magazines will bristle with Man-Afraid-of-His-Shadow and Rain-in-the Face?

Like the Indians, too, we are resorting to picture-writing. Nothing is effective nowadays without its illustrations. The contents of the unopened periodical must be heralded by a picture designed to attract our interest or curiosity. Editorials obligingly lead up to it and direct our attention to its significance. This, in a way, is considerate, for it saves us the effort of trying to decipher just the shade of meaning the writer intended, and leaves us more time for more stories explained by more pictures.

Are we reaching our second childhood that we need so many illustrations, or is it the conscience of the editor who makes of his magazine a huge picture-book in order to show us he has spared no expense to give us the worth of our money? It may, however, be a new device to attract our sated eyes by the appearance of something novel. It is true that one would look a second time at the picture of a wall-eyed girl with Brobdignagian overshoes if it appeared upon the cover of a prominent literary organ. We might be tempted to look over the story to find by implication that her leaden feet seemed strung directly from the roots of her eyes. It is an idea borrowed from the old frontispiece, labeled "See the story, page 14." It is the spirit of advertising pushing ahead of the spirit of literature.

The style, as well as the story, has succumbed to the mania. The incessant demand for something startlingly original has created freakish styles, and common incidents are dressed in a bizarre manner with far-fetched similes and metaphors and the introduction of manufactured words. Even Kipling is not immune when he speaks of the "morning coolth," a combination of consonant sounds difficult and inartistic. If one follows the progress of some writer who has developed a peculiar style, one finds he will increase its peculiarities until it becomes a huge burlesque. Incidents once possessing charm when embellished with a moderate use of it have grown into ghastly caricatures. The editor suddenly discovers that the public is tired of that particular writer and wishes something new. The result is that another star who dazzled for a time has shot into space again — not because he could no longer write, but because he overworked his eccentric style.

We are assured that this is an age of realism. Can there be a doubt when we read a story recently published where a girl on the point of mental and physical collapse is described with a flourish of capitals, dashes, and exclamation-points appalling to an amateur who has been taught to use these sparingly? This may be, not the author's, but the publisher's idea of bringing out conditions ; but it is uncomplimentary to the reader who likes to believe he has enough discernment to discover the hysterical state of the heroine, without editorial enlightenment. This, however, is an acute case.

Novelty of plot and style are greatly to be desired, certainly; but must we be tortured by them when they have reached a reactionary stage? Surely a pleasing variety can be introduced into fiction without a spasm of punctuation-marks, words in ten-point capitals, and a preliminary analysis by the editor. The time is ripe for a protest before we are deluged by Great Primer emphasis with an explanatory note at the end of each paragraph. The time has come when we clamor for a saner literature.

Florence Martin Eastland.

BELLEVUE, Wash.

THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

The dictum of Printers' Ink, "Emphasize only the things that are really important. Too much detail spoils the story," was printed primarily for advertisement writers, but it applies equally well to the less surely profitable work of imaginative writing.

* * *

Writers should remember always the reply that Whistler made to the young artist who had brought that erratic genius to view his maiden effort. The two stood before the canvas for some moments in silence. Finally the young man asked timidly, "Don't you think this painting of mine is a — er — a tolerable picture, sir ?"

Mr. Whistler's eyes twinkled. "What is your opinion of a tolerable egg ?" he asked.

* * *

The announcement that a prize of five hundred dollars would be awarded by the Poe International Centenary Society for the best poem memorializing Edgar Allan Poe was apparently a hoax. William Hemstreet, of 1332 Bergen street, Brooklyn, who, according to the announcement, was secretary of the society and the person to whom poems should be sent, says he knows nothing of the matter.

* * *

All the fine writers are not dead yet, as this glowing editorial from the Mount Morris (Ill.) Index shows : —

"Summer, there's nothing like it. Nature renews her youth. It is then that miracle-working nature, who with her magic fingers weaves the rainbow into a fantastic scarf and wraps it round the shoulders of the dying storm, paints the lily bell with exquisite grace, and dipping her fingers into the vermilion glory of morn, touches the rose into blushing beauty. And what is like a morning in summer ? The shadows of night flee before the orb of day, the dewdrops tremble in the rosy dawn, the birds of dawn sing the requiem, the dying shadows of Aurora blushes with the new-born, suffusive light. You hear the catbird mocking every bird of the forest, while the robin redbreast from his canopy of gold pours out notes unrivaled by Handel or Mozart. Every morn with her vermilion flame and every night with her dashes of fire adds new beauty to blue sky and verdant landscape."

* * *

The late Shirley Brooks, one-time editor of Punch, had no sympathy with commercial literature. "Writing a fine poem merely to make money by it," he once exclaimed, "is like turning a water wheel with the sacred

water of Jordan, or chopping up the cedars of Lebanon for firewood." Nevertheless, there seems to be no good reason why an author, having written a fine poem for its own sake, should not be rewarded with money for his work. For that matter, even if a fine poem is written only for commercial reasons, the world is a gainer, and it is a notorious fact that the inspiration of much prized literature has been the poverty of authors.

* * *

Henry James has been saying that a short story must be either an anecdote or a picture. His recent work indicates that he thinks a story ought to be a puzzle picture.

W. H. H.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

It is a great pleasure both for the Princess of Wales and I. — The Prince of Wales, in a London Speech.	It is a great pleasure both for the Princess of Wales and me.
The district attorney appeared a different man than when he was last seen at his office some three months ago.	The district attorney appeared a different man from what he was when last seen at his office some three months ago.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Grace Hazard Conkling, whose poem, "Song of a Shepherd," was printed in Ainslee's for May, and whose "Rose-Rhymes from a Child's Garden in Mexico" appeared in Everybody's for May, is a graduate of Smith College, where she was president of the Alpha Society during her senior year. After leaving college, she devoted herself to music, spending several years abroad studying the organ, under Wolfrum in Heidelberg, and under Charles Marie Widor in Paris. On her return to this country in 1905, she was married to Roscoe P. Conkling, and her home has since been in Mexico. Mr. Conkling, who plays the violin, is a thorough musician, and has organized a large orchestra of Mexican musicians, training them to play music of a kind they had never known, chiefly Wagner. Mrs. Conkling is practically a beginner in literary work, and has written verse almost exclusively. Her poems have appeared at intervals during the last three years or so, in the Atlantic Monthly, the Century, and Harper's Magazine. Harper's has now two sets of her Mexican child-poems, the first of which it will publish in a group, as Everybody's published her "Rose-Rhymes," and the second separately as opportunity offers, four of them having already been published. The Century has accepted a set of five child-poems in similar style, but wholly French in coloring, and the Atlantic Monthly has a long poem concerning music, which will be published before long. Mrs. Conkling hopes some day to do justice to old Mexico, about which comparatively little has been written.

Roy Rolfe Gilson, whose story, "The Wickedness of Phoebe," was published in the Century for May, was born in Clinton, Ia., in 1875, and spent his boyhood in his native state and at Benton Harbor, Mich. He was graduated from Benton Harbor College in 1895. His father was a newspaper man, and the son did newspaper work until about seven years ago, being connected with his father's paper at Benton Harbor, and with journals in Grand Rapids and Detroit, and finally with the New York Commercial-Advertiser, now the Globe. Since giving up newspaper work he has lived, with his wife and children, in the vicinity of New York and in Italy, and he is now living in Concord, Mass., where he is engaged in literary work. A series of sketches of child-life, published originally in Harper's Magazine, and afterward in book form under the title, "In the Morning Glow," is his most notable and successful effort. Besides some twoscore stories and sketches, published chiefly in Harper's Magazine and the Century, Mr. Gilson is the author of the following romances: "When Love Is Young," "The Flower of Youth," and "Miss Primrose," published by Harper & Brothers, and "Katrina," his latest book, published by the Baker & Taylor Company.

Rupert Sargent Holland, the author of the novelette, "The Pirate of Alastair," pub-

lished in Lippincott's for May, was born in Louisville, Ky. In 1900 he was graduated from Harvard College, and in 1903 from the University of Pennsylvania Law School. Since then he has been practicing law in Philadelphia, where he has been the attorney for the Legal Aid Society of that city. In 1906 L. C. Page & Co. published his book of Harvard stories, entitled "The Count at Harvard," and a book of biographical essays, to be entitled "The Builders of United Italy," will be issued by Henry Holt & Co. in the fall. Mr. Holland is the author of many magazine articles and stories. The scene of the story, "The Pirate of Alastair," is an imaginary place on the Maine coast.

William Allen Johnston, whose story, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," was printed in the Delineator for May, was born in Palatine Bridge, N. Y., in 1876, and was graduated from Union College in 1897, and from the University of Michigan in 1898. For several years he was engaged in newspaper and advertising work in New York city, and in 1906 he went to London to write American advertising copy for English firms. In 1907 he entered active magazine work on the editorial staff of the Broadway Magazine. The story, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," was suggested by a hospital scene encountered while writing a special article for the Delineator, entitled "What Science Has Done for Children," which will appear in a later issue of the magazine. The Circle for May had an article on the same subject, called "Little Cripples of a Great City." Nearly all of Mr. Johnston's short stories are prompted by situations encountered in writing special articles for magazines. He believes that this way of writing fiction adds human interest, sincerity, and strength of purpose. Mr. Johnston resides in New York, where he is a member of the Alpha Delta Phi Club, and of the Phi Beta Kappa.

William Ellery Leonard, whose poem, "The Scholar's Return," was printed in the Century for May, was born at Plainfield, N. J., in 1876, but has lived most of his life in Boston or vicinity. He took the degree of A. B. at Boston University in 1898, and that of A. M. at Harvard in 1899. During 1900-1902 he was a student at Goettingen and Bonn, Germany, and at Geneva, Switzerland. In 1904 he took the degree of Ph.D. at Columbia University, where he was university fellow. From 1904 to 1906 he was the philological editor of Lippincott's (now abandoned) Dictionary of the English Language. In 1906 he went to the University of Wisconsin, where he is now instructor in the English department. Mr. Leonard has had two books published, one in prose, entitled "Byronism in America," which was brought out in 1905, and the other, "Sonnets and Poems," published in 1906. This latter book brought him personal words of greeting and cheer from T. B. Aldrich, John Burroughs, George Woodberry, and Hamlin Garland in America, and Arthur Symonds, Alfred Austin, and Edward Dowden in England. The Chicago Dial, the Nation, Current Literature, and other magazines gave the book good reviews, but the edition was limited, and the book was really never on the market. Mr. Leonard hopes to publish another volume of verse in a year or two. This fall his translation (in verse) of the fragment of the Greek philosopher-poet Empedocles (with critical commentary) will be published, and he has also ready for publication a work (in prose), "The Poet of Galilee," an interpretation of Jesus from the point of view of literary criticism. Mr. Leonard has written for the Atlantic Monthly and for the Boston Transcript.

Thomas Wood Stevens, author of the stories, "Thieves' Honor," printed in Putnam's Magazine for May, and "The Lights of Dalliance," printed in the Metropolitan for May, was born in Daysville, Ill., in 1880. He was graduated from the Armour Scientific Academy in Chicago in 1897, and then took a three-years' course in mechanical engineering at the Armour Institute of Technology. Mr. Stevens founded the Blue Sky Press of Chicago, and in 1902 became literary critic for the Inland Printer. In 1903 he

took charge of the department of illustration at the Chicago Art Institute, where he has charge of the classes in illustration and mural painting. He also has charge of the art editorship of two magazines — the Midland and the Inland Printer — and he does much writing on technical and artistic subjects, and some fiction and verse for the general magazines. Mr. Stevens has published a few small books of verse, and he is now at work at the third of his technical books, "Art and the Printing Craft," now running serially in the Inland Printer. He has also done some painting, and during the past winter has exhibited a half-dozen or so of his etchings.

John Stuart Thomson, whose story, "Wang's Horseshoes," concerning life among the quaint Shan tribes in Yunnan Province, China, was printed in the Metropolitan Magazine for May, is the author of many signed articles on China which have been attracting the attention of sinologues during the last four years. He has held for three years an important official position representing the Japanese in Southern China, and has traveled widely in the Orient and in Europe. His two college books of verse, "Estabele" and "A Day's Song," received very favorable reviews. Mr. Thomson is a member of the Transportation Club of New York.

Edward L. White — or Edward Lucas White, to give his full name, which he uses as his signature when he can get editors to print it as he wishes — whose story, "The Little Faded Flag," was printed in the Atlantic Monthly for May, was born in Bergen, N. J., in 1866, and has lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., in Ovid, Seneca County, N. Y., and, since 1877, in Baltimore, Md. He began writing poems and tales in 1885, and has had thirty-eight of his poems printed, fourteen in the New York Sunday Sun, four in the now extinct Ishmaelite of Indianapolis, three in the Atlantic Monthly, two in the Cosmopolitan, two in Smith's Magazine, one in the Outlook, one in the Century, and the others in periodicals less important. His first published matter was a poem in the Atlantic Monthly for May, 1891. It was called "The Last Bowstrings," and is in Stedman's Anthology of American Poetry; as also is a short poem called "Genius," which was originally printed in the Cosmopolitan Magazine for August, 1893. Ten of Mr. Lucas's stories have been printed so far, among them "The Grin of the Bulldog," in Ainslee's for March, and two in the New York Sunday Herald. Another story, "Amina," was printed in the Bellman of Minneapolis for June 1, 1907, and the same weekly will soon publish a tale entitled "The Buzzards." While at college Mr. Lucas wrote a limerick, which was printed in the News Letter, a weekly published at the Johns Hopkins University, for May 28, 1897. Mr. White says he has never seen this limerick reprinted correctly, but in various disguises of misquotation it has gone all over the country year after year. The correct version is: —

> "The benighted and heathenish Hindoo
> Has to do just whatever his kin do.
> He sticks to his caste
> From the first to the last;
> And for trousers he just makes his skin do."

Mr. White expects to publish a volume of serious verse in the fall.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Browning.— A letter written by Browning and said never before to have been published concerns "How We Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." The letter says: "The 'Ride to Ghent' is altogether an imaginary incident. I remember writing it at sea off the coast of Africa, sitting under the bulwark of the ship for the shade's sake, with a strong wish to be once more on the back of a certain good horse York, at home. I wrote the poem in pencil on the inside of the cover of Bartoli's 'Simboli Trasportati al Morale' — nearly the only book I had with me. This must account for and excuse the impossible distance (even for York) between place and place. I fancied that Ghent was invested in extremity and able at last to receive news of succor by some unsuspected

line of road — but the quantity of galloping was the main thing in my head."

Shaw. — George Bernard Shaw has sent this letter to the editors of Collier's Weekly, which printed his story, "Aerial Football — The New Game," last November in its Thanksgiving number: —

10 Adelphi Terrace, W. C.
14th March, 1908.

Editor Collier's: —

Dear Sir: What do you mean by this unspeakable outrage? You send me a check for $1,000, and inform me that it is a bonus offered by Messrs. P. F. Collier & Son for the best story received during the quarter in which my contribution appeared. May I ask what Messrs. P. F. Collier & Son expected my story to be? If it were not the best they could get for the price they were prepared to pay, they had no right to insert it at all. If it was the best, what right have they to stamp their other contributors publicly as inferior when they have taken steps to secure the result beforehand by paying a special price to a special writer? And what right have they to assume that I want to be paid twice over for my work, or that I am in the habit of accepting bonuses and competing for prizes?

Waiving all these questions for a moment, I have another one to put to you. How do Messrs. P. F. Collier & Son know that my story was the best they received during the quarter? Are they posterity? Are they the Verdict of History? Have they even the very doubtful qualification of being professional critics?

I had better break this letter off lest I should be betrayed into expressing myself as strongly as I feel.

I return the check. If you should see fit to use it for the purpose of erecting a tombstone to Messrs. P. F. Collier & Son I shall be happy to contribute the epitaph, in which I shall do my best to do justice to their monstrous presumption.

Yours faithfully,
G. Bernard Shaw.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

THE POLITICAL NOVEL. William Everett. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for June.

THE CORRECT USE OF WORDS. Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for June.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. H. W. Boynton. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for June.

HOW THE NEWSPAPERS HANDLE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS. Trumbull White. *Appleton's Magazine* (18 c.) for June.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. With portrait. *Broadway Magazine* (18 c.) for June.

CONCERNING THE TELLING OF A STORY. Archibald Dunn. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for June.

UNAUTHORIZED ALTERATIONS IN A SERIAL STORY. Harold Hardy. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for June.

LITERARY OPPORTUNITIES IN PENNSYLVANIA-GERMANY. W. H. Richardson. *Pennsylvania-German* (18 c.) for June.

TURNING TREES INTO PAPER. Illustrated. George Allan England. *Van Norden Magazine* (18 c.) for June.

MR. DE MORGAN'S HABITS OF WORK. Bram Stoker. *World's Work* for June.

"JOE" HOWARD, JR., JOURNALIST AND GENTLEMAN. With portrait. Alfred Henry Lewis. *Human Life* (13 c.) for June.

A MAKER OF LAUGHS (F. P. Opper). With portrait. *Human Life* (13 c.) for June.

THE NEW COLOUR-PHOTOGRAPHY. Illustrated. R. Child Bayley. *Strand* (18 c.) for June.

HOW A PICTURE IS COMPOSED. Illustrated from paintings. Charles Gunther. *Strand* (18 c.) for June.

CERVANTES AS A DRAMATIST. Milton A. Buchanan. *Modern Language Notes* (28 c.) for June.

SOME UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF LORD MACAULAY. — I. Edward B. Reed. *Modern Language Notes* (28 c.) for June.

CONCERNING LOVABLE HEROINES. *Outlook* (13 c.) for May 2.

A COMMENT ON THE SHORT STORY. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Outlook* (13 c.) for May 16.

PASTOR FRENSSEN (The German Dickens). Illustrated. Robert Haven Schauffler. *Outlook* (13 c.) for May 23.

WHERE THE FAIRY TALES CAME FROM (The Home of Hans Christian Andersen.) Illustrated. W. R. Prior. *Collier's* (13 c.) for May 16.

THE SHORT STORY. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for May 23.

WHY PLAYS FAIL. Daniel Frohman. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for May 23.

NEWS AND NOTES.

There will be no new copyright law before the next session of congress. The House committee on patents has delegated the drafting of a new copyright bill to a sub-committee of seven members, with instructions to report to the full committee before the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger ("Julien Gordon") was married May 11 to Wade Chance, of Canton, O., and London.

The writers who form the subject of Winifred Stephens's book, "French Novelists of To-day," are Anatole France, Maurice Barrès, Marcel Prévost, Paul Bourget, René Bazin, Edouard Rod, Pierre Loti, and the lady who uses the pseudonym "Pierre de Coulevain."

"Materials and Methods of Fiction" has been published by the Baker & Taylor Company. Clayton Hamilton, assistant editor of the Forum, is the author, and the volume carries an introduction by Professor Brander Matthews.

Many of Rousseau's letters, hitherto unpublished, are to appear in the forthcoming book on "Rousseau and the Women He Loved," by Francis Gribble, author of "George Sand and Her Lovers." Much new material has been found since the publication in 1873 of Mr. Morley's "Rousseau," and Mr. Gribble has missed nothing of this.

For their latest Beacon Biography, Small, Maynard, & Co. have in preparation a life of Poe written by John Macy, who has had access to a large part of the correspondence collected by Eugene L. Didier for his work published some thirty years ago.

The Boston Book Company has brought out the first volume of "The Magazine Subject-Index: a subject-index to seventy-nine American and English periodicals, forty-four indexed from their first issues to December 31, 1907, thirty-five indexed for the year 1907." This work, which has been compiled by Frederick Winthrop Faxon, is unique in that it indexes nothing that is included in Poole's Index, the "Library Index" or "Reader's Guide," and therefore supplies a welcome link in periodical literature, as it places seventy-nine sets of periodicals within easy reach of the public, the student, and the investigator. The index of the magazines included in "The Magazine Subject-Index" is continued quarterly in the Bulletin of Bibliography, and will be cumulated annually.

The Gray Goose, Deposit, N. Y., offers seven cash prizes, ranging from $50 to $100 each, for the best stories submitted before October 31. The editor says: "We want strong and ingenious tales of mystery; stories of weirdness with real thrill; detective stories and stories of adventure out of the beaten track. In addition, we will consider for the prizes well-told stories of business life. Heart interest in any story is to be desired. Above everything else, the Gray Goose will hold the standard of something new in plot and situation; something distinctive that does not potter down the deep-worn path of conventional fiction. The stories should not exceed 6,000 words in length. Preferably, stories to compete for prizes should be 5,000 words long, or less. All manuscripts, to be considered, must be typewritten, with return postage enclosed, and in each case the manuscript marked plainly: 'In competition for the Gray Goose cash prizes.' We reserve the right to purchase, at rates to be agreed upon, stories which may prove available, but which are not awarded a prize."

The Bohemian Magazine, Deposit, N. Y., offers prizes of $500, $175, $125, $100, and $100 for the best short stories submitted before October 31, but it requires the sending of a coupon, printed in the magazine, with the manuscript.

The Nunc Licet Press, 42 Coulter street, Philadelphia, Penn., announces: "We will pay five hundred dollars for the manuscript of a novel of from 40,000 to 60,000 words, or thereabouts, that shall bring out the New Church truth in regard to the Atonement as a living principle in the life of to-day, presented in such a way that this central thought shall be brought out by the life portrayed and without the use of preaching or theological discussion. Although naming the Atonement as the subject for the novel, we would not limit any writer to any one subject, further than to say that some one fundamental New Church truth must be the central thought. For a smaller work than the one named in our offer we will pay a proportionately smaller sum."

Gunter's Magazine, which has become a 160-page magazine of romantic fiction, uses short stories, complete novels, and serials. Its editor says: "Stories along all the different types of romantic fiction are desired for use in its pages: the pure romance of 'The Prisoner of Zenda' type; the realistic romance of 'The Soldiers of Fortune' type; the historical romance of the type of 'Under the Red Rose' and 'When Knighthood Was in Flower'; colonial romance on the order of 'Janice Meredith'—and an almost endless variety of others. Stories of adventure having romantic flavoring will also find place in its pages; love stories, good love stories, are ever welcome." Gunter's will print each month several pages of short humorous material: jokes, anecdotes, humorous verse, satirical quips, and so on. Comic pictures in series will also be used—but only when executed in pen and ink or line drawings.

The Southern Literary Messenger, Edgar Allan Poe's old publication, is to be revived. It will be issued from Richmond, Va., beginning next January, as a distinctively Southern literary magazine. The magazine will be printed by the J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia.

The Broadway Magazine is now in its new quarters, Marbridge building, New York. Benjamin B. Hampton is now the principal owner of the magazine, with the title of editor and publisher.

Marrion Wilcox has become editor-in-chief of Tropical America (New York). G. M. L. Brown, the founder of the magazine, will continue as managing editor and business manager.

Lewis N. Cushman, vice-president of the Cushman Company of Springfield, Mass., publisher of the Woman's Home Journal and Popular Fashions, two monthly periodicals, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. His liabilities are reported to be about $87,000 and his assets $5. The liabilities are divided among about eighty creditors. The Cushman Company was capitalized at $100,000, and was located in Boston up to April 1, when it was removed to Springfield.

Transatlantic Tales (New York) is dead.

The receiver of the George Livingstone Richards Company, which published Modern Woman (Boston), has made a very discouraging report. The liabilities are $276.85, and the assets are practically nothing. The magazine had 35,000 subscribers.

Oscar Wilde died in 1900, five years after he had disappeared from London society in disgrace. He left debts to the extent of several thousand pounds and two penniless children. The copyrights to his books were almost worthless. One of his most notable books, "Dorian Grey," it is said, was sold to a bookseller in Paris for five pounds. Now, owing to the loyalty of his friend, Robert Ross, all Wilde's debts have been paid, his sons have been educated and well established in the world, many editions of his books have been published separately, and now a complete edition of Oscar Wilde has been published in eleven volumes.

Mrs. Humphry Ward at a woman's luncheon in New York said of the literary style of a popular novelist: "It is an insane style. It makes me think of the schoolgirl novelist who wrote: 'He sprang ardently forward, but a look of soft entreaty from one of Pearl's eyes and a glance of warning darted from the other in the direction of her aunt forced him regretfully back into his chair.'"

Albert Stickney died at Greenwich, Conn., May 4, aged sixty-nine.

Ludovic Halévy died in Paris May 8, aged seventy-four.

Professor Walter A. Wyckoff died at Princeton, N. J., May 15, aged forty-three.

Frederick May Holland died in Concord, Mass., May 17, aged seventy-two.

François Coppée died in Paris May 23, aged sixty-six.

Philip Loring Allen died in New York May 26, aged thirty years.

Edward Augustus Samuels died at Fitchburg, Mass., May 27, aged seventy-one.

Dr. Louis Frechette died in Montreal May 31, aged sixty-eight.

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AUTHOR AND EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

A number of interesting cases involving the relations between author and editor or publisher have recently been brought to the attention of the public. In the May WRITER editorial reference was made to the case of the young woman who unsuccessfully applied for an injunction against the distribution of the Delineator for April, containing an article of hers which she charged had been improperly revised and mutilated. One of her charges was that additions had been made to her article without her knowledge. Her contention that in making such changes the editor had gone beyond his rights was not passed upon by the court, which simply declined to issue the injunction, leaving the author to pursue her claim legally in some other way.

A similar question was raised before a Brooklyn court, in a suit brought by Charles F. Chamberlayne against the American Law Book Company on account of changes made in an article on the subject of "Evidence" contributed by him to the "Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure." Mr. Chamberlayne contended that in accordance with the contract made by the publishers the article was to be his work, and was to appear under his signature. When it was actually published, however, certain sections were accompanied by a footnote stating that they were "by Charles F. Chamberlayne, revised and edited by Charles C. Moore and William Lawrence Clark." The right to do this Mr. Chamberlayne contested, and in order to support the justice of his contention a number of editors and publishers were called upon to give their testimony as to the rights and usages in such matters commonly observed in the publication of books and magazines.

The testimony of these experts was practically all to the same effect. Richard Watson Gilder said : "Adding without consent new matter to an article is inadmissible, and there is no custom in the publishing trade by which an editor of a magazine may add to articles purchased by him without the consent of the author thereof ; on the contrary, it is the custom not to change, add to, or alter such articles except with the consent of the author and upon the submission of proof sheets thereof to said author."

George Haven Putnam gave it as his opinion, "based upon experience and knowledge of editorial usage, that the addition, without the consent of the author, of new material to a volume or paper, submitted by an author as 'in readiness for the press,' is inadmissible, and that such action on the part of editor or of publishers would give to such author legitimate ground for grievance." He added that "it is contrary to the custom of the publishers of books, or of publishers

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or editors of magazines, or of serial publications to make any additions, interpolations, or material changes in articles the publication rights of which have been purchased by them (leaving the copyright in the hands of the author), or to books or articles for which both publication rights and copyrights have been purchased, excepting with the consent of the authors of such articles."

Henry Holt went so far as to say that during all his experience he never had "heard of any custom justifying an editor or publisher in adding to any matter issued by him under the name of another person without the consent of such person; or even in subtracting from it in essentials, though trifling abbreviations not changing the sense are admissible where it is necessary to bring the matter within defined limits."

Isaac K. Funk declared that he had made it a rule in his company, and a part of his instructions to his editors, "never directly or indirectly to make an author responsible for what he did not do or say, or for the work or words of another." Mr. Funk said, however, that he does not apply this rule to slight verbal changes in manuscript.

It will be seen that all the testimony agreed in effect that material to be published under a signature, whether in magazine, newspaper, or book, cannot be materially changed without the author's consent.

In defending the suit, the American Law Book Company denied that it made any changes in Mr. Chamberlayne's manuscript without his consent, and showed that in the contract Mr. Chamberlayne specifically agreed that the company might reject any portion of his manuscript or make any changes or alterations in it which it deemed necessary. The company also showed that although Mr. Chamberlayne agreed to furnish a complete article, he furnished only about the first half of it, which necessitated the employment of other writers to complete the treatment of the subject "Evidence." Under these circumstances, the company claimed the right to publish what it bought and paid for, with an absolutely truthful statement of the authorship and editorship of the several parts. The article "Evidence" is a legal compilation, and not literature.

It is obvious that this case turns upon the actual provisions of the contract, rather than upon any question of custom. The evidence as to custom, however, is important.

In England the question, "What makes a novel?" has been submitted for decision to a judge and jury, in consequence of a suit brought by T. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, to recover damages from James Clarke & Co., who are also publishers. It appears that S. R. Crockett arranged with Mr. Unwin early in 1907 for the publication in book form of his serial, "Me and Myn, Limited," which had been running in a paper called Gibbon's Stamp Weekly. The novel was to appear in book form July 8, and Mr. Crockett was to receive a twenty-five per cent. royalty on all copies sold, the retail price to be six shillings, with a payment to him of £400 on the date on which the book appeared.

About this time Clarke & Co. had agreed to bring out Mr. Crockett's novel, "Vida," on the same terms, the publication to be from September 1 to September 30. Apparently the Messrs. Clarke understood that this was to be Mr. Crockett's regular autumn novel. At any rate, when Mr. Unwin announced "Me and Myn," they wrote to Mr. Crockett, saying that the publication of this serial in book form was a breach of his contract with them. To this Mr. Crockett replied that "Me and Myn, Limited," was only a light collection of stories on stamp collecting, and that as it was to appear in July it would not affect the appearance of the novel "Vida" in the autumn.

June 26 the Messrs. Clarke sent to the trade a circular, which Mr. Unwin made the basis of his suit. This circular said that Mr. Crockett had informed the publishers that no novel of his other than "Vida" would appear that autumn, and that "Me and Myn" was "only a light collection of stories on stamp-collecting, and not a full-dress novel." The result of this was that many booksellers reduced their orders for "Me and Myn," on the ground that it was not a novel, and Mr. Unwin went to an expense of £230 for advertising, to counteract the effect of the circular. Mr. Crockett wrote to Mr. Unwin that he had no hand in the circular, and that he had made "Me and Myn" a full-length novel,

"the only difference being that it was brighter."

In opening the case, Mr. Unwin's attorney said that in dealing with works of fiction there was a very great difference in commercial values — and in consequence a broad distinction was drawn by publishers — between a novel in the ordinary sense and a collection of short stories. The public would buy a novel written by a popular author much more readily than a volume of short stories even by the same author. It would, therefore, be a very wrong thing for a publisher to pass off as a novel a collection of short stories. In support of this, evidence was given showing that whereas the average sale of Mr. Crockett's books by Mr. Unwin — who published the author's first novel and also his next five novels, thus building up his reputation — had been 15,768 copies in the first six months of publication, the sale of "Me and Myn," giving credit for copies that were out on sale or return, had been only 7,927. Mr. Unwin contended that "Me and Myn" is a full-length novel, of, roughly, 100,000 words. It is a complete story in itself, he said, with a hero, heroine, love, courtship, and marriage. With these elements, he argued, it is a novel, although it could be a novel without a hero. John Long and William Heinemann, publishers, gave it as their opinion that "Me and Myn" is a novel.

The judge said that, as far as he could make out, a novel must have 120,000 words and something about love in it. One of the lawyers suggested that Johnson, in his definition of a novel, says that it must be a tale of love.

The court, in summing up, said that the whole of this trouble was brought about by Mr. Crockett. As a novelist Mr. Crockett belonged to a class which included poets and artists, and which was not supposed to carry on business in the ordinary businesslike methods employed by other people. Mr. Crockett, as counsel had said, wanted to "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds." First he sold his autumn novel to the defendants, and then he sold another book to the plaintiff to appear at a time when it was generally admitted that the sale of the first book would injure the sale of the second. The jury, after brief deliberation, gave their verdict for Clarke & Co., but the question, "What is a novel?" is not yet either officially or legally decided.

In England, again, not long ago, a publishing firm secured the right to print in translation the work of a German professor. When the translation appeared, the professor was shocked to find that sundry passages, in his opinion absolutely essential, had calmly been omitted. He wrote a letter of complaint to the Athenæum, and the publisher explained that in the series in which the book appeared it had been resolved to maintain "a certain standard of uniformity as to the amount of paged matter." The German author's book was too long for the set number of pages, and therefore it was cut to fit. The only comfort offered to the professor by the publisher was the assurance that the omissions which so sorely troubled him "were made entirely from exigencies of space and not from any want of appreciation or sympathy." This seems to have been one of those exasperating cases where injustice must be suffered because of the impracticability of securing redress.

On the other hand, Mrs. Eliza Humphreys — better known as "Rita" — has secured a judgment of $525 against Thomson & Co., publishers of magazines and newspapers in Dundee, Scotland, for damage to her reputation as a novelist by printing in their publication, the Red Letter, a story of hers which had been changed almost beyond recognition. It was brought out in evidence that in 1896 "Rita" published a book from a story called "The Sinner." Afterward she sold the serial rights to Messrs. Tillottson, and the story was published serially under the title, "The Grinding Mills of God," which (without the word "Grinding") was one of three titles suggested by the author. Without her knowledge, she says, they changed the title again, and the story was published in the Weekly Welcome under the title, "Nellie O'Neill."

In April, 1907, the publishers of the Red Letter announced "A great new serial,

'Katy Thorne, the Romance of a Hospital Nurse,' by 'Rita,'" and further describing it as the best story the author had ever written. When "Rita" saw the story in the Red Letter, according to her testimony, she could hardly recognize it. She found that the name of every character, as well as the title, had been changed, and that the book had been mutilated in a wholesale way, passages amounting to at least 2,000 lines having been cut out, and many other passages greatly altered. Her contention was that the publishers were liable to her either for libel because they had damaged her reputation by announcing an old story as a great new serial by "Rita," or for damages because they had passed off as written by her a story which had been radically changed. She went on to say that nearly one-fifth of the story had been omitted, including all the literary part, leaving only the shell. She particularly objected to the omission of a passage showing how a murder in the story was committed, which the publishers of the Red Letter had left out because it seemed to them too gory. She did not object to their changing "devil" to "fiend," or "Goths" and "Vandals" to "Philistines," but she pointed out a number of other alterations which grieved her deeply.

A number of literary celebrities were called into court to give their opinion as to whether such changes as the Red Letter's editor had made were justifiable. H. Rider Haggard said: "It is most unusual for a publisher to alter the name and character of a novel without consulting the author." Anthony Hope said: "I know of no journalistic practice justifying a publisher in describing a novel which has appeared before as 'a thrilling new serial.'" He had read "Rita's" story, and in his opinion the alterations had distinctly diminished the value of it. In his judgment, the omissions affected the reputation of the plaintiff. Egerton Castle, Jerome K. Jerome, and Barry Pain also gave evidence to the same effect.

On the other hand, evidence for the defendant tended to show that there is a general feeling in England that the serial story market is altogether different from the book market, and that when editors of newspapers reprint books in serial form they claim the right to alter and cut them as they will. David Donald, the editor of the Red Letter, calmly declared that he had altered names of characters and titles of stories over and over again, and especially had cut out descriptions of scenery. "In a book a man can skip all that and get on to the story," he explained, "but in a serial he can't, so he must have a fairish amount of the story in each instalment. We just cut out all the unimportant scenery, which does n't really matter. The additions," he went on, "were made by me with the object of improving the story. I changed Nugent because I wanted a name that anybody could pronounce. I altered Deborah because it could be pronounced in two ways. The first installment seemed to be weak. It was all about two nurses and a patient, and it ended: —

"'The patient turned his head to the wall, and like Hezekiah of old he wept.

"'(To be continued.)'

"I did not think that was a very exciting end," Mr. Donald asserted. "I left out the judge's summing up in the trial scene, because it was only a summary of the story. The name Gray was changed to Graham because the lady had Scotch blood in her veins. Dr. Dehayes, of Dublin, became Dr. Durgan because the name Durgan had an Irish look about it." The word "new" as applied to the serial meant, according to Mr. Donald, that the story was new to the Red Letter readers.

"Would you announce a play by Shakspere as a new play?" asked counsel.

"I can't imagine printing a play by Shakspere in the Red Letter," returned Mr. Donald.

The evidence of William Le Queux, taken by commission, showed his opinion to be that the writer has nothing to do with a serial after selling it to an agent, who would be justified in changing the whole story if he wished. Mr. Le Queux said that an editor might add to a serial, but he generally cut parts out. A story of his had appeared under six different titles, with the characters' names changed, without his permission. "New" in his opinion was a trade term, and he in his

business of serial-writer was quite prepared to have his stories cut to fit. When he wrote serials, he said, he became a journalist, subject to the peculiar conditions of journalism.

Alexander Kenealy, a journalist, testified that he had cut "Double Harness," by Anthony Hope.

Coulson Kernahan, who was formerly literary adviser to Ward, Lock, & Co., said: "If you write cheap stuff, it is unreasonable to object to its being cut."

Another witness for the defence was Gordon Richards. He averred that the excisions from "Rita's" novel were not damaging to her reputation. He had ruthessly cut hundreds of stories, he said, and added: "We always cut out damns. One of the most popular authors in England told me once that he had had 300 damns taken out by Cassell & Co."

The most interesting witness, however, was Clement Shorter, editor of the Sphere, and formerly editor of the Sketch, the Tattler, and the London Illustrated News, who testified that as an editor he had bought many stories from novelists, and that it was always understood that when a story was sold to a newspaper syndicate the syndicate had entire serial rights, and could do what it wanted with the story — at any rate, if it was not found out. Mr. Shorter was asked whether he had ever cut serials, whereupon he announced unblushingly that he had cut a story of Robert Louis Stevenson's, and went on to say: "I not only cut one of Stevenson's stories, but I changed its name. This was the story originally called by Stevenson 'The Sea Cook.' I didn't like the title for serial publication, so I changed it to 'Treasure Island,' and the story has been known by that name ever since."

The questions put by the judge to the jury and their answers to them were as follows: —

(1) Whether or not the announcement of a "great new serial by 'Rita'" was damaging to her reputation because it was an old story. — Yes; damages, £100.

(2) Was the publication of the story in the Red Letter damaging to the reputation of "Rita"? — Yes; damages, £5.

(3) When "Rita" sold her copyright of "The Grinding Mills of God" to Tillottson's, did she know that a subsequent purchaser of that copyright would claim the privilege of making alterations in publishing it in serial form? — Yes.

(4) Were the alterations made in excess of that right? — Yes.

(5) Did defendants pass off as work of the plaintiff work not substantially her work? — No.

Judgment was given accordingly. The trend of the testimony in the case shows, however, that authors who care for their literary reputations should take unusual precautions in dealing with syndicates or editors who want to buy their books for serial publication. Mr. Kernahan expressed the theory of the editors in the epigram, "A book is a matter of art, and a serial a matter for the mart."

Another case of interest to writers is the libel suit brought by John Murray, the London publisher, against the London Times, which had published a letter saying that the price charged by Mr. Murray for the "Letters of Queen Victoria" — three guineas — was simple extortion. It appeared in the evidence that under the contract Mr. Murray was to bear the whole cost of publishing the letters and suffer any loss that might be incurred. Two-thirds of the profits were to go to the editors — Viscount Esher and A. C. Benson, who had been instructed by King Edward with the duty of collecting and editing the correspondence of his royal mother — and one-third to the publishers. Mr. Murray was to arrange for an American edition, and pay to the editors three-fourths of the sums received from the American publishers of the book.

Mr. Murray, in defence of the price put upon the book, testified that the expenses of publication were very large. In giving details, he said that it was an extraordinary fact that the corrections came to two or three times the cost of the composition. In view of the distinguished position of persons who had to read the proofs, they were printed on the best paper, with a large margin. A thousand pages of letters which were not used in the book were also printed for the perusal of these persons. Payment for an amanuensis reached £950, instead of the £250 allowed under the agreement. There were 12,225 copies printed, 158 presentation copies, and 9,165 copies sold, of which 3,750 were taken by five subscribers. Mr. Murray

paid to the editors £5,592, and his own profit on 10,000 copies was only about £600 — about two shillings, eight and one-fourth pence per set of three volumes.

The jury evidently thought that the statement of the Times regarding Mr. Murray, "He has exploited the great personality of Queen Victoria for his own ends and coined the national interest for his own enrichment — into thirty-two pieces of silver, to be precise," was not justified, and gave the publisher a verdict of $37,500 damages. Lawyers' bills aside, therefore, it appears that Mr. Murray made more than ten times as much out of the libel suit as he did out of the publication of the book.

Still another question of interest to authors has been raised by the publication in the Athenæum of Maurice Hewlitt's protest against the publication in England of his short story, "The Spanish Jade," as a six-shilling book. Mr. Hewlitt wrote: —

"'The Spanish Jade,' written by me, is announced by the English publishers at the price of six shillings. I hope you will allow me to explain that the story is a short one (of 35,000 words), and that the price, which is that of an ordinary novel, has been fixed by the publishers against my wishes and in spite of my protests. Having parted with the copyright, I have no authority in the matter, and can only take this means of making my position clear to the public.

"MAURICE HEWLETT."

It is interesting to note that "The Spanish Jade" is published in the United States at ninety cents.

Lastly, there is the complaint of the author who has written to the New York Times Saturday Review to ask whether publishers or authors are the more to blame for the deplorable English to be found in American books, and especially in American novels. He tells of an experience of his own which has made him think that perhaps the burden of blame should rest more upon the publisher than upon the author.

"Wishing," he says, "to make some final corrections in a manuscript which had been accepted by a certain large and prominent publishing house, it was returned to me for that purpose after it had been revised in their office. And these were some of the things which had been done to it: Adjectives and adverbs — of whose use it is ever my aim to be sparing — had been interpolated where *they were not in* the least needed; contiguous sentences, expressing separate ideas, had been thrown into single long and rambling constructions which seemed to smash up against a period merely by accident; my own forms of construction had been changed to others grammatically wrong, which also distorted my meaning; on almost every page my own choice of words had been so exchanged for others of slightly different meaning, color, or emphasis as to cheapen and vulgarize the style. The list is already long enough to illustrate my meaning, although it does not begin to exhaust the tale of my grievances. Every professional writer knows the subtle ways in which a manuscript can be polished up until its whole appearance is as much altered as that of a slovenly woman after she has been well groomed and gowned. Well, it was that sort of a process to which my manuscript had been subjected, but the 'polishing' had been down instead of up. And the question I am now debating, in consequence, is, How many other authors have had their work subjected to just such treatment in the publisher's office and have then been criticised for their deplorable English? . . . The editorial critic of a large publishing house once told me proudly that American literature owes more to the publishers' critics than it does to the authors. And I truly begin to think that to them it does owe most of its bad English!"

Referring to this complaint, the New York Times Saturday Review says editorially: "That the author's account of the treatment accorded his 'copy' is an authentic story, we have reason to know; that the changes made were uncalled-for and in many cases quite absurd; that, in fine, the whole performance was gratuitous, officious, and injurious, we are certain, and that the offending publishers rank among the largest and most respectable houses in America we also know. Nevertheless we prefer to believe that the complaining author was the victim of a copy-reader who would find it possible to hold his job in very few publishing houses, and whose idea of his duties is probably not understood by his present employers. Most writers could report, we are sure, treatment in this respect at the hands of their publishers, for which they are grateful rather than indignant. Errors, lapses of taste, am-

biguities, and even absurdities escape the pens of the best writers, and are overlooked in their own revisions. The competent editor is a valuable friend; few are the authors who have not to thank him for salvation from many a fault. The officious and incompetent editor is, of course, a malignant and detestable member of society — no vituperation can do him injustice."

Obviously, so far as the relations of authors and editors and publishers go, the millennium has not yet arrived.

Arthur Fosdick.

BOSTON, Mass.

GETTING INTO PRINT.

When you have finished your manuscript — your short story, your essay, or your poem — you will send it to the Century, of course. That is expected of you, and knowing that you will do this, the Century has a large force of manuscript clerks and preliminary Readers, so that in all probability, if you have been duly careful about enclosing stamps and self-addressed envelope, your manuscript will come safely back to you without unreasonable delay.

Next you send it to either Harper's, or Scribner's, or the Atlantic — very likely to all three, one after the other, as lack of editorial appreciation or fancied unavailability causes the manuscript's return. After that you try the weeklies — Collier's, the Saturday Evening Post, Harper's, maybe, possibly the Youth's Companion — and then, returning to the monthlies, you approach Lippincott's, the Red Book, the New England Magazine, Ainslee's, the Broadway, and a score or more of other reputable periodicals, of varying degrees of fame — less ambitious than you were at first, contented now to appear in one of the lesser magazines, and willing to accept a smaller check.

Disappointed — much to your suprise — in your moderated hopes, with a collection of rejection slips now making a considerable bunch, you permit yourself to turn next to the magazine publications that print, but unfortunately do not always pay. It seems impossible, but you may find that even here your magnanimity is not appreciated at its proper worth, and that your manuscript, even though you are willing to offer it gratuitously, or for a subscription, or for a few copies of the magazine containing it, is unaccountably declined. What, then, is the thing to do?

Assuming that you are so unfortunate as to have had this unhappy experience — which is not, I assure you, an uncommon one — if you are irritable and easily discouraged, you will very likely tear your manuscript to bits, or burn it, and resolve to write no more. If you are more philosophical, if you are convinced that what you have written is really worthy of print, although it has been crowded out of magazine after magazine, perhaps then you will think of the opportunity for publication near at hand, the periodical that can always find room for something original and good, the paper that gives publicity, even though it does not pay — I mean the local newspaper.

The local newspaper! What an admirable thing it is! Its editor very likely will welcome the worn manuscript that has been declined so many times, he will set it in his best brevier, and even let you read the proof, and when your manuscript has reached the form of print it will very likely be read appreciatively by your friends and neighbors, you will hear their friendly comments at first hand, you will get the practical benefits of seeing your manuscript in print, and you will feel such modest satisfaction in your work that perhaps you will wonder why it did not occur to you in your inexperience to try the local newspaper at first.

Edward B. Hughes.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Room 414, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Mr. Howells, in the Easy Chair of Harper's for July, speaks severely of the literature of the past. Replying to the suggestion that he should make a list of the hundred best authors, he says : "We could not think of more than ten or a dozen really first-rate authors, and if we had begun to compile a list of the best authors we should have had to leave out most of their works. Nearly all the classics would have gone by the board. What havoc we should have made with the British poets ! The Elizabethan dramatists would mostly have fallen under the ban of our negation, to a play, if not to a man. Chaucer, but for a few poems, is impossible ; Spenser's poetry is generally duller than presidential messages ; Milton is a trial of the spirit in three-fourths of his verse ; Wordsworth is only not so bad as Byron, who thought him so much worse ; Shakespeare himself, when he is reverently supposed not to be Shakespeare, is reading for martyrs ; Dante's science and politics outweigh his poetry a thousand-fold, and so on through the whole catalogue." Mr. Howells evidently is the man to condense all the world's literature into a score of handy pocket volumes.

* * *

The report of the committee appointed to read the manuscript plays submitted to the American Humane Education Society in competition for the $1,000 prize offered for the best drama on the subject of "The Christ of the Andes" contains some suggestive material. In the first place, it appears that only eighteen manuscripts were submitted, and that only four of these deserved serious consideration. Of these the committee says : "'The Southern Cross,' by 'Don Quixote,' it was agreed, came nearest to being an agreeable, actable play, constructed with practiced skill, spirited and ingenious except for a falling-off in the last act ; but lacking elevation of material and treatment both, too much in the vein of light comedy rather than the grand spectacular drama the subject demands. 'The Christ of the Andes,' by 'Ximene,' on the other hand, was voted too poetic, mystical, and ambitious in literary style — a style which is, however, indeed strong and well sustained — for popular audiences and extensive use in the theatres of the country, appealing, as it would do, only to the most cultivated audiences." Here we

see the Scylla and Charybdis on one of which those who are ambitious to write a drama of stage value and literary merit together usually strike : If the play is really literary, it is not actable ; if it is actable, it falls below the mark in a literary way. To write a play with both virtues together requires real dramatic genius.

* * *

President Angell, however, is not discouraged yet, and he intimates that the American Humane Society may offer a larger prize for another competition in the fall. "In the mean time," he says, "if the writer of 'The Southern Cross' or of 'The Christ of the Andes,' making such alterations and improvements as may be deemed by them proper, can arrange to have ten presentations of his or her drama with proper scenery at a leading theatre approved by us, the American Humane Education Society will cheerfully pay to the writer the sum of a thousand dollars." In a letter to Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, urging her and her husband to take an interest in the production of such a drama as the society desires, Mr. Angell says that he will be glad to offer a $2,000 prize for the best manuscript, and makes some naïve suggestions. "Hundreds of thousands of horses," he says, "die in wars, after terrible suffering on battlefields and by starvation. It is quite possible to bring out this fact with great effect in a drama. Scenery can be used showing battlefields, and one of the scenes might represent a battlefield with dead and wounded horses. Another might represent army horses abandoned to die of slow starvation." As Mr. Angell is so deeply interested in the prevention of suffering by animals, it is obvious, of course, that the wounded and starving horses in the scenes he imagines must be painted.

* * *

A London letter to the New York Herald says : "I hear from Dublin that George Moore is engaged on what promises to be quite an original sort of a novel. In this Mr. Moore will relate a good many of his recent adventures in Ireland in the form of fiction. The characters will be real people and will be introduced under their own names. I believe that some of Mr. Moore's friends, past and present, are looking forward with apprehension to the appearance of the book, as his powers of realism are sometimes a little uncomfortable." Before Mr. Moore publishes his book, he ought to investigate the experiences of other authors who have put real people, under their own names, into fiction — notably that of the author of "Cape Cod Folks."

W. H. H.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

The governor says he had a good time in Washington and would have been glad to have remained longer if it had been possible.	The governor says he had a good time in Washington and would have been glad to remain longer if it had been possible.
Governor Hughes announced that the anti-race track betting bills would be brought before the legislature on June 8.	Governor Hughes announced that the anti-race-track-betting bills would be brought before the legislature June 8.
But I do not propose to improperly say in advance what my action will be on pending legislation.	But I do not intend improperly to say in advance what my action will be on pending legislation.
It looked then like the matter would be made the special order for to-morrow.	It looked then as if the matter would be made the special order for to-morrow.
Dove from a Boat and Disappeared.	Dived from a Boat and Disappeared.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Edwin Fowler, author of the $1,000 prize story, "Gabriel Hawke, Derelict," which was published in the Circle for June, is the principal of Columbia Institute, a preparatory school in New York, and for some years has written for publication only in the leisure of a very busy life. Hitherto he has devoted himself mainly to miscellaneous articles and short stories, which have appeared at intervals in many of the monthly magazines, but he will shortly have published two novels and a volume of poems. "A Strange Experiment" is a romance dealing slightly with some phases of occultism, but mainly with a strange nation inhabiting a volcanic island in the mysterious recesses of the Sargasso Sea. "Dead Man's Reef" is an exciting

story of adventure in the Spanish Main. Next year Dr. Fowler intends to retire from the scholastic profession, and will then give his time uninterruptedly to literature.

Hopkins J. Moorhouse, whose story, "Folly Stakes," was printed in the Red Book for June, is twenty-six years old and the son of an English clergyman, and was graduated from the Western University (London, Ont.) in 1902. He was formerly a newspaper man in Eastern Canadian cities, but he is now private secretary to Premier Roblin, of Manitoba. "Folly Stakes" was written before Mr. Moorhouse had ever seen a mountain and when, he says, he knew absolutely nothing, from personal experience, about the noble game of poker. He has since traveled clear through the British dominions to the Pacific coast, and has roamed about Puget Sound, but he says he would not alter the story if he had a chance, and he adds that he still knows nothing about the noble game of poker. Mr. Moorhouse says he has no preference for any particular kind of a story. He has written about old maids, demure maidens, parsons and tramps, lawyers and outlaws, with equal success, with settings to match. He has "bunked out," gone to church, "hoofed the ties," worked in construction camps, and helped with the lemonade at tea meetings — "all material," he says. Mr. Moorhouse is a regular contributor to the Red Book, the Blue Book, Munsey's Magazine, and the Canadian magazines.

Nina Picton, whose story, "One of the Toilers," appeared in the People's Magazine for June, is a native of New Orleans, but passed her childhood in Mobile, Ala. Later she went to New York, where she finished her education and entered the world of letters, her first novel, "At the Threshold," a religio-psychological work, being published in Cassell's "Unknown Library," under the pseudonym "Laura Dearborn." Besides this she has published a score of short stories and more than a hundred poems. After studying composition and harmony under Müller in New York, Miss Picton went to London, where she was a pupil in the Royal Academy, and then to Paris, where she studied voice culture under Madame Marchesi and Madam Ziska. She was a successful concert singer in London and in Paris, and after five years returned to this country, where she has been equally successful. She is now Mrs. Leavitt Mersereau, her husband being superintendent of the Bliss-Leavitt torpedo boat, with which torpedoes are now being tested for the United States navy. Mrs. Mersereau spends much time in writing, singing, and composing songs — words and music — which she sings in public. Before she became master of theory and harmony she says she heard, in imagination, a full orchestra playing, an entire chorus given, and great arias sung. She noted it all down in a rough way, and from this evolved the opera, "Zitanella," every word of libretto and every note of the score being her own. "I heard everything," she says, "choruses, solos, duos. The dances I saw, the lights, the various scenes. My room was a theatre, and the eye of my mind looked out upon every act. Often upon the street, in the theatre, in public gatherings, or even in the hostile atmosphere of a New York boarding house, the inspiration came; and when seclusion was reached, it was put on paper inside of a half-hour. The accompaniments were filled in afterward." Mrs. Mersereau's latest book, "The Panorama of Sleep," is based on dreams. The book will be republished this winter, and in addition she has a morality play, a drama, and two comedies, also an opera — libretto and music — in the hands of New York play-brokers. Mrs. Mersereau now spends her winters in New York and her summers at Sag Harbor.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Aldrich. — Early in 1855 Aldrich won his first secure poetic success with his "Ballad of Babie Bell." He was a young clerk in the business concern of his uncle in New York city. The death of a child in the Frost family gave the boy a profound and sincere sorrow that gradually grew musical in memory. Several of his early poems dealt with

it, and the poetization became more perfect as time went on, until in "Babie Bell" he struck a chord that found an instant response in the popular heart. The piece was written on backs of bills of lading while he was supervising the unloading at the wharves of goods consigned to his uncle's firm; it was first printed in a commercial paper, the Journal of Commerce, yet it seems to have swept through the country like a piece of news. It was reprinted in the provincial press from Maine to Texas, and it is hard to find one of those quaint scrap-books of the heart that our grandmothers liked to keep that does not contain it.

The sudden reputation that followed the publication of "Babie Bell" seems to have confirmed the young poet's sense of vocation, and with the somewhat sceptical assent of Mr. Frost, he left the ledgers and bills of lading to write poetry, and to serve, also, as the junior literary critic of the Evening Mirror, which was owned at that time by Willis and General Morris. Just at the end of 1855 an ill wind for certain of his contemporaries blew our young poet a fine piece of luck. James Parton lost his post on the Home Journal, whether by free or forced resignation does not appear, and the young poet-reviewer of the Evening Mirror was taken on in his stead. — Ferris Greenslet, in Scribner's Magazine.

Clemens. — In a speech delivered at the eighth annual banquet of the American Booksellers' Association, Mark Twain quoted some remarkable statistics that show the popularity of his writings. Included in the association are practically all the booksellers of America. Among other things, Mr. Clemens said: —

"This annual gathering of booksellers from all over America comes together ostensibly to eat and drink, but really to discuss business; therefore I am required to talk shop. I am required to furnish a statement of the indebtedness under which I lie to you gentlemen for your help in enabling me to earn my living. For something over forty years I have acquired my bread by print, beginning with 'Innocents Abroad,' followed at intervals of a year or so by 'Roughing It,' 'Tom Sawyer,' 'Gilded Age,' and so on. For thirty-six years my books were sold by subscription. You are not interested in those years, but only in the four which have since followed. The books passed into the hands of my present publishers at the beginning of 1904, and you then became the providers of my diet. I think I may say, without flattering you, that you have done exceedingly well by me. Exceedingly well is not too strong a phrase, since the official statistics show that in four years you have sold twice as many volumes of my venerable books as my contract with my publishers bound you and them to sell in five years. To your sorrow you are aware that frequently, much too frequently, when a book gets to be five or ten years old its annual sale shrinks to two or three hundred copies, and after an added ten or twenty years ceases to sell. But you sell thousands of my moss-backed old books every year — the youngest of them being books that range from fifteen to twenty-seven years old, and the oldest reaching back to thirty-five and forty.

"By the terms of my contract my publishers had to account to me for 50,000 volumes per year for five years, and pay me for them whether they sold them or not. It is at this point that you gentlemen come in, for it was your business to unload the 250,000 volumes upon the public in five years if you possibly could. Have you succeeded? Yes, you have — and more. For in four years, with a year still to spare, you have sold the 250,000 volumes, and 240,000 besides.

"Your sales have increased each year. In the first year you sold 90,328; in the second year, 104,851; in the third, 133,975; in the fourth year — which was last year — you sold 160,000. The aggregate for the four years is 500,000 volumes, lacking 11,000.

"Of the oldest book, the 'Innocents Abroad' — now forty years old — you sold upwards of 46,000 copies in the four years; of 'Roughing It' — now thirty-eight years old, I think — you sold 40,334; of 'Tom Sawyer,' 41,000. And so on.

"And there is one thing that is peculiarly gratifying to me: The 'Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc' is a serious book; I

wrote it for love, and never expected it to sell, but you have pleasantly disappointed me in that matter. In your hands its sale has increased each year. In 1904 you sold 1,726 copies; in 1905, 2,445; in 1906, 5,381; and last year, 6,574. — Harper's Weekly.

Moore. — F. Frankfort Moore writes to the editor of the London Express: —

"In your notice of my latest novel, 'An Amateur Adventuress,' you say respecting the heroine: 'Her story is curiously like that of "Diana of Dobson's."' I should rather think it is. Would it be considering this matter 'too curiously,' however, were I to point out that my novel appeared as a serial in a magazine more than a year ago, so that it would be more correct to say that the plot of 'Diana of Dobson's' is like that of 'An Amateur Adventuress'?

"I think, if necessity arose, I could add another chapter to Disraeli's 'Curiosities' without traveling outside my own experience. Some years ago it was thoughtfully suggested that the publication of my 'Nell Gwyn, Comedian,' showed a commendable desire on my part to make the most of the Nell Gwyn boom then raging.

"The point of the compliment was, however, somewhat blunted by the knowledge of the fact that my 'Nell Gwyn' had appeared in Pearson's Magazine the year before the boom.

"Again, some belated critics of 'I Forbid the Banns' pointed out how curiously like the plot was to that of 'The Woman Who Did.'

"These are but a few of the many 'curiosities' which have been brought under my notice within the past few years. Of course, I know that ideas are in the air at certain times. I could not imagine any writer — even a playwriter — plagiarizing from so simple-minded an inventor as myself."

Montaigne. — Describing the upper room in the round tower of the Chateau of Montaigne in Perigord, where the great essayist worked, a visitor says in the London Globe: —

"On the ground floor was Montaigne's chapel, above were his bedchamber and private apartments, while on the third story was a beloved bookroom. 'There,' says the essayist, 'I turn over now one book, and then another, on various subjects, without method or design. One while I meditate, another I record and dictate, as I walk to and fro, such whimsies as these I present to you here.' The walking to and fro seems to have been essential to production. Montaigne says his thoughts slept if he sat still, his fancy only went as his legs moved. Round the walls of the room stood the ordered ranks of books arranged upon five rows of shelves, while from the three windows the peripatetic essayist could not only overlook his own family and household concerns below, but could let his eyes range over fine and varied prospects."

Sand. — A writer in the Bookman describes George Sand's method of work. She joined the family at half-past one as they were taking coffee after lunch. Then she would garden or walk for an hour or two; between half-past four and six she wrote letters, then dined with the family and guests, and spent the evening with music or Sir Walter Scott. The novels were all written between midnight and six in the morning. Her secretary prepared for her a number of little copy-books. The same number of lines was written on each sheet, so that the number of letters contained in each work could easily be calculated, for the novels were sold before they were written, and the writer had to adhere to the stipulated length. No outline of the plots was ever written out, and the novelist wrote with incredible facility. When a novel was finished the manuscript was gathered together and put away for a fortnight. Then it was read over as if it were the work of another hand. A few cuts would be made and a few expressions would be altered, but never any changes of importance.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

A Rule for Dramatists. — A dramatist must never keep a secret from his audience, although this is one of the favorite devices of the novelist. Let us suppose for a moment that the spectators were not let into the secret of Hero's pretty plot, in "Much Ado," to bring Beatrice and Benedick together.

Suppose that, like the heroine and the hero, they were led to believe that each was truly in love with the other. The inevitable revelation of this error would produce a shock of surprise that would utterly scatter their attention; and while they were busy making over their former conception of the situation, they would have no eyes nor ears for what was going on upon the stage. In a novel, the true character of a hypocrite is often hidden until the book is nearly through; then, when the revelation comes, the reader has plenty of time to think back and see how deftly he has been deceived. But in a play a rogue must be known to be a rogue at his first entrance. The other characters in the play may be kept in the dark until the last act, but the audience must know the secret all the time. In fact, any situation which shows a character suffering from a lack of such knowledge as the audience holds secure always produces a telling effect upon the stage. The spectators are aware of Iago's villainy and know of Desdemona's innocence. The play would not be nearly so strong if, like Othello, they were kept ignorant of the truth. — Clayton Hamilton, in the North American Review.

The Use of Adjectives.—Two correspondents of the New York Times Saturday Review take exceptions to its editorial article on the use of adjectives, which was reprinted in the April WRITER. John D. Swain writes: —

"It seems to me that, had you stopped after remarking on the abuse of the adjective in the 'schoolgirl essay' and in general the efforts of young and inexperienced writers, your editorial would have been a stronger one.

"Enthused by the subject, however, you go on to eulogize the verb, 'the word of power,' and advise an examination of the 'writers who move you' for proof of your assertions, stating that 'a thing is better described by a statement of what it does than by an attribution to it of qualities,' and adding: 'Speak in verbs rather than adjectives'; 'Use the adjective discriminatingly, of course, if you use it at all.'

"The keynote of your editorial seems to be 'economy in the use of adjectives.' Still, the example you quote of economy, raised to the nth power, so to speak, is disquieting. I refer to the letter from a young man in Switzerland, who used but one adjective, and that one, 'rotten.' This letter, it seems, might have been written as a result of following your own advice. Certainly, economy could scarcely be carried further. Is the result more pleasing than the average 'schoolgirl essay,' with its exuberance of adjective?

"It is only by the study and the use of adjectives that judgment can be attained. The mere substitution of the verb for the adjective, if that be a possibility, can never achieve a pleasant or readable style.

"It is true that many writers who have moved most of us have been men distinguished for their powerful use of verbs. Such a man was Dumas, whose stories are one continuous and almost fatiguing movement, carrying us through page after page of incident, with scarcely time for rest and reflection; and it is perhaps true that no other writer has succeeded in getting along with less description, or reflection, or soliloquizing.

"And yet others are equally pleased, if not equally moved, by such a writer as Henry James, whose works teem with adjectives. Not to scour the whole field of literature, it may suffice to reflect that Flaubert's great novel, 'Salammbo,' denuded of its adjectives, would have to be relegated to the dust heap; that on a skilful and discriminating, but yet profuse, use of adjectives, regarded as veritable pigments, the entire structure of that marvelous story-teller, Gautier, is built; read any of his short stories in proof of this. Take, for instance, 'The Mummy's Foot,' and see how, in leading the reader through the subterranean tombs of the old Shepherd Kings, he speaks in words of granite, and conveys a veritable sense of chill and of unyielding rock as powerful as can be gained by an actual examination of the pyramids themselves. And this is largely done by a wonderful use of the much-abused adjective.

"Walter Pater, another author not despised by the discriminating, has no fear of the adjective. Stevenson bristles with adjec-

tives, used in the most ingenious and illuminating manner. The list might be carried on almost indefinitely. The truth of the matter seems to be this: For such stories as Dumas wrote the verb is splendidly fitted; but literature is not confined to intrigues, thrilling duels, or sarcastic ante-room dialogue.

"For the essay form, the adjective is demanded more than the verb. A reading from Lamb, Hazlitt, or Stevenson, or an afternoon with De Quincey, will reveal exactly what I mean.

"Under all the exuberance of the young and untried author lies a really startling paucity of adjectives; there are, numerically, enough of them, and even too many; but, like the repeaters at an election, most of them are counted over and over again. The same adjective is made to do service under many masters. The pretty girl, at a ball, finds her gown, her partner, and the general result of the evening 'stunning'; the hopeful tourist, writing home, discovers that his Alpine sunset, his dinner, and his vis-à-vis at table are 'corking,' or 'splendid,' and even the experienced author catches himself in the act of riding to the death some sore-backed adjective, because his adjectival vocabulary has never been properly exercised, and he has, perhaps, been taught the very 'economy' which has led to such bleak results in his hands.

"We may safely eliminate as we age, we learn to hold a more hopeful view of our reader's imaginative powers, and cheerfully indicate where once we demonstrated; but I cannot see that we learn to esteem the adjective less; we simply apply it more discriminatingly, to a less extended range of subjects. Its place can never be taken by the verb, or by the noun, and a painstaking study of the writers who have really charmed and moved us most will reveal a marvelous flexibility, an instinct, a nice judgment in the use of this much-abused element. We are conscious of its abuse in immature work because of iteration and reiteration of the same adjective; but few high school essays contain, page for page, as many adjectives as can be found in a fragment of similar length taken from Stevenson, or from Ruskin, or from Gautier, or from Maeterlinck, or from the friend of our youth, Dickens, or from hundreds of others not to be despised. It is not so much a question of economy as of subtlety, of the concealment of art. And if we must choose between evils, let us have the dear, enthusiastic schoolgirl, rather than the pallid, unimaginative youth, with his solitary adjective, and that one — 'rotten!'"

Discussing the same question, C. B. Gilbert says: —

"I quite agree with you that the adjective needs protection, but are you not somewhat extreme in advocating that it needs extermination? Is not use much better than disuse? As to misuse, I trust I am not giving offence when I illustrate from your own editorial. Why 'diminutive' in your first line? How can 'further' modify the meaning of 'regret'? And is not the string of adjectives, 'unnecessary,' 'formal,' 'empty,' 'idle,' and 'meaningless,' best described by itself?

"As to the etymological argument, is it not true that while the verb is 'the word,' the adjective is a later product of language growth, and, in many cases, like a definition stands for a final thought? It is often more tersely significant as well as more melodious than the verb which might be used to express the idea.

"For example, how could Hamlet's 'outrageous fortune' be expressed in verbs without wearisome circumlocution? It would take several sentences, at least, to convey all the meaning that is contained in the adjective.

"Is it safe to suggest to young writers an arbitrary rule as to parts of speech to be used? The fitting word may be any part of speech, and that fine power which makes an author 'moving' is not the result of arbitrary rules of choice, but rather of discrimination."

Poetry Is "Blasphemy." — Count Tolstoy, writing to an educated peasant of the Simbirsk government, who asked him for advice respecting his literary efforts, says: "Generally speaking, I hold that the word, which is the expression of thought and the manifestation of the spirit is so important that to confuse it for reasons of measure, rhythm, and rhyme, and to sacrifice clearness and

simplicity for like considerations, is blasphemy. It is as if the ploughman danced behind his plough. If he did so he would spoil the straightness and regularity of his furrow. Poetry, even when it is good, is, in my opinion, a very silly superstition."

Ownership in Authors' Names. — An interesting law case has just come up with regard to the subject of authors' names. Probably I am not the only person who has wondered what would happen if there should arise by chance a second Rudyard Kipling or Thomas Hardy who should set himself to writing novels. Very likely nothing would happen except an extreme annoyance to the original Messrs. Kipling and Hardy. Obviously the second Kipling and Hardy could not be debarred from the use of their rightful names. On the other hand, it could not but do great harm to the reputations of the first Kipling and Hardy to have the public mistake the work of other men for their own.

In the case of a pen-name, however, according to the decision in a recent case, the original holding of the pseudonym may prevent another writer from appropriating it. In the case in question a certain lady had called herself by the name of "Aunt Naomi." When she left the paper for which she had been working, she wished to take her pen name with her. The editor of the paper undertook, however, to keep it himself and to fit another lady into the pseudonym. The original "Aunt Naomi" protested, and the courts have upheld her, pronouncing her pen name to be her stock in trade and her own exclusive property. — London Letter, in New York Times Saturday Review.

Manuscripts Bought and Pigeon-Holed. — The discovery that a manuscript of "Ouida's" has been reposing for a year or two in the pigeon-hole of a London publishing house, while its author was experiencing all the miseries of poverty and sickness, emphasizes anew the variable fate attending the wares of the literary worker. Very recently one of the largest and oldest of our New York publishing houses instituted an inquiry into its assets in the shape of purchased manuscripts. More than five hundred of the latter were routed out of their dusty hiding places and brought to the editorial judgment seat for final sentence. Not one, however, was found to be available for publication to-day, although their authors, among them such well-known names as Bayard Taylor, had received for these manuscripts the best of prices. But there they are, the unused literary accumulation of some forty or fifty years, representing an expenditure of thousands of dollars, but worthless now simply because the matters of which they treat are, like many of their authors, dead and forgotten. In the case of these manuscripts, however unprintable though they are to-day, the authors were at least paid for their work. But it is not stated in the cable whether or not "Ouida" was paid for her unpublished novel. — New York Times Saturday Review.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ENGLISH AS A WORLD LANGUAGE. Brander Matthews. *Century* (38 c.) for July.

A NEW LIFE OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. Paul Elmer More. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for July.

A NEW ITALIAN NOVELIST (Sibilla Aleramo). With portrait. Marie Pastori Mucchi. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for July.

MR. HOWELLS'S WAY OF SAYING THINGS. With frontispiece portrait. Edith M. Thomas. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for July.

THE PERSONAL FRANÇOIS COPPÉE. Stuart Henry. *Bookman* (28 c.) for July.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS — OWEN WISTER. Edward Clark Marsh. *Bookman* (28 c.) for July.

A FRENCH ESTIMATE OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. Gaston Rageot. *Bookman* (28 c.) for July.

THE ITALIAN AS A CARICATURIST. Gardner Teall. *Bookman* (28 c.) for July.

THE STATE OF PSEUDO POETRY AT THE PRESENT TIME. John A. Macy. *Bookman* (28 c.) for July.

A CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM OF FICTION. Brian Hooker. *Forum* for July.

CREATION IN LANGUAGE AND CREATION IN LITERATURE. George Philip Krapp. *Forum* for July.

THACKERAY'S SUBSTITUTE. D. K. Janowitz. *Lippincott's* (28 c.) for July.

THE WORK OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE. With portrait. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for July.

COUNT TOLSTOI AT EIGHTY. Lyndon Orr. *Munsey's* for July.

WOMEN WHO WRITE PLAYS. With portraits of Lottie Blair Parker, Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, Beulah Marie Dix, Grace Livingston Furniss, Rachel Crothers, Rida Johnson Young, and Margaret Mayo. Lucy France Pierce. *World To-Day* (18 c.) for July.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS AMERICANIZED. — III. Agnes Deans Cameron. *Pacific Monthly* (18 c.) for July.

MY LORD HAMLET. Historical, literary, and psychical considerations touching the principal character in Shakspere's tragedy. John McGovern and Jesse Edson Hall. *National Magazine* (18 c.) for July.

NEW SUCCESS IN PICTURE TELEGRAPHY. Illustrated. Dr. Alfred Gradenwitz. *Technical World Magazine* (18 c.) for July.

A FAMOUS SHAKSPERE FORGERY. William J. Rolfe, Litt.D. *Youth's Companion* (13 c.) for June 4.

AUTHORS WHO ARE A PRESENT DELIGHT — BLISS CARMAN. *Journal of Education* (13 c.) for June 4.

AUTHORS WHO ARE A PRESENT DELIGHT — MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Jane A. Stewart. *Journal of Education* (13 c.) for June 25.

EMERSON AND THE YOUNG. Kate Louise Brown. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for June 25.

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING. E. N. Vallandigham. *Vogue* (13 c.) for June 25.

IBSEN TO-DAY. *Outlook* (13 c.) for June 27.

NEWS AND NOTES.

William Winter, the dramatic critic, who is seventy-two years old, was injured June 28 in a train wreck in Arizona, but is now at his summer home near Riverside, Calif., recovering.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the British Weekly, has his biography of Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") nearly finished.

A biography of John Oliver Hobbes is being prepared by Monsignor Brown.

The Broadway Publishing Company, New York, has started the publication of a small magazine of literary gossip, called Book Chat.

The Southern Literary Messenger, which will be revived next January, will have the usual departments — fiction, poetry, history, literature, biography, education, travel, industry, and the home — all with especial relation to the South. The magazine will be edited in Richmond, and published by the *Lippincotts* in Philadelphia.

The Forum, which has of late years been published as a quarterly, will become a monthly again with the July number, when it will "enter for the first time the field of fiction" — serials and short stories — and will have more space available for "special articles on topics of timeliness and importance in the world of thought."

Since the name of the Ram's Horn (Chicago) was changed to the Home Herald, the paper has nearly doubled its circulation.

Marshall P. Wilder is editor of the "Fun Lover's Circle," a new department which has been added to the Circle Magazine.

Schedules in bankruptcy of Robert Grier Cooke, Inc., publisher, of New York, show liabilities of $19,391 and assets of $1,024.

Melville E. Stone, of the Associated Press, has written a brochure on "The History of Journalism." Horace Greeley and Samuel Bowles are the only editors of modern times whose names are mentioned in it.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman has declared her intention of writing only an occasional short story in future, and devoting herself entirely to writing novels.

Anne O'Hagan, who is now Mrs. Shinn, has recently signed a contract with Smith's Magazine by which that publication practically controls her entire output. In addition to this, the author has a New England farm, which occupies a great deal of her attention.

Sibilla Aleramo and her story, "A Woman," are the subject of a study in Putnam's and the Reader for July, entitled "A New Italian Novelist." "Una Donna" appeared less than two years ago, but has already been translated into Russian, Spanish, and French, and is now being rendered into English, Swedish, and German.

Dr. Louis Honoré Fréchette died at Montreal June 1, aged sixty-eight.

Mary Elizabeth Hawker ("Lanoe Falconer") died in England June 16.

"Allen Raine" (Mrs. Benyon Puddicombe) died in London June 22, aged fifty-seven.

Mrs. Ellen M. Ames ("Eleanor Kirk") died at Weekapaug, R. I., June 24, aged seventy-six.

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THE MONEY SIDE OF BOOK MAKING.

First write your book — and, in this case, by "book" is meant a regulation $1.50 novel. Whether it be a study of life in New York's Italian quarter, or a romance of the Civil War, is of no particular consequence when it comes to having it copied — the charge for typewriting will be about $40. This expense may be avoided, if you are a man, by having a wife who is an expert on the machine.

Some writers of novels compose directly on the typewriter, but by general consent the product is apt to be of the machine-made order. Some country editors compose their editorials at the case, but they do not command metropolitan salaries.

Having received your typewritten copy, and having carefully gone over it for your own and the copyist's errors, the life of a New York book may be said to have begun. It is then incumbent upon you to offer the finished product to a publisher, which you accomplish by sending him the manuscript in a flat parcel (manuscript should never be rolled) with a brief letter describing its purport.

The publisher on receiving your manuscript records and acknowledges its receipt, and it is then turned over to one of his Readers, who may be a salaried employee at $20 to $30, or who may be an "outside" reader working at a dollar an hour. Sometimes a brief examination at the office suffices to show that the work is not suited to the publishing firm in question, but, in the case of a house which publishes fiction, each manuscript of a novel is usually examined by at least two Readers. If their reports agree on an adverse verdict, it is usually returned forthwith.

Having passed the ordeal of the Readers, and having been passed on by a member of the firm, terms are offered to the author and a contract submitted for his approval. The usual basis of compensation to a new author is a ten per cent. royalty on the retail price of the book, the publisher assuming all expense. In the case of a $1.50 novel, this would be fifteen cents on each copy sold. Successful novelists, however, receive as high as twenty per cent. There has been a custom of paying them varying sums in advance of royalty, on delivery of the manuscript, but latterly many publishers compromise by promptly paying royalty on the

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number of copies ordered by booksellers at the time of publication.

In the case of a new author, a small edition, usually under 2,000, is printed and bound. The cost of the plates, including composition and electrotyping, of a 300-page novel is from $250 to $300. To this must be added $100 to $125 per 1,000 for paper and printing, and anywhere from twenty cents per copy upward for binding. Ordinary book paper costs from four and a half to five cents per pound. A cover design will cost $20 or $25, and the plates for stamping the same $20 more. The cost of binding varies with the quality of the cloth used, with the amount of gold leaf, and with the number of different stampings in colored inks.

The cost of the plates of a book (the type pages), so large proportionately in one having a small sale, practically disappears as the sales get into the ten thousands. By and large, publishers reckon on a novel costing twenty per cent. of the retail price. Illustrations add to and are counted with the cost of the plates, but are rarely used in the case of a new author.

Leading publishing firms will not publish novels, even at the author's expense, unless they believe them to contain elements of merit and success. Such as they do publish, by new authors, they are generally ready to back with $200 of advertising (in some cases $500). In the case of a novelist of assured reputation and selling powers, they very likely may plan advertising campaigns sometimes involving the expenditure of from $5,000 to $10,000 in successive coups. If the book fails to respond, they retrench.

For a $1.50 novel a publisher will receive from "the trade" ninety cents per copy for small lots, varying sometimes to seventy-five cents for very large lots — though seldom under seventy-eight cents. His profit above the first cost of plates, manufacture, advertising, and author's royalty is the gross profit on the book. From the gross profits on all his books must be deducted his rent, salaries, and other running expenses before a net profit on his business is shown.

Running expenses of both authors and publishers are variable quantities. Both classes include members who own estates in Northern New England. If disaster comes to a New York publisher, he usually has to be unpleasantly public about it by going into bankruptcy. The author has the advantage of slipping off quietly to a cheap flat in Greenwich Village, and of waiting till the clouds roll by. *Arthur Stedman.*

The New York World.

A NEW IMPRESSION OF SOME OLD PUBLICATIONS.

A belated review of the Shorthouse "Remains" has recently said that "the distinguishing note of Shorthouse's work is a . . . warm-blooded mysticism," and it has further been pertinently remarked that fully to enjoy his chapters it is necessary not only to share his philosophical or literary and spiritual sympathies, but his more individual psychic bent, as well. A second reading of the fiction of Mr. Shorthouse, some years after a first acquaintance with it, has awakened some speculation as to how many of us may have discerned in the height of its poignancy his delicate expression of that same mystic note, the intuitive choice of words often so interpenetrating matter and form as to carry it even into the sound of his sometimes exquisite prose. The passage which strikes the keynote to the "warm-blooded mysticism" of Mr. Shorthouse is to be found in the opening page of "The Countess Eve." The paragraph might seem an introduction to the

psychic plane on which "John Inglesant," his most serious work, is written, and to all that he has written besides. It opens thus : —

"In the science of sound there are partial tones, which are unheard, but which blend with the tones that are heard, and make all the difference between the paltry note of the poorest instrument and the supreme note of a violin. So, in the science of life, in the crowded street, or market-place, or theatre, or wherever life is, there are partial tones, there are unseen presences. Side by side with the human crowd is a crowd of unseen forms—Principalities and Powers and Possibilities. These are unseen, but not unfelt. They enter into the houses of the human beings that are seen, and for their coming some of them are swept and garnished, and they abide there, and the last state of these human beings is radiant with a divine light and resonant with an added tone ; or, on the contrary, it may be that, haunted by spirits more wicked than themselves, the last state of such beings is worse than before. . . ."

Such was the aspect of life to Joseph Henry Shorthouse, and running pervasively through the fibre of all his work the genuine literary expression of his mysticism appears with subtle delicacy even in his descriptions of landscape itself. Take, for an example, this slight but exquisite picture from "The Countess Eve" of the remote and fateful lake seen suddenly from afar by young de Brie and the Abbess : —

"At the distance of some eight miles, embossed upon a plain of verdure, of woodland, and of vineyard, there lay, or rather hovered, before the sight, so delicate, and shaded, and ideal was the vision, the apparition, as it might seem, of a celestial lake. Of a color deeper than that of the most fathomless sky, its margin indistinct with snow-white reflection, like the hovering of shadowy wings, it seemed, from where they stood, to rise above the earth as a pathway and pavement of that city whose foundations are sapphire."

Among other instances of this delicate mystic expression in landscape one specially notes the significant touches in "A Teacher of the Violin," the details of distant outlook gazed over by the princess in her reverie from her window in the hill-palace overlooking her father's realm. The moods and exigencies of human life are throughout subtly intermingled with Mr. Shorthouse's descriptions of nature. An extract full of pathos is in the incident of the old prior, in "John Inglesant," walking wistfully across the wooded hills toward his cherished domicile, just before the preaching of his fearless sermon that was to bring on the undoing of his order. So interwoven, indeed, is nature into the very web of these psychic pictures of life, that we find it taking almost an active part in one scene of the life history of "John Inglesant." Inglesant is undergoing a fierce struggle with himself in the last hours of a sultry night, when a train of associations is drawn to his rescue by natural phenomena : —

"Why, then, did he hesitate ? Did he still partly hope that some miracle would happen, or some equally miraculous change take place in his mind and will to save him from himself ? . . .

"He gazed another moment over the illumined forest, which seemed transfigured in the moonlight and the stillness into an unreal landscape of the dead. The poisonous mists crept over the top of the cork trees, and flitted across the long vistas in spectral forms, cowled and shrouded for the grave. Beneath the gloom indistinct figures seemed to glide, — the personation of the miasma that made the place so fatal to human life.

"He turned to enter the room, but even as he turned a sudden change came over the scene. The deadly glamour of the moonlight faded suddenly, a calm, pale, solemn light settled over the forest, the distant line of hills shone out distinct and clear, the evil mysterv of the place departed whence it came, a fresh and cooling breeze sprang up and passed through the rustling wood, breathing pureness and life. The dayspring was at hand in the eastern sky. . . .

". . . What so rarely happens happened here. . . . the devil's plot had failed. It is not so easv to ruin him with whom the pressure of Christ's hand yet lingers in the palm."

Conversely to this (to leave the distinctly psychic note for a moment), in the fine web of these tales delicate natural features glide exquisitely, with spiritual significance, even into the delineations of human character — as in this description of de Brie in "The Countess Eve" : —

"His disposition was singularly sweet and placid, and he escaped, by an instinctive recoil, everything that was coarse or unpleasant. His religion consisted in following the good and the beautiful, and he avoided intuitively the disquieting and difficult aspects both of life and thought. The existence of beauty was to him a safeguard and an asylum

from all the attacks of Satan and of doubt. It led him to a Father in heaven. To him the long range of white summits were indeed the heavenly Beulah. Every lovely chord, or sunset, or mountain rill, or rocky valley assured him of a higher life ; and, safe in this fairyland, he could defy the distracting sights of evil or the insinuating whispers of doubt."

But the fine mystic note gains its crowning expression in the two or three pages from "Sir Percival" descriptive of Constance's solitary walk to church amid strange and delicate perceptions of strengthening influences. If, haply, the whole book could have been so felicitously expressed, its situations might not have seemed far-fetched (as now perhaps they do), nor would Constance's acute insight have then appeared overstrained. A great charm in the Shorthouse fiction lies in the variety of its style ; always smooth and flowing, it intuitively takes a special character with each varied subject. In "John Inglesant" it is rich and elegant, fitting itself alike to the exterior of its courtly scenes and to the rich romance of its spiritual episodes ; in "The Countess Eve" the subtle theme is handled (in its wording) with a touch of exquisite finish, while in "The Little Schoolmaster Mark" it is appropriately simple and clear. Then, lastly, that beautiful passage from "Sir Percival," just referred to, comes in a style so spiritualized that any technical phrase seems too material for framing its commentary, notwithstanding that it will bear analysis even to the sound-values of the letters grouped together in its chosen words. The phrases that we use for our finest matters — the rare sounds by which we express our sense of delicacy and exquisiteness — seem too gross for comment upon these fine sentences, which one may imagine, in spite of what we know of the author's careful methods, as percolating limpidly into his mind under conditions of utter peace : —

"The massive oaken door, studded with heavy stanchions and nails, swung to relentlessly, as though it shut me out from the lovely sunny garden, and from all my girlhood and my youth. . . . I turned with a sinking heart towards the flowery stretches of the chase, then in a moment all was changed. The gentle breeze, which had risen with the sun and followed it from the east, stole across the meadow flowers and the grass, laden with the scent of the summer morning, and murmurous with distant sound. An inexpressibly sweet and delicate melody penetrated my sense. I was about to say that the air was full of the sound of church bells, but in saying this I should have been altogether wrong. There was no perceptible sense of hearing, but a perception of melody in the mind which was independent of the ear, or rather which received the impression of music through the ear, after the sound had become so attenuated that all effect upon the ear itself was lost. I have experienced this feeling since, but never with such enthralling effect as upon this, the first occasion. I am convinced that I heard — heard, that is, with the spirit — the church bells ringing for miles around, though the nearest churches were probably almost, if not quite, beyond the reach of ear.

"The effect was inexpressibly spiritual and delicate, far beyond the most exquisite music of sense. It seemed to solace the troubled mind with a distant echo of the music of heaven, to suggest to the distracted thought all the 'comfortable words' that promise companionship, and presence, and succour in time of disappointment and of desertion, and of a lost hope. 'I am with thee always,' a sweet, clear voice seemed to say. A sense of fellowship, gracious beyond the tenderness of women, accompanied my steps. In that walk across the chase to church no one shall ever persuade me that I was alone."

Any detailed review of these books would seem unnecessary. As for "John Inglesant," that fascinating work has been much reviewed in past days. With its multiform interests (though appealing, perhaps, only to a special taste), its luxuriant material, its many imaginative teachings which each must extricate for himself, I will content myself with saying of it only that it is so romantically conceived, and so felicitously expressed, that though it bears the burden of many a moral on its tide, it altogether escapes the commonplace. Quite the same cannot be said for some of Shorthouse's smaller works ; he was not an equal writer ; neither "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," though conceived with much delicacy, nor his beloved "Sir Percival" are written with power enough to save them from a tinge of the conventional. "Sir Percival" may be, as a whole, rather thin and unsatisfying ; but the two or three pages here quoted from it

alone make the volume worth while for the lover of Shorthouse: that an entire book should be achieved in that fine strain were perhaps too much to exact of human effort this side the mystic boundaries. As for "The Countess Eve" (apparently his latest work), in spite of the fantastic and unreal atmosphere permissible to its somewhat allegorical subject, it comes very near — except perhaps in the last chapter or two — to the perfection of its kind. The works of Mr. Shorthouse stand apart. There is nothing else quite like them; and their finer merits easily elude one. To re-read them carefully is like the long gaze that discerns added stars in the sky. One or two scattered criticisms have of late taken the tone in reference to this author as of one who has only grazed the edge of "greatness" (whatever that impalpable thing may be) in his singular spirit of detachment from his age and kind; but when we recall the various writers who, by reason of some special excellence, have attained a permanent niche in literature, notwithstanding that they give no suggestion of greatness at all — in the sense of largeness or depth — it would seem that, aside from the unique interest in the matter of his work, the fit and corresponding beauty in the manner of its expression should not fail to win for it something more of that discerning recognition for which it is content to wait amid the fine half-lights of its own vision.

NEWBURGH, N. Y. *Leila R. Ramsdell.*

MULTIPLE PERSONALITY—A NEW PLOT HATCHERY.

The brain-weary Author, weak from the incessant hunt of the Plot, clutches at every new Plot-generator as a frowning Editor catches at a flaw.

The author who wishes to go plot hunting in the attractive field of multiple personality must go slow indeed, for the subject of multiple personality is by no means an easy one. The writer of stories whose plot depends upon the presence of more than one personality in one body should first of all master the authorities on this subject — Janet in France, Sidis, Hyslop, and Prince in this country. Perhaps the two books which will give the writer the best exposition of legion personality are Boris Sidis' "Multiple Personality" and Morton Prince's "History of the Beauchamp Case." Having mastered these two purely scientific volumes, bristling with plot-suggestion, the writer should read those novels which have coated the truth of medical research with the sugar of imagination.

Perhaps the most famous novel treating of double personality is Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." But as Stevenson had not at his command the mass of modern research on this subject, his work lacks scientific accuracy. "Archibald Malmaison," by Julian Hawthorne, has been pronounced by an authority to be the best exposition of double personality in American fiction. Of the recent novels, the best known which deal with multiple personality are: "Double Trouble," by Herbert Quick; "A Mortgage on the Brain," by Vincent Harper; "The White Cat," by Gelett Burgess; and the recent excellent work by Margaret L. Woods, aptly entitled "The Invader."

Here at last is a prolific source of plots. There are numerous cases in the researches of psychopathology which require but to be varnished with the magic fluid of imagination and the charm of style to be turned into the most interesting of novels. Ye, who are weary from the hunt of the Plot, try it!

BOSTON, Mass. *Joseph Lale.*

THE WRITER.

Published monthly by the Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Room 414, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

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***THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad street, Room 414,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XX. AUGUST, 1908. No. 8.

Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Few people realize how much manuscript paper an active newspaper writer covers in a year. Murat Halstead, who died last month, estimated his work at an annual average of a million words for forty years, and it is probably true that if all his writing for newspapers were gathered in book form, the result would be a library of 500 volumes. Very much of this vast amount of written matter was, of course, of temporary interest, but some of it was of high quality, and a great deal of it was of higher literary standard than many novels of the day which have given to their producers a reputation for authorship which Mr. Halstead never gained.

* * *

It is a well-known fact that the old-time writers of dime novels sometimes attained a prodigious literary output. The unexacting requirements of their trade made it possible for them to grind out with clock-work regularity 5,000 or 6,000 words a day, and the interest of the American youth in sensational adventures made such writing profitable day after day for many years. One of these writers, who began as a member of the famous Beadle staff, and who is still writing, has been the author of nearly 800 dime novels. He says that it would be hard for him to recognize his own work, except that he might recall an occasional pseudonym used at the time, if he should happen to run across some of these stories printed twenty or thirty years ago. For most men such an amount of literary labor, unpretentious though it may be, would seem a sufficient life work, but in addition this writer has produced nearly sixty novels, of better grade than his dime-novel work, averaging 80,000 words apiece.

* * *

The Paris Figaro has been discussing the question whether authors are long-lived, and in support of its declaration that they are, mentions the ages of a dozen members of the French Société des Gens de Lettres. Most of these estimable gentlemen have long since passed the three-score-and-ten limit, and their membership in the society and the Figaro's statement are evidence that they are authors, although it may be that none of them have achieved international fame. The

oldest author in France, according to the Figaro, is M. François Fertinault, who has just turned ninety-five. M. Felix Nadac comes next, having been born in 1820. Jules Breynat and Ernest Faroudier both date from 1821, and Armand Lafrointe and Frederic Passy from 1822. Four more members are aged eighty-four.

* * *

Here in the United States there is better evidence that authors are long-lived, and the names of some of the examples of literary longevity certainly are known in France. Next to Rev. Dr. Daniel March, of Woburn, Mass., who was ninety-two July 21, the oldest living American author is Hon. John Bigelow, who was ninety last November, and who has published a new book this year. Almost as old is Professor William Mathews, of Boston, who has just passed his ninetieth birthday anniversary, and is still engaged in literary work. Next comes Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was eighty-nine in May. Other American authors whose minds are still bright and active in old age are Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who is eighty-six; Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who is eighty-four; Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, who is eighty-three; John T. Trowbridge and Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who are eighty; and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who is seventy-eight. It is obvious that successful literary work is conducive to an old age of comfortable ease.

* * *

All publishers who have advertising space for sale are continually reminding everybody that it pays to advertise, and the success of sundry patent medicines is substantial evidence that in many cases this is true. Authors, as a rule, have not made it a practice to advertise their literary wares, except by submitting them to editors for inspection, but occasionally there has been a writer who has had confidence that his work is good, and has used the methods of commercial publicity to get publication for his manuscripts. The latest instance of this is the device of a Baltimore writer, who is enclosing to editors a half-tone fac-simile of extracts from the advance sheets of half a dozen leading magazines, each announcing an article of his published in its July number. The fac-simile also shows the heading of an article by the same writer in St. Nicholas for June. Above is the inscription, "A Month's Record — SEVEN Articles in AMERICAN Magazines," and underneath a typewritten line, "I try to *write* what people *read*." The fac-simile is accompanied by a circular, in typewriter print, which reads: —

Day Allen Willey,
Porter Building.
Cable address, "Daw Baltimore."

Baltimore, June 15, 1908.

In 1907 I sold *sixty-seven* articles to American and English monthly magazines.

Thus far this year I have placed for publication *forty-five* articles in American and English monthlies, including eighteen American periodicals alone.

The inclosed souvenir of contributions for one month shows the class of publications that I serve.

This is why I have the reputation of preparing more high-class literature for magazines than any other writer and illustrator in the United States.

There is no secret about it. I study what the editor wants, and try to give something worth while.

If I have not been of service to you, let me know how I can aid you.

Should you refer to this souvenir, I will thank you. It may pay to remember me.

Day Allen Willey.

THE WRITER admires Mr. Willey's enterprise, congratulates him on his apparent success, and cheerfully gives him the benefit of this gratuitous advertisement of his work.

W. H. H.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

The British ambassador wishes to highly recommend his butler and chef for the summer months, who is free now. Address, etc. — Newspaper Advertisement.	The British ambassador wishes highly to recommend for the summer months his butler and chef, who is free now.
I do not believe there can be found in the whole country a man so well fitted to be President. — President Roosevelt.	I do not believe there can be found in the whole country another man so well fitted to be President.
Evidently Mr. John Hays Hammond has more to learn about politics in this country than any man who has ever aspired to high office here.	Evidently Mr. John Hays Hammond has more to learn about politics in this country than any other man who has ever aspired to high office here.

Mr. Roosevelt goes out of office March 4.	Mr. Roosevelt will go out of office March 4.
Pair of trousers are thirty-three years old.	Pair of trousers is thirty-three years old.
The size of the mails are as good a gauge as any yardstick.	The size of the mails is as good a gauge as any yardstick.
Wrote over 300 songs.	Wrote more than 300 songs.

SELLING THE SAME MANUSCRIPT TWICE.

Readers of fiction perused with interest a month ago an exciting short story by a prominent author in a well-known magazine. Two weeks later, much to their surprise, they saw the same story in another magazine. The only thing changed was the title. If they expected explanations in the following numbers of the two magazines they have been disappointed. This does not mean, however, that the editors paid no attention to the duplication.

The first magazine, which is published earlier in the month than the other, was hardly in the street before its managing editor received a telephone message from the editor of the second.

"Where in the name of goodness did you get that story you call 'The Tale of a Yellow Dog'?" was the question that came over the wire.

"I bought it from Blank, who wrote it," was the answer. "What's the trouble?"

"We bought the same story from him, and it's coming out in our next number," was the reply. "We've gone to press, and there's no possible chance of tearing the story out."

It developed that the first editor had changed the title of the story, while the second let it remain as the author wrote it. There were a few minor editorial changes, but the two stories were otherwise identical. The editor of the latest appearing magazine has had a score of letters from readers. Some declared that they were certain he had reprinted an old story, but they could not be sure just where they had seen it before. Others asked sarcastically if there were not short story writers enough to supply him with new stories. Some even accused the magazine which had appeared first with publishing an old story. It was most embarrassing all around.

But what of the author who had sold identical stories to two publications? Both editors sent for him promptly, and he spent two uncomfortable hours trying to explain. He had no idea how he came to make such an error, he said. He had entirely lost track of the original manuscript, which had been accepted and paid for by one of the magazines some months before, but not until after he, thinking it lost, had sent a duplicate copy to the other magazine. He was exceedingly sorry, and would make any amends in his power.

The editors had to believe it was a mistake. It did not seem reasonable that a well-known author would send out two stories, expecting to draw double pay, without getting caught. The editors made lists of other stories by the same writer which they had in stock and sent them to other magazine editors, asking that the list be compared with any of Blank's stories which the latter might have. No further duplications were found, and the incident has been declared closed.

It is not the first time that authors have sent out duplicate stories and received two checks, although this is one of the few instances in which there has been actual publication of duplicates. A clever young woman who had spent several years in East Side schools as a teacher was persuaded by her friends to put into story form some of her experiences. She had heard of the difficulty new authors experienced in getting a magazine hearing, of the weary wait while manuscripts made the rounds of the magazine offices to a final acceptance or return. She made three copies of her first effort. She had little hope that it would be accepted, and confided the three to the same post-box addressed to as many editors of leading monthlies, with the usual "stamps are attached for return if not available."

The morning mail a week later brought her an acceptance, accompanied by a check for seventy-five dollars, which the editor hoped she would consider satisfactory. Her joy was unbounded, and she hurried about

among her friends exhibiting the check. Before she returned to her apartment from this joyous mission the postman brought another letter from a second magazine, which read: "We accept with pleasure your brilliant story of East Side life, and inclose a check for one hundred dollars in payment therefor. We would like to see more of your work."

The young woman was in a quandary. She had two checks for the same story, and all sorts of visions of arrest for obtaining money under false pretences and everlasting literary disgrace rose before her. While she was trying to decide what to do, an acceptance came from a third magazine, accompanied with a promise to pay one hundred and ten dollars for the story on publication.

She finally decided to accept the hundred-dollar cash offer, and to make a clean breast of it to the other editors. She told them frankly that she was a new hand, and that the three copies had been sent out with no intention to deceive. She had hardly hoped for a single acceptance. Would n't they let her withdraw the story? She was unusually good looking; she had a captivating smile, and her innocence of wrongdoing was unmistakable. The editors gave her back the duplicates.

Another incident is not so refreshing. A periodical published a story by a writer who had been a newspaper worker, which was valuable chiefly for the brilliant epigrams which the author had put in the mouth of his hero. It was published and attracted some attention. Then came a letter from the Sunday editor of a daily newspaper.

"How does it come that you use our epigrams without giving credit?" he asked. "You should make Blank write some new ones. You will see by the inclosed clipping that we printed every bright thing in this story three months ago."

The clipping referred to contained nearly all of the smart sayings in the story. Blank's name was appended as author. The magazine editor sent for him, and his reception was one big question. He readily admitted the duplication.

"The epigrams were mine in the first place," he declared defiantly, "and I have a right to use 'em as I see fit."

The editor cut the author's check in two and told him that it would be useless for him to submit any more work. The incident was reported to other magazine editors, and for some time this particular author was looked on with suspicion.

Some months ago a New York magazine received a manuscript in a man's handwriting, entitled "At the German Baths." The editors liked the story, but did not care for the title. They changed it to "Never Say Diet!" an expression which ran through the story. Two weeks later their London office sent a cable message saying that the story had appeared in England under the same title several years before. There was an immediate investigation, which brought out several interesting facts. The person who had sent the stolen story was a woman in the middle West. She had changed the original title to "At the German Baths," and the editors, without knowing it, had changed it back to the real title. The claim of the woman in the middle West was dismissed with a curt letter of warning. The check she was to have received was sent to the real author, an Englishman.

A woman in Chicago recently submitted one of Emerson's little-known poems as her own. It passed the first reader with a negative criticism, but the second recognized it as the work of a master. A letter of warning was sent to the plagiarist.

Another woman, who was employed as a stenographer in a publishing house in this city, copied a poem and sent it to a magazine as her own. The poem was accepted, and a check was sent in payment. When the poem reached the editor in charge of the makeup, he recognized it as one he had written years before. The woman promised to make good the check, but she lost her place on account of irregularities in her accounts, and the magazine never heard of her again.

At an uptown literary club three writers and a publisher had a discussion on the value of a reputation when it came to selling stories. A wager was made, and one of Kipling's short stories was selected for trial, the only changes being in the title and the names of the characters. It was rejected by three magazines and accepted by Kipling's original

publishers. It was withdrawn, of course, before publication, and the editors who had rejected it were informed of their anti-Kipling verdict. They were ready with defences. One declared that the names Kipling finds and invents add exceedingly to his stories. Another admitted that he would gladly accept a story that carried Mr. Kipling's name which he would not accept from an unknown author. — New York Tribune.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Edward Hungerford, whose story, "Simply," appeared in Harper's Magazine for July, is a native of Watertown, N. Y., an alumnus of Syracuse University, and a member of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity. He had five years of night work on the New York Sun, and three more years on the Brooklyn Eagle, and then branched out into railroading as special agent for the Erie railroad. He is now with the Brooklyn Rapid Transit system, and is gathering material for a novel that shall deal with life among the trolley men. He has had considerable work published in the Saturday Evening Post, Harper's Weekly, and other standard publications.

Nellie L. McClung, whose story, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," appeared in the Woman's Home Companion for July, is a resident of Manitou, Manitoba. Mrs. McClung has been a resident of the "Great West" for nearly twenty-eight years, having come to the United States "over the trail" from Ontario in the "ox-cart Pullman" when a little girl. Before her marriage she was a successful school teacher. Since taking up literary work several years ago, she has contributed to newspapers and magazines both in Canada and in the United States. "Sowing Seeds in Danny" is the first chapter of a book of the same title which is published by Doubleday, Page, & Co. The book has had rather a checkered history. Mrs. McClung has been a writer of short stories and verses for some years, and in the Christmas number of the Canadian Magazine for 1905 there was a short story over her signature called "Sowing Seeds in Danny." All who read it were charmed with the quaint humor and the "human touch" that so pervaded the tale. Among these admirers was a publisher, who wrote to Mrs. McClung and urged her to expand the tale into a book. After some time she agreed to do this, and the book was written and despatched, and was to appear at a certain date, but somewhere between Winnipeg and New York the manuscript was lost. The book had to be re-written from the first draft of notes, and this caused rather more than a year's delay in its appearance.

W. Carey Wonderly, whose story, "Rose o' the World," was printed in the Red Book for July, was born in Baltimore, and still makes that city his home. Mr. Wonderly says that he declared during his pinafore days that he was going "to write" when he "grew up," but later this idea was put aside to make room for another career. He had a Voice, and he says the Voice Scheme ripened and burst into flower at an age when he should have been busy with "ologies" and "isms." He secured an engagement with a big light opera organization. He rehearsed eight weeks, and the play's lease of life was limited to just one week. The heat, the work, the anxiety, and the disappointment exhausted him so that he went for a rest in the Blue Ridge region. While there he wrote his first story, "His Ship-mate, Miss Dane," which was published in the Smart Set for February, 1906. Since then he has had stories, verse, articles, and jokes in no less than thirty different publications, among these being Lippincott's, the Smart Set, Munsey's Magazine, Gunter's, the Bohemian, the Circle, the Woman's Home Companion, the Red Book, the Blue Book, the People's Magazine, Young's Magazine, and Brooklyn Life. A large number of his stories touch upon theatrical life, the charm of which, he says, is ever strong within him who has ever faced the footlights. "The Way," in the April Smart Set, was one of the first published stories dealing with life on the burlesque stage. "Rose o' the World" has a touch of truth running through it, as has "Milecete's Way," in a recent number of the

People's Magazine. Mr. Wonderly thinks that the stage is rich in material, but says that he who does not know the life had best let it alone. A poorly colored theatrical story is pretty bad stuff.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Corelli. — "When did you begin to write anything for publication?"

"Some verses of mine were published when I was about fourteen. But I never thought of living by my pen. I was intended for a musical career, and it was only when I returned from a two-years' training in a French convent that I learned it would be necessary to do something to help my dear adopted father, who was seriously ill, and unable to work as strenuously as he had done.

"I then tried my hand at 'The Romance of Two Worlds'! It arose out of a singular psychic experience, concerning which I shall have more to tell soon."

"The 'Romance' was a great success?"

"Not financially so. But I was very young, and the £40 ($200) paid down for it seemed to me a fortune. The publisher (Mr. Bently) left the copyright in my hands, and of course it has been a source of income since. Even 'Thelma,' my next venture, brought me very little when first published. But, though I needed money at the time, it was never my first thought. I loved writing, and I shall always love it."

Miss Corelli was asked what method she employed in producing her work.

"Well, I make it a point to begin work regularly every morning about 9.30, and I remain at it until 2 in the afternoon, producing on an average about 2,000 or 3,000 words. I write everything out with the pen, as I do not care to dictate and cannot use the typewriter. I have my manuscripts typed afterward."

Miss Corelli's "copy" is very clear, and almost without correction. The original manuscript of "The Romance of Two Worlds" looks as if it were a clean copy made by some one employed in writing legal briefs. — Interview, in Boston Herald.

Frenssen. — Pastor Gustav Frenssen, who has been called "the German Dickens," is the most significant figure in recent German literature. It was a great day for Germany when "Jörn Uhl" became a "best seller." Talking of his art, the Pastor said: "I take a model and let my imagination play about his character, putting in bits of other people, and of myself." I asked him whether he enjoyed writing.

"Most of the time," he answered, "it is a species of torture. I work very slowly, and it hurts. But sometimes the pen begins to run along smoothly, and then I actually get some æsthetic satisfaction from it — this morning, for example, when I was writing about a little child at play. Mine is such a wearing occupation that I have to take it easily (*so ganz gemüthlich*). I write three or four hours of a morning, but every half-hour I jump up and pay a visit to my garden or my wife. I can't hold out longer than that on one stretch (*Länger kann ich's nicht aushalten*). It takes me three years to write a novel, and I always do it over twice. There's one good thing about me, though. As a pastor, I learned not to mind interruptions."

"But sometimes," his wife put in, "he is so far out of himself that nothing *could* interrupt him. Once when he was writing 'Die Sandgräfin,' I heard a loud voice in the study. I peeped. There he stood by the desk, with clenched fists, pleading with Thorbeeken, his villain: 'Now, Thorbeeken, don't be such a selfish old brute, or I fear I'll have to drive you over the cliff!'"

Frenssen laughed with great appreciation.

"I remember, too," she went on, "that after writing the death of his hero in 'Hilligenlei' he was so used up (*angegriffen*) that he could do nothing for a week afterward."

"How could you make your African war story such a convincing piece of realism," I asked, "without ever having left Germany?"

"I'll tell you," he said. "When I was planning 'Peter Moor's Fahrt,' I invited veterans of the African war to come and visit me, and I pumped them drier than ever veteran was pumped before. I developed a

question-technic all my own. Suppose they were marching through a certain district: —

"'How did the soil look?' I would ask my veteran.

"'Brownish yellow.'

"'How deep were the ruts of the caisson wheels?'

"'Ten centimeters.'

"'Did you walk in the wheel-rut?'

"'No. Outside.'

"'Why?'

"'It was wet in the rut,' etc.

"In collecting such material, everything depends on what you ask, and how you ask it, and how much imaginative endurance you have.

"I believe my books succeeded because I was a pastor for thirteen years and came to know so intimately the souls of all sorts of people — also because I love those souls so well. I prefer to talk Low German with a longshoreman from Dithmarschen than to talk with any one else in the world. He is my real affinity. Aged widows and young maidens have turned their hearts inside out to me, and have shown me quite marvelous things. And nothing pleases me more than to have the old country people visit me and call me Gustav. Most German novelists live a life apart from their kind, writing about castles, and high society, and extraordinary people and events; but I think my books have appealed to people because they are simple and true and come straight from the heart." — Robert Haven Schauffler, in the Outlook.

Hall. — In marketing "Sally Ann's Experience," which afterward served as the first chapter of that popular book, "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," Eliza Calvert Hall experienced disappointment almost equaling that endured by Wescott with his much-traveled manuscript of "David Harum." For two years it went back and forth, and it had been rejected by most of the prominent magazines of this country when it finally found favor with the Cosmopolitan. — Boston Daily Advertiser.

Wells. — Though Miss Carolyn Wells is of the East and has never been of the West, it is nevertheless true that she became a humorist of the nonsense verse type under the guidance of Gelett Burgess while he was yet a leading literary light of San Francisco. She had been trying, without success, for several years to break into print, when she chanced upon a copy of the Lark, Burgess's magazine, and read therein his classic, beginning: —

> "I never saw a purple cow,
> I never hope to see one."

Straightway Miss Wells fired some of her verse at the Lark. Back came a scathing letter of criticism from the editor, in which he practically told the young woman to submit no more manuscript to him. Far from taking the hint, Miss Wells forwarded another batch of her work. It came back. So did many other batches, and with them came letters as sharply critical as the first. For over a year Miss Wells kept doggedly at her work trying to profit by these criticisms. Finally she had one verse accepted, and a year or two later her work was in demand. She herself gives the credit to Mr. Burgess for her training and success as a writer of nonsense stuff. — John S. Harwood, in Buffalo Express.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

A Defence of "Very." — The attack upon "very," so valiantly captained by Gelett Burgess, impels me to fly to the defence of that very serviceable and agreeable adverb. It is not often that I take issue with Mr. Burgess. The last time I denounced him for his "War-song of the Liverbone Goops." "Why Liverbone?" I asked; to which he rejoined: "Why not?" That closed the incident. But this time I mean to prevent such summary demolition by putting my foot in the incident and keeping it open.

"Very," I take it, is by no means a superfluity. It is a "very present help in time of trouble." When we're running short of ideas we use "very," along with other convenient, though non-essential, vocables, to slow up the outflow of thought while we're determining what to say next. It takes the place of "er" and sounds better. Meanwhile it is of inestimable value to space writers.

But for "very," many a hack who now smokes cigars would be smoking a pipe.

Nor is this all. Prose, as well as poetry, has its prosody. Half the charm of graceful speech is in its music. Now and then a sentence becomes artlessly metrical. Its lilt expresses a mood. It has a sort of Whitmanesque rhythm. And to get the rhythm you need to space your emphases with words not strictly essential. Of these, none lies handier than "very." Besides, there exists a certain prosody of thought. You want to indicate — as sometimes we can do by punctuation — a certain hesitancy or suspense of ideation, an impulse to retard for the moment some fine explosion. Tuck in "very" and it does the trick. Stevenson, for instance, gives a merry ring to a sentence when he says: "The fellow thought himself a very tidy villain." He gives an added tang to the notion he expresses. Elide the "very" and quicken the gait, and see what mischief you 've done!

But I think we especially need "very" as a means of showing ourselves in earnest. There is no blinking the embarrassment involved, for most of us, in being Anglo-Saxons. Lots of other folks, less ashamed of their feelings and most gifted in expressing them, can let loose their energy in violent gestures, fierce grimaces, and much shrugging of shoulders. Some even take the liberty of stamping their feet. With us it is not so. Consequently, we fall back upon "very." It saves our dignity, yet frees our pent-up enthusiasm. Without it we might blow up. At least, we should take some pretty unpleasant ways of making up for the deprivation. "Very," as a rule, is the expletive of the upper class. The proletarians, not thinking themselves qualified to employ "very," have recourse instead to a horrid battery of oaths. Their discourse bristles with allusions to the ever-popular Inferno of theology, to the process by which the wicked are rendered incurably uncomfortable, and to the very names of the Almighty — not reverently, either. From such blasphemies "very" saves you and me. It is indisputably a means of grace. — "The Clerk of the Day," in the Boston Transcript.

How the Castles Collaborate. — Speaking of the Castles, who are probably the most successful among the pairs of authors who write together, awakens the question, How do people collaborate? I suppose everybody who has ever tried to write anything has wondered how two people set about to write together, and has thought that it must be a very difficult proceeding indeed. I asked a London publisher the other day what he supposed was the process of collaboration.

"Well," said he with a laugh, "this is how some people collaborate," and he read me a passage from a letter which, by a coincidence, he had received on the very morning when I put my question to him.

"I wish it to be understood," said this letter, which had been sent the publisher by one of the joint authors of a weighty book he had agreed to publish, "that I am in no way responsible for Mr. So-and-So's (his collaborator's) work, as I have never seen a word he has written."

"That's one way to do it!" commented the publisher.

It is unnecessary to say that such is not Mr. and Mrs. Castle's way. Mr. Castle gave me an idea of how he and Mrs. Castle conducted their collaboration.

"It's a process of writing that is possible only between man and wife," said he. "Two friends might collaborate successfully in the writing of one or two books, but after a time there would be sure to be a divergence of interests that would spoil the partnership. In the case of husband and wife this divergence does not occur."

It is Mr. Castle, I understand, who does the actual writing, but every point as it comes up is discussed between the two of them, and Mr. and Mrs. Castle map out every detail of the whole story together before the writing is begun. Mr. Castle is enthusiastic about the advantages of the arrangement.

"For one thing, we get on so much faster than a single writer could. We keep one another interested and at work. In short," said he, "it's a case of two pens with but a single thought, two heads that write as one!" — London Letter, in New York Times Saturday Review.

A Hint to Authors. — If you want to see a woman thoroughly pleased, you must talk to her about herself, or, better still, write about

her. The author who makes woman the subject of his lifelong study is certain to be the recipient of her undying appreciation. — The Ladies' Field.

The Author's Income. — Probably no man's gains are so usually over-estimated as the author's. Laurence Hutton some years ago gave the public a glimpse into his profit account, which must have been surprising to people who think of literature as a prosperous profession. William M. Rossetti, in his volumes, "Some Reminiscences," is more explicit. He says that between 1869 and 1894 his literary income averaged about one hundred pounds a year. This was the period when he was very much in the public eye by reason of a multitude of articles and essays and not a few published books. Estimating by reputation and influence, one would have supposed his receipts to have been ten times this amount. Fortunately, like so many Englishmen of letters, he held a government post which secured him a competent income. That a writer so widely known and so industrious could only clear the meagre amount stated above is a revelation. — The Dial.

"Novels With Purpose." — As to "novels with a purpose," I am inclined to think that if a novelist imagines that he or she is going to conquer art by much preaching, that the novel is merely the pamphlet or the sermon writ long, that "prose is verse and verse is merely prose" — then, in the words of Goldsmith, "nothing can exceed the vanity of his existence but the folly of his pursuits." It is no good opening out "Cauld harangues on practice and on morals." Nothing has any power in the world of art but the things of feeling and the things of beauty. On that we all agree. What is sincere — what touches the artist before it is offered to the public, that we all agree is the first, almost the only, condition of good work. But that condition includes much that the critics are often ready to deny us. If the play of religious opinion, or social reform, or political power, as they affect human life, is what interests the writer, and if that writer is drawn toward the form of the novel, what authority bars the way? The only point to be considered is — can he touch other minds, can he throw what he has to say into shapes that move and live? And that turns upon another question. Can he see these things and reproduce them, not as the student sees and reproduces them, but as the artist sees them interpreted through the forms of human life, and interfused with beauty or with terror. If he can, let the critic say what he will. — Mrs. Humphry Ward.

George Meredith on English Versifying. — In the introduction to the collected works of Mrs. Shorter, George Meredith says: —

"There has been of late a cry for the more rigid enforcement of rhyme: strange to hear when the many writers of verse are wearing the poor stock we have to shreds. That hard, consonantal smack on the ear of an exact similarity of sound is required in what is called our heroic verse, which relies for its effects on the timely clapper. In lyrics the demand for music is imperative, and as quantity is denied to the English tongue, rhymes there must be. Unhappily the monosyllables chiefly in request are a scanty lot. Attempt to translate Heine, and our weakness in dissyllables baffles the experiment. An unrivaled instrumentalist like Mr. Swinburne, prince of lyrists, does marvels with the language. Lesser men, however correct their rhyming, betray the cramp of their hand in frequent repetitions of the rhymes."

The Rewards of Authorship. — Arnold Bennett, an English writer, says that the English author enjoys a fifty per cent. higher financial reward now than he could get fifteen years ago, and that this is largely credited to the activities of the literary agent. "Nineteen-twentieths of all the literary affairs of London are, it is estimated, transacted by six literary agents, with admirable results for everybody." Mr. Bennett gives some particulars of prices paid to popular novelists by one or two popular magazines. "The Strand and Blackwood," he says, "will pay as much as £3 to £5 per thousand words, while second-rate magazines pay a minimum rate of two guineas per thousand words. As to the maximum — but there is no maximum in this plutocratic world, and the novelists, instead of being paid by the thousand words, are paid by the word.

When Robert Louis Stevenson died (in 1894) his rate stood at sixpence a word, but to-day this would not be considered extraordinary. Pearson's Magazine paid Mr. Kipling a shilling a word for 'Captains Courageous,' and for the last series of 'Sherlock Holmes' stories Sir Arthur Conan Doyle received £750 a story, which is equivalent to about three shillings a word, or thirty shillings a line." The Strand Magazine, according to Mr. Bennett, pays H. G. Wells something like £33 per thousand words, and Mrs. Humphry Ward is said to receive more than £10,000 for 100,000 words from American magazines.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

"BOZ" AND BOULOGNE. Deshler Welch. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for August.

A GROUP OF ALDRICH LETTERS. With portrait. Ferris Greenslet. *Century* (38 c.) for August.

COPYRIGHT IN MECHANICAL MUSIC. Topics of the Time, *Century* (38 c.) for August.

HONEST LITERARY CRITICISM. Charles Miner Thompson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

THOREAU'S "MAINE WOODS." Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

THE IBSEN HARVEST. Archibald Henderson. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

GEORGE BANCROFT. William M. Sloane. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for August.

SOME GLIMPSES OF THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE REMUS." Caroline Ticknor. *Bookman* (28 c.) for August.

THE SALON OF THE HUMORISTS. Alvan F. Sanborn. *Bookman* (28 c.) for August.

LITERARY CRITICISM IN ENGLAND. Brander Matthews. *Forum* for August.

A NEW CHARACTER IN FICTION. Mark K. Ford. *Forum* for August.

LAFCADIO HEARN. Edward C. Marsh. *Forum* for August.

THE ACTOR AND THE DRAMATIST. Clayton Hamilton. *Forum* for August.

THE MORALS OF THE MODERN HEROINE. Elizabeth Bisland. *North American Review* (38 c.) for August.

THE NATURE, ORIGIN, AND FUNCTION OF HUMOR. Dr. Linus W. Kline. *Popular Science Monthly* for August.

THE ILLUSTRATORS OF THE MAGAZINES. Illustrated. Gustavus C. Widney. *World To-Day* (18 c.) for August.

A GREAT AMERICAN JOURNALIST (Murat Halstead). With portrait. *American Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for August.

THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE REMUS" (Joel Chandler Harris). With portrait. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for August.

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE, "POET OF CANADA." With portrait. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for August.

THE AUTHOR OF "L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN" (Ludovic Halévy). With portrait. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for August.

HOW "LE PASSANT" WAS WRITTEN. François Coppée. *Theatre Magazine* for August.

SENDING PICTURES BY WIRELESS. Cecil Bembridge. *Technical World Magazine* (18 c.) for August.

MY LORD HAMLET. Historical, literary, and psychical considerations touching the principal character in Shakspere's tragedy. (Continued.) John McGovern and Jesse Edson Hall. *National Magazine* (18 c.) for August.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW HOME AT REDDING. Illustrated. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 4.

"UNCLE REMUS." With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for July 11.

AUTHORS WHO ARE A PRESENT DELIGHT — F. HOPKINSON SMITH. *Journal of Education* (13 c.) for July 9.

THE BULGARIAN NEWSPAPER. Felix J. Koch, A. B. Reprinted from *Newspaperdom* in the *Christian Register* (9 c.) for July 9.

MURAT HALSTEAD. With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for July 11.

"UNCLE REMUS." With portrait. *Zion's Herald* (9 c.) for July 15.

MEMORIES OF AUTHORS — OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Illustrated. William Winter. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for July 18.

ENAMORED ARCHITECT OF AIRY RHYME (Thomas Bailey Aldrich). David Wasgatt Clark, D. D. *New York Christian Advocate* (13 c.) for July 30.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Charles Scribner's Sons have made arrangements with President Roosevelt to publish in serial and book form the stories he intends to write on his experiences in Africa when he goes there to hunt big game next year. The author's payment will be by a royalty, which presumably is to be large.

Kenneth Grahame, author of "The Golden Age," has retired from the secretaryship of the Bank of England.

Ferris Greenslet's "Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," which the Houghton Mifflin Company will publish in the fall, will be the authorized Aldrich biography, and be based largely upon the poet's letters.

A new biography of John Keats, by Albert E. Hancock, will be published in the fall by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Aylmer Maude's biography of Tolstoy will be published in the fall.

A woman, "George Paston," has undertaken a new life of Alexander Pope. She announces that there is reason to believe that unpublished letters relating to Pope are in existence, and she asks for information concerning such correspondence.

A new biography of Henry Fielding, the novelist, is announced as the work of G. M. Godden. Hitherto unpublished letters are to appear in it, and a full bibliography is included. The miniature of the novelist now owned by Ernest Fielding will be reproduced for this volume.

"Confessions of a Tradesman," by F. T. Bullen, published in London, is a book of autobiography. It appears that when Mr. Bullen was a government clerk, earning about $10 a week, his wife received a legacy of $1,000, and they purchased a little shop in Peckham, "a picture frame and general fancy emporium." Mr. Bullen retained his clerkship, but the struggle to support the family was, nevertheless, a desperate one. Not until he discovered his literary aptitude and wrote "The Cruise of the Cachalot" were his miseries ended.

"Rita" has written the story of her life, and its publication was begun, under the title, "Confessions," in the London Saturday Journal for June 6.

The John Lane Company promises three new illustrated biographies in its series of Stars of the Stage. They will celebrate the careers of A. W. Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, and G. B. Shaw.

A volume of recollections which David Christie Murray left will be published this *month by John Long.*

A little book called "Sullivan and His Operas" is soon to be published. The author, B. W. Findon, is a relative of Gilbert's celebrated collaborator.

A "History of Journalism" is being compiled by Charles Capeheart, president and general manager of the Press of the World Publishing Company, New York.

Charles Hanson Towne has resigned his position as editor of the Smart Set.

Julian Harris, eldest son of the late Joel Chandler Harris, has been elected to succeed his father as editor of Uncle Remus's Home Magazine (Atlanta).

The New England Magazine has changed ownership, and E. Everett Beane is its new editor.

The Church Standard of Philadelphia, established in 1830, one of the oldest religious weeklies in America, has been consolidated with the Churchman of New York.

The World's Events Magazine has been merged with Our Day (Chicago), published by Frederick L. Chapman, owner of the Home Herald, formerly the Ram's Horn.

Donahoe's Magazine (Boston) ceased publication with the July number, having been absorbed by the Catholic World (New York).

The Overland Monthly celebrated its fortieth anniversary last month, and an interesting sketch, by George Wharton James, telling of the founding of the magazine, was printed in the July number.

Professor A. V. G. Allen died July 1 in Cambridge, Mass., aged sixty-seven.

Murat Halstead died in Cincinnati July 2, aged seventy-nine.

Joel Chandler Harris died in Atlanta July 3, aged fifty-nine.

Jonas Lauritz Edemil Lie died at Christiania, Norway, July 5, aged seventy-four.

Alexander H. Laidlaw, Jr., died in New York July 11, aged thirty-nine.

Mrs. John Cashel Hoey died in London July 16, aged seventy-eight.

Bishop Henry Codman Potter died at Cooperstown, N. Y., July 21, aged seventy-three.

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LEO NICHOLAEVITCH TOLSTOY.

A man who preaches celibacy, and is the father of thirteen children; who denounces war, and fought at Sevastopol; who preaches purity of life, and confesses that he has committed practically every crime known to man; who is an aristocrat of the aristocrats, and makes his own fire and dresses like a peasant; who writes romances that the world calls masterpieces, and denounces those novels as folly; who finds the inspiration of his life in the gospel of Christ, yet mutilates the Bible according to his own subjective fancies, rejects miracles, denies the divinity of Jesus, does not believe in personal immortality, and scorns the organized church and its ordinances — Count Leo Tolstoy is a living paradox; and yet this paradox finds its simple explanation in the fact that from youth he has been a hard thinker, he has changed his views with increasing maturity, has always been a prolific writer, and has, with a pitiless frankness which finds few parallels in literature, laid bare the secrets of his heart.

The external facts in the career of Count Leo Tolstoy are few and simple. Born August 28, 1828, of a father who was a count and a mother who was a princess, he began life with all the inherited tendencies of his distinguished ancestry. When we read of his professed love for the peasants, we must not forget that he tells us plainly that in his youth he loved still more his own aristocratic set, and that he had no sympathy whatever for the middle classes of society.

In his youth Tolstoy was not a diligent technical student. His career at the University of Kazan was a failure. Taking up superficially and rapidly dropping one subject after another, he matriculated in the mathematical faculty, dropped mathematics for medicine, dropped medicine for law, dropped law for Oriental languages, and finally left the university without a degree. In later life he overcame this inability to apply himself steadily to a given task. When he finally set out on his search for the "meaning of life," he devoted himself to that quest with an intensity that nearly wrecked him, body and mind.

Upon leaving the university, he set off with his oldest brother for the Caucasus, and became a non-commissioned officer in the Russian army. This outdoor life amid glorious scenery and bracing air, with the magnificent hunting which he found there, made an abiding impression upon the susceptible young Russian, and finds countless traces in his later works.

The Crimean campaign seems to-day so far

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behind us in the mists of history that we are almost startled to learn that Tolstoy saw active service in that stirring war, and that he fought at Sevastopol. His military career was brilliant ; even his callous military companions looked upon him as a real hero. This actual service in a bloody war gives depth and vividness to his great novel, "War and Peace." Tolstoy describes war as only a man can who knows by actual experience what a battle is.

After the Crimean war Tolstoy left the army with the rank of lieutenant in the artillery. In 1862 he married the wife with whom he has lived for nearly fifty years in a harmony marred only during these later years by her unwillingness to follow unreservedly her husband's socialistic views. She will not consent to her husband's proposition to divide his property among strangers, and cast her children penniless upon the world. To her practical common sense this seems an unreasonable thing so long as no one else is willing to take the same step. Her grief finds pitiful expression in these words to her brother : "It is hard for me now, since I have now to do all myself, whereas before I needed to be only his aid and helper. The education of his children, the care of the property, all have fallen on my shoulders, and then I am blamed for transgressing Christ's law of love and charity. As if I would not readily do all he wishes if I had no children ; but he forgets all and everything for the sake of his creed."

During the period which elapsed between leaving the army and his marriage, he spent the time partly at St. Petersburg, partly abroad, and partly in the Steppes of Bashkir, whither he retired for the sake of his health, which had become somewhat impaired. He could never overcome his dislike of St. Petersburg and the society of the capital. The civil service had no attraction for him. He had no very large fortune, and although his literary reputation was rapidly rising, his great novels, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," were as yet unwritten. He had always had a strong predilection for country life, and on his return from his trip abroad he retired to his country seat, Yasnaya *Poliana, and* devoted himself to literary work and to a school which he established there. In spite of the fact that Tolstoy is profoundly interested in popular education, and during his journey abroad had busied himself in studying the educational system of various countries, his school was a failure, partly, it should be added, because the poverty-stricken peasants needed the services of their children in the struggle for bread, and gradually withdrew them from the school.

From the moment of his taking up his permanent residence at Yasnaya Poliana until the present, his life, externally, at least, has flowed on tranquilly, presenting but little that calls for comment. During these long years, however, momentous changes have taken place in the moral and religious views of the man, changes which must be considered under two aspects, his works and his creed, for we must learn his creed from his published works.

Tolstoy has experienced almost insuperable difficulties in his attempts to get his works before the public. His native language is a sealed book to the readers — even the educated readers — of other nations. The translations of his works into other languages are notoriously inaccurate and incomplete. Some of his books and pamphlets have passed under the ban of the government, and are totally prohibited in Russia. His "Commentary on the Gospels" was solemnly burned in public by order of the synod. Tolstoy has found it necessary to go as far away from Russia as Geneva to bring out some of his books in his native language ; it is not surprising that, working under such disadvantages, the Geneva edition is carelessly edited and is full of errors. Some of the books which he was allowed to publish in Russia have been mutilated by the censor, who has not only stricken out what Tolstoy wrote, but has actually in some cases inserted words of his own composition.

The full list of Tolstoy's books and tracts is formidable. Even the titles of most of his pamphlets have not been noted in this country. Four of his novels are widely known in America, at least by title : "War and Peace," written in 1864-'69 ; "Anna Karenina," written in 1873-'76 ; the "Kreutzer Sonata," published in 1889 ; and "Resurrection," pub-

lished in 1899. Another notable work, though not so well known in this country, is his "Cossacks," which was written in 1852.

To one who is familiar with the life and doctrines of Tolstoy, his works take on a more profound significance. As Goethe said that all his works were but fragments of one great confession, so Tolstoy, with scarcely an exception, has taken the chief characters in his novels from real life.

We shall confine ourselves to a brief discussion of three of his novels — one, "War and Peace," written when he was still a young man; another, "Anna Karenina," representing his maturity; a third, "Resurrection," one of the last notable products of his old age. In the works of his youth and early maturity we are impressed by the appearance of unformulated doctrines which in later life were to become the guiding principles of his life. Thus, in "Anna Karenina," the fundamental moral teaching is the inviolability of the marriage bond, even in the face of what are generally called "Scriptural grounds" for divorce; here is a foreshadowing of the doctrine which is later to appear explicitly in "My Religion."

"Anna Karenina" is a powerful, an overwhelming novel. Tolstoy's insight into human nature as revealed in this work is almost uncanny. The tale is the old, old story of a brilliant woman who proves unfaithful to a formal, pedantic husband of icy rectitude. The end of the guilty Anna is an awful death by her own hand. "War and Peace," a novel of imposing dimensions, treats of the Napoleonic campaign and the subsequent events, from 1805 until 1820. The work is as broad as its title. "Anna Karenina" centred about one woman; "War and Peace" is the epic of the Russian nation of the beginning of the nineteenth century. The scene shuttles back and forth from the battlefield to the privacy of rustic homes, the thin thread of connection between the battlefield and private life being the young officers who from time to time secure leave of absence and pass from the barracks to their parents' homes or to official service in the capital. "Resurrection" is an elaborate exposition of Tolstoy's mature and settled views. W. T. Stead has well said of this work: "It is gravid with all Count Tolstoy's distinctive teaching. It is a kind of shrapnel-shell of a novel. The novel is but the containing case. The genius of the author is the explosive force which scatters its doctrines like closely-packed bullets among the enemy." The novel covers almost every topic of vital interest to modern humanity: Non-resistance, the employment of war as a settlement of disputes, government, the sex question, capital punishment, prisons, luxurious wealth, class distinctions, bureaucracy, ecclesiastical superstition, vegetarianism, socialism, the agrarian question, anarchism, nihilism, Christianity.

The vast range of topics in "Resurrection" suggests what to many readers must seem a real defect in the artistic workmanship of Tolstoy. His novels, especially those of his later life, are all part of a vast propaganda; he adopts the novel form simply to make the preaching more palatable. One cannot escape the inevitable and lengthy sermon. The plot is slender — all Tolstoy's plots are very slight; there is just enough of incident and of scenery to introduce the sermon. But what scenery, and what tremendous incidents! Even through the murky medium of a translation we see and feel the marvelous fire and color of the original. It may be a group of peasants mowing; we see the rhythmical swing of the heavy scythes, and we hear the heavy tread of the advancing feet of the laboring husbandmen. It may be a glimpse into the typhus ward of a field hospital; we get the pestilential breath of the deadly air that smites all whom it touches. It may be a battle scene in "War and Peace"; the description is so vivid and accurate that a Russian general says that from the military point of view, the description is inimitable, and could well form a supplement to the reading in any course of military study. "No soldier," continues this general, "can read these pages without saying to himself, 'He certainly got that incident from my regiment.'"

But the reader has to pay for his pleasure. A chapter ends with a scene of absorbing interest, and, as if this brilliant scene were but an episode, a bait to lure the reader on, the next chapter takes him into an elaborate dialogue or discussion on the emancipation of

the serfs, the true aim of life, or the supreme importance of manual labor. The insistent voice of the preacher becomes a little wearisome after a thousand pages or more — one is a little inclined to resent the somewhat obvious device of luring the reader on to an endless series of sermons separated by brilliant and entrancing interludes. Then, too, in a work as vast in extent as "War and Peace," the list of characters becomes really formidable, quite beyond the power of memory of the average reader unless he notes on paper each new name as it occurs. Even then the most careful reader is constantly puzzled by Tolstoy's habit of varying the name of his characters, using now the surname, now the Christian name, now the affectionate diminutive, now the nickname of his multitudinous characters.

To one who knows the private life of Tolstoy his books form a rich mine of personal reminiscence. When in "Anna Karenina" he makes merry with the pretentious ignorance of medical specialists, we see the Tolstoy who in actual life scorns physicians and medical treatment. In the masterly mowing scene of "Anna Karenina" we see the Tolstoy who labors in the harvest field shoulder to shoulder with the peasants. In the vivid hunting scenes of the same novel we think of the young Tolstoy himself who found in the Caucasus never-failing pleasure in the hunt for large and small game. In "War and Peace" we have a character who found for a brief time in the initiation into a secret fraternity the spiritual joy for which he had wearily sought; our thoughts turn instinctively to the Tolstoy who passed through a long and varied series of mental and spiritual experiences, each of which promised him peace of soul. Bearing in mind that his works are one vast autobiography, we are able to learn the author through his writings, and we can verify our discoveries by his own statements in his personal pamphlets.

The followers of Tolstoy may be divided into two classes — those who admire him as a great literary artist, and those who follow him as a great moral teacher and social reformer. We say "divided," and we say it advisedly, for these two groups are sharply *differentiated*. The admirers of his literary works are legion; the followers of his moral code are a small and slowly-growing group, confined largely to Russia and England. The admirers of his literary genius limit their reading of his works to his great novels; the followers of his moral teachings imitate their master in contemning these purely literary works, and in centering their study upon his later essays and pamphlets, and such works as "My Confession," "Resurrection," and the "Kreutzer Sonata."

The story of his varied spiritual experience makes a thrilling chapter in human biography. At fifteen he began to read philosophy; at sixteen he ceased to pray; at eighteen, when he left the university, he had abandoned all the beliefs of his childhood. And now we begin to read of a despairing search for something to fill the spiritual void left by the discarded religion. For a time he finds peace in an attempt to reach perfection in physical, mental, and moral attainments. Even in these closing years of his career this early search for personal perfection finds its echo in the passion which he still feels for perfection, but this passion has broadened from the ego to all mankind; the passion for the mental, physical, and moral perfection of an individual has ripened into a longing for the perfection of the race, but a perfection exclusively *moral*. The joy of this discovery soon wanes, and next Tolstoy finds his joy in the creed of the *littérateur*. The thinker and poet have a divine mission to teach mankind the art of life. This smug new religion lasted a whole year, and then Tolstoy discovered that the literary men of his circle hopelessly contradicted one another's teachings and led lives more shameless than the pagan deities of old. His new religion collapsed. Then six years of drift, with a temporary revival of the old creed of "perfectibility." Then marriage, and in the joys of this new life Tolstoy spent fifteen happy years. During these years his religion was the welfare of his family. Then another crisis, and a search for a new religion. "What is the meaning of life?" No answer, and life is drear. "The horror of the darkness was too great to bear, and I longed to free myself from it by a rope or a pistol ball." What is the meaning of life? He turned to science

and philosophy, and got no answer. He studied the lives of those about him. He found four answers given in practical daily life: First, the method of ignorance — do not realize that life is absurd; second, the method of epicureanism — get what you can out of life, and never think of the future; third, the method of suicide — understand that life is an evil and kill yourself; fourth, the method of acquiescence — know that life is unprofitable and still live.

Then, a desperate return to the services of the church — fasting, prayer, constant attendance upon the service. But the liturgy and creed of the Orthodox Greek church proved too much for his matured judgment; the doctrine of transubstantiation repelled him; the belief in miracles, the ceremonies of the church, the lack of love among Christians, the bitterness between the Greek church, the Roman Catholic church, and the Protestant churches alienated him, and he severed once more and forever his connection with orthodox Christianity. And now, free from all ecclesiastical trammels, at liberty to believe or reject what he pleased, he turned to the Bible for light. He studied the gospels. "I read and re-read them. Of the whole gospel scheme one thing had always stood out for me in stronger relief than any other — the Sermon on the Mount. And this it was I read oftener than anything else." One day he was pondering the words, "Resist not evil," when suddenly the light flashed upon him. He read the gospels again and again, and tested them by this single passage. All discrepancies and all mysteries disappeared, and ultimately he came to find the essence of Christianity in a literal obedience to the injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount. His joy was ecstatic. At last Tolstoy had found a satisfying religion.

The moral code which he formulated at that time, though subsequently amplified and developed, is substantially that which he holds to-day: Do not become angry. Be chaste. Take no oaths. Resist not evil by violence. Love your enemies. In most of these injunctions Christians would acquiesce in a general way. But Tolstoy is, perhaps, the only man who is to-day carrying out this code uncompromisingly to the letter. Look at the consequences which he deduces from his formula: there are to be no magistrates, no police, no courts, no tax-collectors, no army, no navy, no wars, no prisons, no oaths, no personal ownership of property, no patriotism, no marriage. "I think that marriage is an unchristian institution."

Let us consider for a moment a single one of these negations. There is to be no marriage. He does not mean that unlicensed passion shall take the place of marriage. Quite the reverse. He finds in the Sermon on the Mount recommendations of absolute celibacy on the part of men and women. Let no one think that he can silence Tolstoy by replying that such a course would lead to the annihilation of the human race. With Russian tenacity he has thought the problem through to the bitter end. Science predicts that the human race is ultimately to become extinct, and thus science and the Sermon on the Mount are in accord!

From this brief discussion of the logical consequences of carrying out Tolstoy's moral code, it will become evident why his following is so small. We discover in Tolstoy an intense, concentrated intellect, which lacks breadth and poise. Tolstoy finds, for instance, the nearest approach to human perfection in the peasant class, and the supreme blessing of life in manual toil. It is almost incredible that Tolstoy the thinker should see in the stolid Russian peasant the true pattern of life. What attracts him in these peasants is the calmness with which they support the miseries of their life. "They must have found the true secret of life, else they could not bear life so calmly," cries this unwearied searcher after the meaning of life. Even a member of an alien race can readily detect the fallacy of Tolstoy's conclusion. It is easy to show from Tolstoy's own books the real nature of the Russian peasant. Time after time, when the wealthy, landed proprietors of Tolstoy's novels are exasperated beyond endurance by the impenetrable stupidity and lack of ordinary forethought of the peasants, their answer is: "It had to be so!" This is no philosophy of life — it is pure, unreasoning fatalism; if it be philosophy, it is the

philosophy of a mollusk. Tolstoy considers these plodding fatalists the highest type of humanity, and would tear down our cities and reduce all men to the "it-had-to-be-so" stage. We are as little satisfied with his doctrine that manual toil is the supreme blessing of life. Brain work counts but little in his philosophy ; the truest measure of a man is the dimension of his biceps. Newton and Shakspere, men who worked with their brains, did not reach the human level of the pious peasant who slyly destroys the improved agricultural machinery of his master, and cries : "It had to be !"

In the later works of Tolstoy we find a violent tendency to generalize from insufficient data. Three chapters of the New Testament lead to a complete philosophy of life, and everything in the rest of the New Testament which seems in opposition to this lightning philosophy is unceremoniously rejected. Paul is wrong, Peter is wrong ; the later books of the New Testament are responsible for introducing into the world a baneful caricature of the real gospel of Christ. We see the same lack of poise in the pitiless way in which he carries out his doctrines. Do not consume more than you yourself produce. It is wrong to appropriate the products of other men's labor. It is wrong to avail ourselves of the services of others. The supreme blessing of life is manual toil. Therefore, says this consistent logician, cleanliness is sin if it be secured through the services of others. Carry your own water, heat your own bath, and in accordance with these principles we see Tolstoy devoting his time to learning cobbling. (Does he make his own tools, or does he avail himself of the services of others ?) It is wrong to ride on horseback ; and so we see Tolstoy's family traveling by carriage and train from their country seat to Moscow, while Tolstoy himself starts to cover the 130 miles on foot. As for railroads, they are anathema, for they lead to the rapid and unequal distribution of wealth among men. We see the same lack of critical poise in his recent outburst against Shakspere, an outburst which will not lessen the affection of his ethical followers, though it came as a blow to the legion of his literary admirers.

Leo Tolstoy is an extraordinary man, a man who deserves the careful consideration of every student of human nature, a man whose purity of life and conscientious devotion to duty as he sees it entitle him to the sincere respect of every lover of morality, but as a spiritual or ethical guide we profoundly distrust his judgment. He fatally lacks perspective. *Joseph R. Taylor.*

Zion's Herald.

NEWSPAPER EXPERIENCE FOR WRITERS.

So much has been said in favor of newspaper work as an elementary course in authorship that aspiring writers often question whether it would be wise for them to spend a year or so on the reporting staff of a daily paper, chiefly for the training that they would receive. If it were impossible to get such training in any other way, the time thus devoted would be well spent, simply as a test of the writer's ability, for if one cannot get into his writing the terseness of a newspaper report he is ill fitted for any kind of literary work. But to one loath to give up everything else to spend a period in the drudgery of a newspaper office, receiving only small pay and getting oftentimes the experience one wants least, there is another way, and it pays cash to the extent that it is worked, and does not interfere seriously with other interests. This other way is corresponding for daily newspapers.

Just as every daily has its staff of re-

porters to cover city news, so every paper has its staff of correspondents under a state editor, to cover all the news outside of the home city and in the territory of the paper.

This news is mailed, telephoned, or telegraphed by correspondents, and is what you often see in your daily marked "Special." The other news has been furnished by the Associated Press, or some other such organization.

All of these "specials" are paid for at regular space rates. These rates vary from $1 a column in small dailies to $15 a column for exclusive news in large city dailies.

The correspondent must use as much care and pay as strict attention to all the technicalities in preparing his copy as if he were a regular reporter. All he misses is an occasional personal "blowing-up" from his editor; but he gets something of the kind, if it is not personal. The editing of his copy is a daily course in criticism, if he will take it in the right spirit, and when some day his "story" fails to appear, that is reprimand enough.

So if one wishes to profit from a newspaper experience and at the same time realize a little profit, let him get an appointment as special correspondent.

A special correspondent differs from a regular correspondent. A regular correspondent covers everything in his locality, and does much work for little pay. A special correspondent reports only what is of enough importance to be worth space rates to his paper.

What to send as news is hard to define by definite rules. A correspondent must always exercise judgment; and a study of his paper is the best instruction book. The size and location of a paper are the best indications of its wants, but it is safe to say this much: Send all the news, and nothing but news.

Care must be used, however, in determining what is news. To you in the country, your neighbor's purchase of a new horse may be of more interest than a war in Asia, but newspapers want only news of general interest to the majority of their readers.

As to the preparation of copy, there is style in a newspaper story peculiarly its own, but just as binding on the author as any rules of authorship.

The first requisite is terseness. Write your copy as if every word were costing you a dollar. Avoid such phrases as "The town was thrown into the greatest excitement." Usually it is a false statement, and editors do not like it. Give all your leading facts in the first paragraph, and your details later. This enables the busy man to get the gist of the news at a glance, and the man of leisure and curiosity to learn all there was to tell.

Follow these few rules in writing, and try to write better copy all the time. If the editor "edits" your copy, if he strikes out some of it, or changes it over, try to see why it was done; then profit in your next work.

Remember that you are not like most correspondents — you are doing this work chiefly for practice. Careless work is characteristic of overworked newspaper men, but you should avoid this carelessness, or it will reflect in your better work.

There is only one time to send news. That is as soon as possible. News should not be ancient history. If a story is not worth "getting in" on time, it is not worth anything. If you figure to save expense in sending your reports it will be appreciated, but if you "drag in" on a late mail, when a telephone call or a telegram would have saved a good story, the editor is not pleased.

There is but one thing more. Keep a record of all the news that you have sent, and when it has been ordered, save the orders. Get a clipping of your story when it is possible, and at the end of the month send in a statement of your work, accompanied by orders and clippings if you have them, and in the course of ten days you will receive your pay.

The remuneration in cash is indeed small unless you make newspaper work your business, but you have devoted little time to it, have not neglected your regular work, and have received, together with a small salary, that newspaper experience which is prized so highly as the foundation of good literary work. *William R. Spinney.*

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THE WRITER.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Few coincidences in authorship are so remarkable as that related by Mr. Cable in the interview printed this month in THE WRITER. Odd things, however, are continually happening. For example, the Century, McClure's, and the Delineator each published a story in its July number with a character named "Carden." Another coincidence is noted by the Boston Transcript's "Clerk of the Day," who says :—

"Two writers of fiction are just now in a condition which I may describe as bordering on a state of mind. Last month one of them published a story in which, in the gray of the morning, a young literary man makes the acquaintance of a minor actress, who has been up all night worrying ; he spends the day in her company, and discovers her real womanliness ; he helps her solve the problem that has been harrying her soul.

"This month the other writer of fiction published a story in which, in the gray of the morning, a young literary man makes the acquaintance of a minor actress, who has been up all night worrying ; he spends the day in her company, and discovers her real womanliness ; he helps her solve the problem that has been harrying her soul.

"There are differences, to be sure, between the two stories. One involves an automobile, a rehearsal, and a round of the gay cafés. The other involves the Princeton campus and a canoe on the river. One shows you mainly the performer's professional side. The other shows you mainly the performer's human side. Together, or separated by only a month, they raise a somewhat disconcerting question : Who stole whose plot ?

"Naturally the brief interval between their appearances in the magazines prevents the suspicion that the later story was written after the publication of the earlier one. What then ? Has somebody been rifling the vaults where an editor stows his manuscripts ? Perish the thought ! The explanation — at least, the vastly more plausible conjecture — is this : The adventure actually happened. Its hero related it to his friends, who bandied it about. The two authors saw 'copy' in it. Independently of each other, they treated the situation as they saw fit. Independently of each other, two editors accepted the two stories and sent them to the printers. By the time the printers had

brought out one, the other was beyond recall.

"Fortunately, too. Otherwise we should have missed the keen intellectual pleasure of observing how differently two really admirable writers can develop and vivify the same plot. For my part, I could find it in my heart to wish that many other writers had captured it and that many editors would publish their versions of it. These comparisons yield a double satisfaction. They show the scope and the limit of invention. At the same time, they disclose that personal element, that individual point of view, and that instinctive appraisal of essentials which are the beauty and on the whole the supreme value of authorship."

* * *

It is hard for authors to see how royalties and advance payments to authors can constitute a peril, and if they do most authors would like to see the peril greatly increased, but from the publisher's point of view it seems that the peril is real and too great. A London accountant says: "It is certain that the profits now made by legitimate publishing houses do not warrant the fancy prices constantly demanded and too often paid for modern fiction. I shall betray no confidence when I state that in at least three businesses which I have wound up I have found that the amounts lost by way of advances and overpayments to authors, chiefly novelists, more than equaled the total liabilities due to ordinary creditors."

* * *

The statement, now being widely printed, that James Whitcomb Riley enjoys from his books, which are devoted exclusively to verse, an annual income varying from $25,000 to $30,000, is not sworn to by the poet's publishers.

* * *

Those who hold the opinion that intimate correspondence never should be published may get comfort from the thought that the price — $4.50, net — at which the volume of "The Family Letters of Christina Georgina Rossetti," edited by William Michael Rossetti, is published in this country will confine its circulation chiefly to the class of fortune's favorites.

W. H. H.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH EDITED.

The minister who had his suitcase stolen from beside his feet at the North station must have forgotten some of his own sermons on watchfulness.	The minister whose suitcase was stolen from beside his feet at the North station must have forgotten some of his own sermons on watchfulness.
But there is another doctor, Renault by name, and of a different calibre to the unspeakable Potts.	But there is another doctor, Renault by name, and of a different calibre from the unspeakable Potts.
The State Charities Aid Association has arranged to install moving picture exhibits showing the ravages of tuberculosis at thirty-six county fairs.	The State Charities Aid Association has arranged to install at thirty-six county fairs moving picture exhibits showing the ravages of tuberculosis.
There is a recognition of two distinct attitudes, which may be more or less in sympathy with one another, but which are both present even in their fullest harmony. — "The Approach to Philosophy," by Pro'essor Ralph Barton Perry.	There is a recognition of two distinct attitudes, which may be more or less in sympathy with each other, but which are both present even in their fullest harmony.
Such an one — Ibid.	Such a one Ibid.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Dr. Robert A. Bachmann, U. S. N., whose story, "The Woman and Country," was printed in Short Stories for August, is now on the U. S. S. St. Louis, stationed at Bremerton, Wash. Dr. Bachmann has been writing stories for about a year. The first two that he wrote were accepted by a local weekly, whose editor advised him to try the bigger magazines. He did so, with the result that he sold a story to the Metropolitan and another to the New York Sunday Herald. Since then the Metropolitan and Gunter's have taken other stories. Dr. Bachmann says that he has found editors very willing to encourage the faintest ray of hope they detect in an aspirant.

Charles Barnard, who wrote the novelette, "'Bijah's Experience," printed in Smith's Magazine for August, has contributed many

articles to leading magazines, and has filled several editorial positions. He is the author of several books, and also of "The County Fair" and other plays. He shared in the editorial work on the Century Dictionary. Mr. Barnard is now carrying on a Housekeeping Experiment Station at Darien, Conn., which is maintained for the purpose of testing new methods, materials, utensils, and appliances in cooking and general housework, to the end that housekeeping may be made more efficient, less laborious, and more economic, and that our homes may be more comfortable, convenient, and attractive. The Experiment Station does not sell any of the things it has tried and that it approves and recommends. Its aims are educational, and the information it obtains through experimental research in practical housekeeping is offered to housekeepers, teachers of domestic science, schools, and colleges through the medium of bulletins and correspondence.

Mounce Byrd, whose poem, "A Good Time," was published in Harper's Magazine for August, lives in Cincinnati, and has contributed verse to Lippincott's and Munsey's, and has poems forthcoming in Success and in the Woman's Home Companion. Lippincott's was the first to accept his verse, and in connection with his first acceptance Mr. Byrd was taught a valuable lesson in the preparation of manuscript. The poem was entitled "Thomson of the Seasons," but the name "Thomson" was misspelled, making it "Tompson." It was returned with the following kindly, humorous note: "The editor of Lippincott's Magazine would be pleased to know who the 'Tompson' was, addressed in the graceful lines named after him, and returned herewith. An explanation of his identity added might make the verses available; and at all events, the editor would like to see others by Mr. Mounce Byrd." The poem was re-submitted and published, and Mr. Byrd left off cursing the editors for his failure to place manuscripts.

Jules Verne Des Voignes, author of the stories, "The Toy and the Prophet," in the Red Book for August, and "McKim," in the People's Magazine for August, is of French-Swiss extraction, going as far back as his great-grandfather, Peter Des Voignes, who was a Swiss watchmaker in Berne. A grandfather, who was an admirer of Jules Verne, insisted on completing his French surname, though the old man did not live to know that his whim was realized. Mr. Des Voignes has been writing for the past four years, beginning about the time he entered the University of Michigan. While at the university his writing was naturally curtailed by regular college work, and he is only now beginning to devote his whole time to fiction, which is all that he has attempted. Now, at the age of twenty-two, he is contributing occasionally to Leslie's Weekly, the American, the Red Book, the Blue Book, and several other periodicals and papers of this class, and he is also quite a frequent contributor to the Munsey publications and the People's Magazine. Mr. Des Voignes obtained his A. M. degree at the University of Michigan this year, and hopes to spend the time up to the age of twenty-five or twenty-six in traveling. "The Toy and the Prophet" was suggested by a four-inch newspaper item. This story, with a dozen other stories with the circus atmosphere and a sixty-thousand-word juvenile for boys, "The Novelty Circus Company," published by George W. Jacobs & Co. last year, have constituted the only set line of fiction that Mr. Des Voignes has done.

Ruth Wilson Herrick, whose story, "The Anticipations of Clarinda," appeared in the Woman's Home Companion for August, is a Chicago girl who began writing short stories two years ago, at the age of nineteen. Since that time she has sold eight stories to the Red Book, the Blue Book, the Chicago Daily News, the Designer, the Housekeeper, and the Woman's Home Companion, and she has also been studying from time to time at the University of Chicago. Her stories, for the most part, deal with the idiosyncrasies of the feminine temperament, and the situations are drawn largely from the life about her.

Curtis May, whose poem, "The Grasses," was printed in Appleton's Magazine for June, is staying in Germany for a year. Mrs. May

is a college woman, having taken the degrees of A. B. and A. M. at the Northwestern University, and she is a member of Phi Beta Kappa. When she was still very young, G. P. Putnam's Sons published a volume of verse from her pen. Since then she has written only fugitive poems, but she intends now to take up writing as a definite work. She has had many poems published in the Youth's Companion, and occasional ones in Appleton's, Munsey's Magazine, the Sunday School Times, Harper's Weekly, St. Nicholas, and other periodicals.

Catalina Páez, whose story, "The Place of Understanding," took the second prize of $500 in the competition conducted by the Circle, and was published in the July number of that magazine, was born of Spanish-American parentage in New York city in 1879, her father, Don Ramón Páez, being the son of General José Antonio Páez, the Liberator and first president of Venezuela. Her father was much in public life in South America, having been trained for the army, and later for diplomacy ; but being by nature and inclination a scholar and an artist, he spent his later years in New York, devoting his time to scientific research, writing, and painting. He was Miss Páez's principal teacher until she reached the age of thirteen, when she first attended school regularly. She was graduated from the New York City Normal College, and later did post-graduate work at Columbia University. Her father wished her to become a painter, and she studied art for some time, but her own taste was always for literary work. She scribbled much as a child, and at college specialized in literatures and the languages, taking honors in both. After her father's death in 1898, she began teaching in the public schools of New York, elementary and secondary, her special subjects being English, Spanish, and art. At the same time she continued her own study of English at Columbia University, did some painting, and contributed short stories, verse, and occasional reviews, or articles on education to various magazines. Failing eyesight compelled her to give up teaching, and has handicapped her literary work, as she is at present unable to read, and can write only on the typewriter. Her stories are mainly of South America, where she has lived at various times, or of Spanish Americans in New York city, or elsewhere. Miss Páez has long felt and deplored the wide lack of understanding or knowledge of Latin America and her people, and she has made it her aim to elucidate them. The prize story, "The Place of Understanding," is one of a series dealing with the "Alien," a little South American boy in a New York public school, and depicts his struggle with his environment and the gradual "making of an American" in the great smelting pot of America, the public school. The prize story also aims to give a picture of conditions of public school life, contrasting the old ideas of teaching with the new ideals. The "Distinguished Visitor" in the story is a sketch of Dr. Maxwell, New York's city superintendent of schools. The first story of the series was published in Everybody's Magazine, and was called "The Point of Honor." The others of the series are in preparation, and will probably be published during the coming winter, several magazines having asked for them. They will be issued in book form after having appeared serially. Miss Páez has a volume of child verses in preparation, and a collection of short stories of South American life. She also has a novel in view, but she prefers the short story as a more compact and complete form of fiction. She has been spending the summer in Ireland, resting, and absorbing the Celtic atmosphere and temperament, which in many ways resembles the Gallo-Latin.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Cable.—"I find it so hard to write," lamented Mr. Cable, with a wry smile. "People ask me if I write easily. I wonder if there is anybody who writes with so much difficulty. Now the greatest authors, as somebody, perhaps it was Mr. Howells, has pointed out, have been very prolific. Try to think of anybody who has won great fame, yet written a few books. But I don't sup-

pose there is anybody who writes so few words daily as myself. I should n't dare to give you the figures.

"I have found that I cannot hurry along — that I cannot leave a page until it is just right. I know there are writers who dash off pages and pages at one sitting, leaving the correcting process until another day. But I cannot. I have not expressed my thoughts until I have found the right words — until the work is finished. What I have to say on one page I cannot leave until I have assured myself that it is the best I can do.

"And so I labor very hard and very slowly. It seems to me that nobody who works conscientiously striving to make his work artistic can write hastily. If a writer is interested in his work, he will make it hard. That is the answer to the question: 'Do you find writing hard work?' It is the most arduous labor for anybody who tries to live up to his literary standard. But even though I find it hard, it is what I prefer to do rather than anything else in the world.

"I come to my study at nine o'clock every morning. That is my rigid rule. I remain there until one o'clock. I begin by going over the work of the previous day. Sometimes I spend the entire morning in revision. I do not permit anything to distract me. I remember Mark Twain once moved into a new study, the windows of which commanded a splendid view. But he found that he could do no work. He concluded that he could make more progress where his view was a blank wall.

"Writing is very exhausting. At one o'clock I drop all thoughts of my story. Which is not to say that I feel bound to exclude any new ideas which in the course of the afternoon may come to me. But I find that I have more strength for my daily writing if in the afternoon I turn to something else.

"The only time in my life," continued the author, "that I ever drew a character photographically after a living individual was when I wrote about Agricola Fusilier in 'The Grandissimes.' I had a certain person in mind, and I put him into the book as faithfully as I could. But when it came to giving him a name, I was a bit puzzled. First I thought of his Christian name. I wanted something which would suggest the country, the planter, and so I thought of Agricola. The last name was even more difficult to find. Something to suggest proneness to the use of firearms was what I wanted. Chancing to look through an old directory, I came across the name Fusilier. 'Just the thing!' I cried out. 'I'll use it.'

"Not long after the book appeared a man from Teche county came into my office, said he was an editor, and wanted permission to reprint one of my stories. He congratulated me on the success with which I had drawn Agricola Fusilier. 'There was only one mistake,' he said. 'You wrote "i" for "e" of his name.'

"Now, do you know," continued the novelist, "out there in the Teche country there actually was a man by the name of Agricola Fusilier. And, as it turned out, he had very much in common with the model who had served me for the character. Fortunately the true model, an old friend, never learned that he was in the book. I had been in the habit of sending him my books as they appeared, but this time I forebore. He was much offended with me, and never forgave the slight. Agricola must have heard about the use of his name, but he never made any trouble." — Boston Herald.

Harris. —Many great works of genius, as is well known, have been produced by accident; and an author is seldom the best judge of his own work. When Joel Chandler Harris wrote the first of his "Uncle Remus" stories, and presented it for publication, he did so with a hundred misgivings. He was not sure that his ventures in negro folk-lore would prove successful. He could not know that they would bring him world-wide fame.

At the time described Mr. Harris was a young man of twenty-eight, employed on the Atlanta Constitution. Sam W. Small, afterward a revivalist, who had been writing for the same paper a popular column of negro story and dialect, had just resigned from the staff. The managing editor of the Constitution, wishing to continue the feature, said to Harris one day: "Joel, it seems to me you

could do that sort of thing to a tee. See if you can't turn in something to-night."

The young writer's memory flitted back to his early days on a plantation. All the quaint settings of negro life — the little cabins, the fiddling darkeys, the wrinkled story-teller, the black "mammies," the noisy corn-shuckings, the bob-tailed rabbits disappearing along the road — came hurrying from the past. Late that afternoon he turned in his copy. The next day his reputation was made. — Current Literature.

An old Georgia darkey said of "Uncle Remus": —

"None er us ol'-time folks ever had ter ax him fer anything; ef we seen him, an' he seen us, on de street, or whar his house wuz, he always had a piece er money fer us, kaze he well knowed we needed it, an' he constant axed how we wuz gittin' 'long — 'peared ter take de bigges' sorter intr'ust in our comin's an 'our gwines on; he des nachully knowed us, sence de time w'en freedom fust broke out. Dar's lots er good folks in de worl', but dey ain't no mo' des lak' him." — Atlanta Constitution.

Spofford. — Ainsworth R. Spofford, according to a Washington letter, was one of the most learned men in the world. Perhaps he will be remembered longer for his amazing memory than for any other reason. It was said of Spofford by scholars both of this country and of Europe that probably he possessed the most phenomenal memory of any man that ever lived.

He not only knew books, but he knew their contents. It was worth while to see the tall, loose-jointed old man, with the swarthy skin of an Indian, engaged in "reading" a book. What the average man gets out of a book by careful reading Spofford absorbed by skimming.

When the library of congress was still in the capitol, you would come upon the librarian standing in some dim, out-of-the-way, book-heaped aisle, with four or five ponderous books under his arms, and another opened before him. He would be quite unconscious of what was happening around him while occupied with the job of extracting the meat from the book before his eyes.

He would turn the pages over rapidly, picking out the facts as the crab man picks out the meat, and often muttering to himself as he fluttered the pages. He would go through the book to the last page, including addenda and errata, and then he would fling it on one of the heaps of books in the aisle and "eat up," as the library employees used to term it, one of the other books under his arm.

Not a word could be got out of him, even if the man waiting to address him were a haughty United States senator, until he had quite finished skimming the books he held closely gripped under his arms. Then, the last book devoured, in a way of speaking, he would emerge from a sort of daze and step back to the world of affairs again.

Everything that his mind absorbed by this skimming process stuck there. This was proved hundreds of times by marveling friends of the librarian, who could not see how anybody could get the heart out of a book by riffling over the pages in that manner.

Every time they tested him, as they often did, and often on wagers with friends, too, they found that he knew the contents of the book he had merely skimmed as thoroughly as if he had spent a laborious week in reading it. Not only that, he would even remember the number of the page on which a certain fact or figure, picked out for the purpose of trying him out, was presented.

It made no difference whether the volume were a book of philosophy or a book of statistics, Spofford got the substance of it by his skimming method as thoroughly as the reader who pondered the book for days. Even more astonishing, he could and did quote long passages, some of them in foreign languages, from books that he glanced over in this way.

The late Archbishop Chappelle and Spofford were close friends, although at different poles in the matter of religion. One day a number of years ago the archbishop found the librarian hurriedly browsing in his accustomed manner through a new work by the French philosopher, Renan.

Archbishop Chappelle, a courtly and affable Frenchman, waited until Spofford had tossed away the Renan volume. The archbishop

himself had read the Renan book with great care as soon as it issued from the press, and was thoroughly familiar with it.

"Spofford," he said chaffingly to the nervous, jerky old librarian, "why do you waste your own and the government's valuable time in such an unsatisfactory, impossible pursuit?"

"Explain that, sir, explain it!" said the old gentleman, wheeling in his quick, marionette-like way upon the archbishop.

"I mean," said the archbishop, "picking up a book that it took Renan about thirty years to write and professing, yes, sir, professing to find out the meaning of it, say, within the space of ten minutes, while standing first on one leg and then the other, and flickering over its pages."

"Tush, tush, sir, I know every line of the book, every line of it, sir," replied the librarian. "One does not have to be a mole, sir, and bury himself in the ground to read a book, like you religionists."

With a smile the archbishop picked up the discarded Renan volume, opened it at random, and asked Spofford what the Frenchman had to say with reference to a certain doctrinal subject.

To the archbishop's everlasting astonishment, Spofford repeated in French, and almost word for word, Renan's views as to the matter about which Chappelle had inquired. Carrying the test further, the archbishop, in the manner of examiner, took the librarian smack through the difficult volume, only to find at the end of the test that the librarian, who had only picked up the book a little while before in wandering through the aisles, had every part of the book as pat as if he had been poring over it in a study for days and weeks.

Rev. Dr. William Wilberforce Newton gives a striking illustration of Mr. Spofford's marvelous memory.

"About twenty years ago," he says, "after the death of my father, the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., I had occasion to go to Washington to get a list of the title pages of his twelve volumes for a copyright for a new edition of his works. Going to the Congressional Library, I discovered Mr. Spofford sitting among some decayed volumes, mending the covers with mucilage and a large glue pot. He looked like Hans Sachs in Wagner's famous opera. Telling him my errand, he remarked: 'Which one of Dr. Newton's boys are you, R. Heber or William Wilberforce?' I told him who I was, and then inquired where I could find the twelve volumes whose title pages I had come to verify.

"'Do you see that spiral staircase over yonder?' inquired Mr. Spofford. I said: 'Yes, sir.' 'Well,' he replied, 'go up two flights on that staircase; go to the end bookshelf against the wall on your left; go all the way down the alley; go to the thirteenth shelf from the floor, and at the tenth volume from the shelf's end where the window is you will find all your father's books, beginning with "Rills from the Fountain of Life."'

"I put those items down on paper, thinking the librarian was having a little fun at my expense. Going to the place indicated on my table of directions, however, I discovered the twelve volumes, just at the spot marked on my card."

The Publishers' Weekly says that Mr. Spofford knew everything about books except the books that a business man keeps. He had charge of the Congressional Library pay-roll and the accounts of the fees received for copyrights. The Treasury Department rarely called for an accounting. When it did so, in 1895, the auditors found a discrepancy which was figured out finally as $22,000.

Mr. Spofford was surprised when he heard of it, but he made good the $22,000 without question. There was no idea that the shortage was due to anything but carelessness. The matter was explained when the work of removing the books from the capitol to the new building was begun. In a drawer in Mr. Spofford's private desk $800 in currency and a number of checks were found. Another drawer was filled with money orders, some of them for as much as $500. Bundles of postal orders were in other desks in his office. Some of these bore dates as far back as 1870.

The total of these finds made up the shortage, and as Mr. Spofford had already made good the deficit, he got the money. It was learned then that Mr. Spofford's habit was to take the checks or money orders he received for copyrights, thrust them into a

drawer, and then go on about the business he was interested in — running a library.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

BRET HARTE'S HEROINES. Henry C. Merwin. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN. James Ford Rhodes. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE SPANISH DRAMA OF TO-DAY. Elizabeth Wallace. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

THE PLAYWRIGHT AND THE PLAY-GOERS. Brander Matthews. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for September.

AS TO CERTAIN COMPARISONS. Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for September.

MR. HARVEY'S BROMLEY LECTURE ON JOURNALISM. W. D. Howells. Editor's Easy Chair, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for September.

THE ART OF LITERATURE. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for September.

TWO PORTRAITS OF WALT WHITMAN. Illustrated. Annie Nathan Meyer. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for September.

THE CANADIAN POET-LAUREATE (Louis Honoré Fréchette). With portrait. Alberta Wolhaupter. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for September.

THE ILLUSTRATOR AND HIS INCOME. Amos Stote. *Bookman* (28 c.) for September.

BRONSON HOWARD. Clayton Hamilton. *Bookman* (28 c.) for September.

GEORGE MEREDITH. Archibald Henderson. *North American Review* (38 c.) for September.

SELF-EXPRESSION AND THE AMERICAN DRAMA. Percy MacKaye. *North American Review* (38 c.) for September.

ON SHAKESPEARE, OR "WHAT YOU WILL." Horace Howard Furness. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for September.

A GROUP OF HARVARD EDITORS. With portraits of Mayo W. Hazeltine, Edward L. Burlingame, Edward S. Martin, Charles F. Lummis, Paul E. More, Hammond Lamont, Robert Lincoln O'Brien, and Norman Hapgood. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (78 c.) for September.

THE MODERN SOCIAL DRAMA. Clayton Hamilton. *Forum* for September.

ANATOLE FRANCE. Frederic Taber Cooper. *Forum* for September.

JOHN MUIR — A MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS. Illustrated. Bailey Millard. *Suburban Life* (28 c.) for September.

FROM LEWIS CARROLL TO BERNARD SHAW. Ellen Terry. *McClure's Magazine* for September.

HOW "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" CAME TO BE WRITTEN. Helen Marshall Pratt. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for September.

MY STORY. Hall Caine. *Appleton's* (18 c.) for September.

IN LOCKERBIE STREET (Where James Whitcomb Riley lives). Illustrated by photographs. Mabel Potter Daggett. *Delineator* (18 c.) for September.

PRESENT-DAY OPPORTUNITIES IN LITERATURE. John O'Hara Cosgrove. *New England Magazine* (28 c.) for September.

WOMEN'S GIFTS TO LITERATURE. J. S. Porter. *Woman's Home Companion* (13 c.) for September.

WONDERS OF THE CAMERA. Illustrated. C. H. Claudy. *World To-Day* (18 c.) for September.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER. With portrait. *Human Life* (13 c.) for September.

SAMUEL S. MCCLURE. With portrait. *Human Life* (13 c.) for September.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Illustrated. Julian Hawthorne. *Human Life* (13 c.) for September.

THE PASSING OF UNCLE REMUS. *Human Life* (13 c.) for September.

THE PRETTY AMERICAN GIRL AND HER CREATORS. Illustrated. Margaret Rohe. *Human Life* (13 c.) for September.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, THE FATHER OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. With portrait. *Human Life* (13 c.) for September.

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT. With portrait. *Collier's* (13 c.) for August 15.

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND HIS CREATOR. With portraits. Arthur Bartlett Maurice. *Collier's* (13 c.) for August 15.

MEMORIES OF AUTHORS. William Winter. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for August 15.

LEO NICHOLAEVITCH TOLSTOY. With portrait. Professor Joseph R. Taylor. *Zion's Herald* (9 c.) for August 19.

AUTHORS WHO ARE A PRESENT DELIGHT — DENIS A. MCCARTHY. With portrait. *Journal of Education* (13 c.) for August 20.

A GENTLE HUMORIST (Edward Verrall Lucas). With portrait. *Outlook* (13 c.) for August 22.

GERALD MASSEY. James Mudge, D. D. *New York Christian Advocate* (13 c.) for August 27.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Sven Hedin has been heard from, and says he will arrive at Simla early in September.

Father Tabb's physicians have told him that he may lose his eyesight. He has been for many years instructor in English literature at St. Charles College, Maryland.

Stanley Weyman says that his new novel, just out, is to be his last. He began publishing eighteen years ago, and is now fifty-three.

The 100th anniversary of Tennyson's birth — August 6, 1809 — is to be celebrated at Haslemere next July by the reproduction of some of the scenes from "The Idylls of the King," parts of which were written at Aldworth, Haslemere, where the poet lived for many years and where he died.

Hall Caine's autobiography will be published in this country in Appleton's Magazine. It is begun in the September number.

"The Age of Shakespeare," the forthcoming critical work by Swinburne, is promised by the publishers (Harper & Brothers) for the latter part of this month.

Roger Ingpen is preparing a new collection of Shelley's correspondence. He hopes to include letters never before printed.

Francis Gribble's book on "Rousseau and the Women He Loved" is to be brought out shortly by the Scribners.

Duffield & Co. have in preparation an edition of the works of Jane Austen, in ten volumes, with bibliographical and biographical notes.

"A Summary of the Literatures of Modern Europe," compiled and arranged by Marian Edwards (Dutton & Co.), deals with the literatures of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain.

Collier's Weekly is to have a Canadian edition, with editorial offices in Toronto. Henry Franklin Gadsby is to be the editor of the Canadian edition, which will appeal to "Young Canada."

Julian Harris, who has succeeded his father, the late Joel Chandler Harris, in the control of Uncle Remus's Magazine, has long been his father's associate in literary work, and it was he who secured the financial backing to start the magazine. He has been an assistant editor, and conspicuous in the business management. He is esteemed as a writer, and collaborated with his father in two works which are yet to be published.

A new periodical, Psychotherapy, is to be issued by the Centre Publishing Company, New York city. William B. Parker, formerly with Houghton, Mifflin, & Company, will be the editor.

The Grafton Press, New York city, has brought out the first issue of the Grafton Magazine of History and Genealogy, a quarterly periodical.

Charles Hanson Towne, formerly editor of the Smart Set, is now the literary editor of the Delineator, the Designer, and the New Idea Woman's Magazine.

The American Sunday School Union, 1816 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, offers prizes to the amount of $2,000 for three books, the first prize of $1,000 to the author who presents the best original work on the subject, "Christian Principles in Our Rural Districts: How to Make Them a Controlling Influence"; the second prize of $600 for the next best original work; and the third prize of $400 for the next best original work, upon the subject, "The Bible an Attractive Book." Each writer should choose an appropriate, original title, and should make a book of a practical, instructive, popular, evangelical character, containing from 40,000 to 70,000 words. The manuscripts should bear a designating mark or number, and the name and address of the author should be sent in at the same time in a sealed envelope, bearing the same designating mark or number, and addressed to the American Sunday School Union, 1816 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

An English publisher said recently that the authors of the cheap novelettes published in London receive $15 for a work of 30,000 words. An enthusiastic, hard-working fictionist is able to turn out one of these productions in a week, if necessity compels.

Samuel Erasmus Moffett died at Normandie-by-the-Sea, N. J., August 1, aged forty-seven.

Katharine Prescott Wormeley died at Jackson, N. H., August 3, aged seventy-eight.

Bronson Howard died at Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J., August 4, aged sixty-five.

Louise Chandler Moulton died in Boston August 10, aged seventy-three.

Ainsworth Rand Spofford, formerly librarian of congress, died at Holderness, N. H., August 11, aged eighty-two.

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STYLE DIRECT.

Not long ago it was the style of a writer to talk direct to his reader, much in the manner of two persons who would sit down together, face to face, the one with some information to impart, the other with a desire to hear it. Then the writer had no hesitancy in using the perpendicular pronoun, or "we," or "us," or "our," or "my," or "the reader," or "allow us," and so on, in that close, intimate way that put both writer and reader *en rapport* with each other and made the recital more interesting, and human, and natural.

Macaulay was a great sinner in the use of "we," particularly in his essays. Fielding in "Tom Jones" uses "I" so continuously that a present-day reader wonders whether there is not a little bombast in it — the thing that writers now shun with pedantic scrupulosity. This author, who may be said to have set the pace of modern stories, refers frequently to "our hero," and uses such phrases as "here we think proper to end the chapter," "our reader will suppose," "the scene, which I believe some of my readers will think had lasted long enough, was interrupted by one of so different a nature that we shall reserve the relation of it for a different chapter," "the reader will be pleased, I believe," and the like, almost to infinity of variation.

Dickens often uses "we" and "us." In one sentence in "Martin Chuzzlewit" he uses "we" four times. Often he indulges in "you," "your," "one may see," and phrases in parentheses directed wholly to the reader in apology or explanation. He hesitated not to employ parenthetical phrases that had no bearing on the story, except to adjust the mind of the reader — something of a story-telling trick for effect.

The "Wizard of the North," even in his later novels, with all his experience and much writing, declines not to begin a chapter with "we now return to," etc. He uses "so we may now term them," "it remains but to say," "the reader may be amused," "as may well be supposed," these facts "are known to the reader," "we are now to recall to our reader's recollection," "we will not dwell on," "we will afterward give name to," "we have said as much . . . as may lead the reader to conclude," "we cannot be so clear as we would wish," "the period at which I propose to commence," "I do not know," "leaving the travelers . . . I must transport my readers," "it will readily be believed,"

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"we may remind our readers," and so on for variation. Scott knew, however, the laws of story-telling, for he makes old Dwining say, in "The Fair Maid of Perth": "Read it aloud that we may judge if it goes trippingly off."

The author of "Vanity Fair" directed his story strictly to the reader. In "The Virginians" he says: "The history reminds me," "of whom we read only in books," "I almost fancy I hear as I read," "the reader will presently see," "I have drawn the figures as I fancied they were," "we must fancy," "there was my lady the countess," "I dare say," "our hearts are averse," "I own," and the like.

Bulwer-Lytton was pompously wise when he wrote "Paul Clifford," for instance. He flaunts his personality quite valiantly enough, indeed. He says: "It is in London that our scene lies," "we fear," "many of our readers," "if we may use the word," "unless one were writing on," "a period at which we are about to introduce him [Paul] to our readers," "there you might read," "there you might fully enlighten yourself," "which the reader must know," "O reader," "we grieve to be so prolix," "we have already seen," "our hero," "it hath been objected unto us by a most discerning critic that we are addicted to," "we trust that the reader," "yet, as we have said," "the stream of our narrative now conducts us back."

Cooper is not much less guilty than some of these just cited. In "The Pioneers" he uses like phrases, though more sparingly. He says: "Within the short period we have mentioned," "our tale begins," "to which we have alluded," "we have described," "as we have already hinted," "our travelers," "we have introduced to the reader," "we shall here close this brief explanation," "but this is anticipating our tale," "it is not our task to explain," "our judge," "we know not," "after this digression we shall return," "we have already written," "we believe," "we have made our readers acquainted with," "our heroine," "it would greatly exceed our limits," "with this act of prudence closes the first night of our tale," "the subject of our tale," "we shall take leave for the present," "still reclining on the sofa where we last left her," "we shall not detain the reader with a description of," "we need not repeat," "which has so often been mentioned in our narrative," "if any of our readers expect."

But this is sufficient to illustrate the style direct. Citations could be multiplied needlessly and wearisomely.

This manner of expression has been superseded by an impersonal style, and the word "it," or the phrase "there is," and like constructions, introduce the sentiment or idea which previously was introduced by personal pronouns. The writer and the reader disappear, the story is told as to no one, and the dash is sprinkled through the pages more plentifully. Any up-to-date story in the magazines will make plain this fact. The effort to suppress the evidences of pedantry has made it, in fact, lie consciously near beneath the present impersonal style. The purpose now is to convey the idea, or tell the tale, without exhibiting much reading, and thus escape the criticism made of Wilkie Collins. It is not good form now to manifest genius or superior wisdom, but "the correct thing" is "to hold the mirror up to nature," and let those who will "tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings." "The play's the thing."

Sentences are not amplified and padded as once, when nothing was left to the reader to supply. It is a period of suggestion rather than of expansion of the thought. The details and frills of phraseology are suppressed. To give details of fact, as Zola piled them up in "Le Débâcle," is thought to be the brighter thing to do. At least, it is the vogue now. And the pendulum ever swings back. Now every one is so supremely familiar with the "classics," that more than to hint at them is trite, level, vulgar. And yet there is matter in this attitude for wonder sometimes.

Literary effort at present tends after, not so much the beautiful, the delightful, the tender, as after the meaty, the striking, the condemned, the outre, and after the condensed expression that shall astonish by its weight and worth-whileness, by its bright up-to-dateness. It is juvenile rather than profound.

There seems to be a decline in story-

writing, for stories seem to be written with a view chiefly to the display of the farcical, of the Pickwickian sense of life, of the decrepit in morals, of the neurotic in conduct. Nothing seems to be serious, real, or sane. It is the humorous and odd dialect that is studied for expression in stories, more than the marvel in the tale. The story seems to be subsidiary, a mere framework for some ulterior motif or some distressing humor. Nothing great is attempted, nothing great performed. Readers are surfeited with the one-incident short story, that ends abruptly, as "The Shuttle," leaving the reader to guess at the rest, or supply the deficiency according to his temperament or his fancy.

Literary therapeutics suggests that as "specialism" is the first symptom of decay, the first breath of literary consumption, a remedy is needed that is not yet discovered. Literary commercialism, of which Macaulay complained so vigorously in his essay on Robert Montgomery, is literary death — though nothing dies at once, except in tragedy. Schools of style are not necessarily evidence of talent, spirit, or genius, in the true sense of the word. The pendulum will swing back, and then the present pencil-methods will seem as antique as is the old school, which the present age reads about rather than reads itself.

It is now well understood that the journalistic style is the chief characteristic of modern literature. Newspapers are so generally read that their form of language has appreciably affected all types of literature. It is a style that requires no studious attention or serious effort to grasp, and the old decadent classical idols, with their sesquipedalian and stilted words, weary the common reader. This new style economizes space, time, and attention, and without interlardments of graces and parenthetical expressions and dawdling allusions, speaks at once to the point. The sentence has been shortened, and supererogatory remarks, the redundancies, and the involutions omitted. The point is presented in the first breath, and not held back, as was formerly done, in order to provoke an itch in the reader for the delayed fact. The journalistic style has educated readers, so that they become impatient at such old literary customs and refuse to read what is written in the old way. The simple phrase is the fad now, and the French method of putting the adjective after the noun is coming into vogue. Colons, semicolons, dashes, and parentheses are disappearing — the period doing extra duty — and the subjunctive mode is put in the proscribed list of useless literary forms. No doubt these limitations necessarily induce dry, monotonous, mechanical sentences, that seem abrupt and lacking in the variety that gives mental relief in long readings, but they go straight to the facts without circumlocution. A good illustration of the two forms of expression may be seen by reading Johnson's "Rasselas" and Merwin and Webster's "Calumet 'K.'" Perhaps in this journalistic style literature is losing something that will be quite apparent later on. Nothing is less poetical or more stereotyped than the construction of newspaper English. They who write in a hurry on hackneyed subjects, and who have nothing new to say, naturally use the well-worn moulds of newspaper prose. Certain sentences, certain expressions, such as, for instance, "conspicuous by its absence," "it is alleged," and so on, are remorselessly employed, and the regular journalist is even angry if any of his contemporaries choose to "cut out" these old favorites of the public and to write as if journalism were a branch of literature. The people of the press are so constantly in touch with the mongrel public, the masses, that they easily fall into habits of mass speech, and so use new words and slang phrases and terse and new meanings current in mediocre life. In a word, the *style journaliste* is something of a folk-form fashion. So it is readily seen that this new fashion of speech comes up from the multitude and enters into "the seats of the mighty."

The prose of the pulpit and the public debate have their orthodox moulds and well-worn tags and *ficelles*.

But Ade, and Hornung, and Blossom, and O'Henry, and others have almost erected slang into a cult.

F. A. Myers.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

A publisher's advertisement lauding the work of Robert W. Chambers incidentally suggests to writers the qualities that they ought to put into their work. After declaring that of Mr. Chambers's books more than a million copies have been sold, the advertisement writer says : "He holds his 5,000,000 readers because he never forgets to put in a plot — because he never repeats himself, but he is always new and fresh — because his optimism effervesces — because he knows the world and the English language — because he tells a story we love to read !"

* * *

Joseph Medill Patterson says he does n't know why he called his new novel "A Little Brother of the Rich," except that there were "Little Sisters of the Poor," and he thought there might as well be "A Little Brother of the Rich." "Besides," he says, "the name was catchy." It may be that Mr. Patterson never heard of the book, "A Little Brother of the Rich, and Other Verses," by E. S. Martin, published in 1890 by the Scribners.

* * *

Under the present copyright law there is no protection for the title of a book. The contents are protected, but the name is not, and infringements of rights in titles are consequently common. Sir Walter Scott once said that a good name is very nearly of as much consequence in literature as in life, and it seems just, therefore, that when an author has thought out a good title and his work has given it commercial value, his proprietary interest in it should have due recognition in the courts.

* * *

George Meredith, noting in his introduction to "The Collected Poems of Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter" that Mrs. Shorter is given to false rhyming, goes on to say : —

"There has been of late a cry for the more rapid enforcement of rhyme ; strange to hear when the many writers of verse are wearing the poor stock we have to shreds. That hard consonanted smack on the ear of an exact similarity of sound is required in what is called our heroic verse, which relies for its effect on the timely clapper. In lyrics the demand for music is imperative, and, as quantity is denied to the English tongue, rhymes there must be. Unhappily the monosyllables chiefly in request are a scanty lot. An unrivaled instrumentalist like Mr. Swinburne, prince of lyrists, does marvels with the language. Lesser men, however correct their rhyming, betray the cramp of their hand in frequent repetitions of the rhymes."

Farther on, still having Mrs. Shorter in

mind, Mr. Meredith adds: "A ballad of which the main point is to tell a story metrically is not bound to strictness in rhyme; for the mind is made more attentive than the ear." Nevertheless, false rhymes are excusable only when they are the result of necessity, not of paucity of language or of laziness.

* * *

Poets are naturally living in a state of tense expectation since the newspaper announcement that Duke — in this great American republic there is only one Duke — "is to offer a prize of $5,000 for the best original poem on tobacco, which will be used as an advertisement, but must not look like a common ad."

W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

The charge that Mr. Mack has in his possession $300,000 contributed by any secret combination has been denied by Mr. Mack, and cannot be proven by Mr. Hearst.	The charge that Mr. Mack has in his possession $300,000 contributed by any secret combination has been denied by Mr. Mack, and cannot be proved by Mr. Hearst.
Israel Zangwill, novelist, playwright, critic, essayist, sociologist, and prophet, arrived yesterday on the Teutonic, and with Mrs. Zangwill is stopping at the Hotel Wellington. — New York Sun.	Israel Zangwill, novelist, playwright, critic, essayist, sociologist, and prophet, arrived yesterday on the Teutonic, and with Mrs. Zangwill is staying at the Hotel Wellington.
He gave the name of a Boston attorney whom, he claimed, was settling his affairs in England.	He gave the name of a Boston attorney who, he asserted, was settling his affairs in England.
Enough — let me explain why Mr. Markham is so very bad a poet. It is because he mistakes Rhetoric for Poetry. It never has and never will in the least replace it. — Book Chat.	Enough — let me explain why Mr. Markham is so very bad a poet. It is because he mistakes Rhetoric for Poetry. Rhetoric never has replaced Poetry, and never will in the least replace it.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Myra Emmons, author of the story, "The Healing of Allison Field," and of the article on "Camping at Small Expense," in Harper's Bazar for September, is assistant editor of Shield's Magazine, as she was for several years of Recreation. That, and experience, account for her articles on camp life. The first story she ever wrote, "Born to Wed," was published in the Criterion, when that publication was under the management of J. I. C. Clarke and Rupert Hughes. She has written for the Ladies' Home Journal, Everybody's Magazine, Munsey's, the All-Story Magazine, the Delineator, Recreation, Country Life in America, Suburban Life, Harper's Bazar, and the Paris Modes Magazine, and for two years she contributed regularly to the Designer on social topics. She has also written for the New York Press, the Sun, and other newspapers and magazines. Miss Emmons says she has no special "line" or "field," and has not written much fiction. The fantastic tricks of the human mind interest and sometimes amuse her, and she likes to depict its incongruities. She has no method, she says, and when she labors heroically over a story, she usually gets it back. When she "takes no thought," the result is better. "The Healing of Allison Field" wrote itself one day. Miss Jordan accepted it by return mail, and published it in the next available issue of Harper's Bazar.

Kate Erskine, whose story, "Valdini," was printed in Appleton's Magazine for September, is a Bostonian, and lived in Boston until she was about twenty, when she removed to Plainfield, N. J. She is a niece of Clara Erskine Clement, the writer on art, and a distant cousin of Frederic Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"). A long stay in Paris gave her an interest in the French people, and accounts for the Paris "setting" of "Valdini." Miss Erskine has had stories in the Outlook, the New England Magazine, the Independent, and the New York Evening Post.

William C. Gaynor, whose stories of aboriginal adventure are appearing in the Catholic World, is a New Brunswick clergyman, now retired from the active ministry to follow literary callings. In his story, "The Wolf of Seraghtoga," which appeared in the Catholic World for July, he deals with a prevalent superstition of both Indians and ancient French, the Loup Garou or Werwolf. In the September number he gives a story of Indian love and adventure, entitled "When the Whippoorwill Sang Among the

Abenaki." The purpose of the series is to bring out in an interesting way the customs, manners, and peculiar habits of thought of our native Indians in their days of unsophistication. Mr. Gaynor is an authority on the early history of eastern Canada, having been president of the New Brunswick Historical Society, and a prominent figure in the tercentenary celebration of the discovery of the St. John by Champlain. His acquaintance with the Micmacs, Melicites, and Passamaquoddy tribes is at first hand, thus enabling him to produce the proper atmosphere and local color, while his reading of ancient documents bearing upon the subject supplies the background of historical fact around which history grows. Historical short stories they cannot well be called, nevertheless, since the historical element is kept well out of sight, except in so far as the aboriginal mind is allowed to illustrate itself according to the best authentic records. When the series is completed, it will probably be published in book form.

Marie Louise Goetchius, the author of "The Man of Many Friends," in the Century for September, "The Grinding of the Wheels," in Putnam's Magazine for September, and "We Two Old Ones," in a recent issue of the Outlook, has been writing for amusement since childhood, but it was only during an illness that she began to write with a view to publication. Within a few months seven or eight stories were accepted and published in the leading magazines, including "Neva," in the May Smart Set, "Cap and Bells," in the January Atlantic, and "The Scrubwoman," a study of the awakening of mother love, in Harper's Monthly. Her success has encouraged her to devote all her time to writing, and with that career in view she has been traveling extensively during the past year, to gather material for two novels, which are completely mapped out. One of these is laid in scenes comparatively new to fiction, and the author has practically isolated herself, and lives in a primitive fashion to study the customs and superstitions of the people. Mrs. Goetchius is a thorough lover of her native New York, and vitally absorbed in all the problems its complicated life presents, but she is especially interested in the effects on the characters of people transplanted here from a different environment. She has recently completed a 30,000-word novelette on this theme. Mrs. Goetchius has lived abroad so much, studying music and languages, that she has become thoroughly acquainted with the continental point of view.

Stella Wynne Herron, who wrote "The Americanizing of André François," which appeared in McClure's for September, is a Californian. She was born in San Francisco, where she now lives, and was educated at Stanford University, from which she was graduated with the class of 1906. Her first published story, "The Still of Ballywan," was accepted by McClure's while she was a sophomore at Stanford. It was written hastily one night at the close of the term to make up a lacking 4,000 words in an English Composition course, which 4,000 words stern professorial decree said must be forthcoming on the morrow, or no credit would be given for the course. Its inspiration was black, very black coffee, furnished by a devoted roommate and a long-suffering chafing-dish. Since then Mrs. Herron has had stories published in several Eastern and Californian magazines.

Reginald Wright Kauffman, whose verses, "Red-Headed Baby," were printed in the Delineator for September, is a Pennsylvania German, and was born in Columbia, Penn., in 1877. He was educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and at Harvard. From 1897 to 1904 he was first a reporter and then an editorial writer and literary and dramatic critic on the Philadelphia Press under Charles Emory Smith. After three years as associate editor of the Saturday Evening Post, under George Horace Lorimer, he became dramatic editor of the Philadelphia North American, and he is now managing editor of the Hampton Advertising Company, New York. Mr. Kauffman, besides "The Bachelor's Guide to Matrimony," a book of epigrams, is the author of four novels: "Jarvis of Harvard," published in 1901; "The Things That Are Caesar's," in 1902; "The Chasm" (with E. C. Carpen-

ter), in 1903; and "Miss Frances Baird, Detective," in 1906. He writes the "Poor Richard Jr.'s Philosophy" department in the Saturday Evening Post, and has contributed verse, fiction, and special articles to the Century, the Saturday Evening Post, Broadway, the Smart Set, the Red Book, the Blue Book, Munsey's, the Scrap Book, the Home Magazine, the Pilgrim, and Lippincott's Magazine.

Eva Anne Madden, whose story, "A Consolidation in Fathers," was printed in the Century for September, made her début as a magazine writer when a girl, in the columns of THE WRITER. She is the author of "The Little Queen," which ran as a serial in the Girl's Realm, of London, Eng., and of "The Little Crusaders," "The I Can School," "The Soldiers of the Duke," and "Two Royal Foes," all historical books for children. Miss Madden, who is a sister of Mrs. Martin, the author of "Emmy Lou," first did newspaper work in Louisville, her home, and later worked for a year or two in New York. For two years she lived in a German Pensionat, or school for upper-class girls, in the Harz mountains of Anhalt. "Two Royal Foes," the story of Queen Louisa of Prussia from the German point of view, and "A Consolidation in Fathers," are part of the outcome of that experience. "Two Royal Foes" has been so well approved by German readers that it has been introduced into two schools as English reading matter. Miss Madden has had stories in the Youth's Companion, the Churchman, and Short Stories; essays in Lippincott's and the Contributors' Club of the Atlantic Monthly; poems in the Author's World and the Ladies' Home Journal; and articles in sundry newspapers and journals. For the past seven years she has made her home in various countries in Europe, finally settling in Florence, Italy, where she lives with her English friend, Miss Ella St. Leger, the translator.

John Edward Russell, whose story, "First Assistant to the Substitute," was printed in the Circle for September, is a son of Charles Edward Russell, the journalist and magazine writer. Three years ago Mr. Russell accompanied his father on an extended trip around the world in the interests of Everybody's Magazine. For the last two years he has been a reporter on the New York Herald. While he was a student at the Northwestern University, he was one of the editors of the Northwestern Magazine, but outside of this magazine he had never offered anything for publication until he sent out "First Assistant to the Substitute," although he had written short stories and verse for some time.

Laura Simmons, whose story, "The Disaffection of Adelaide," was printed in Lippincott's for September, has always lived in or about Boston. She has written only one other story, "The Man of Ice," printed in the Bohemian in the summer of 1907, but she has written essays for various magazines and newspapers, the last one being "La Cigale," in the Atlantic for August. Her poems have appeared in Munsey's, Lippincott's, Life, the Outlook, Harper's Bazar, the Smart Set, the Circle, the Critic (now Putnam's Magazine), the Bohemian, and Good Housekeeping. She expects soon to publish a volume of verse. Miss Simmons has no belief in genius being hard work and perseverance. Talent, she says, may need application; genius cannot help itself, and will do more toward real immortality in a moment of emotional intensity than the hard-work drudge of mere talent will do in a lifetime. Genius, she thinks, is a capacity for exaltation, and has nothing to do with hard labor. A draught-horse might as well be called a genius because he plods along patiently and doggedly. Miss Simmons does not believe, either, that a college or even a high school education is necessary to become a forceful and even noted writer — if the writer be naturally scholarly and emotional, and reads much.

R. E. Vernede, whose story, "The Greatness of Mr. Watherstone," was published in Harper's Magazine for September, is an Englishman, and took his degree at Oxford. He has written short stories for most of the English magazines, and has had two novels published by Alston Rivers, "The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel" in 1905, and "Meriel of the Moors" in 1906. His third novel will be published this fall by Hodder & Stoughton.

In addition, he has written a humorous page weekly for the Bystander since its first publication. At present Mr. Vernede is traveling in India.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Caine.—When I came up to London to become Rossetti's housemate, I brought with me the manuscript of a collection of lectures which I had written while living in Liverpool. Shortly after the poet's death, when ways and means had begun to present serious problems, somebody recommended that I should submit this manuscript to a certain great publishing house, and I took it in person. At the door of the office I was told to write my own name, and the name of the person I wished to see, and to state my business. I did so, and the boy who took my message brought back word that I might leave my manuscript for consideration. It seemed to me that somebody might have seen me for a minute, but I had expected too much. The manuscript was carefully tied up in brown paper, and so I left it.

After waiting three torturing weeks for the decision of the publishers, I made bold to call again. At the same little box at the door of the office I had once more to fill up the same little document. The boy took it in, and I was left to sit on his table, to look at the desk which he had been whittling away with his penknife, to wait, and to tremble. After a while I heard a footstep returning. I thought it might be the publisher or the editor of the house. It was the boy back again. He had a pile of loose sheets of white paper in his hands. They were the sheets of my book.

"The editor's compliments, sir, and—thank you," said the boy, and my manuscript went sprawling over the table. I gathered it up, tucked it as deep as possible into the darkness under the wings of my Inverness cape, and went downstairs, ashamed, humiliated, crushed, and broken-spirited.

Not quite that, either, for I remember that, as I got to the fresh air at the door, my gorge rose within me, and I cried in my heart: "By God, you shall——" and something proud and vain.

I daresay it was right and proper and in good order. The book was afterward published, and I think it sold well. I hardly know whether I ought to say that the editor should have shown me more courtesy. It was all a part of the anarchy of things which Mr. Hardy considers the rule of life. But the sequel is worth telling. That editor became my personal friend. He is dead, and he was a good and able man. Of course, he remembered nothing of this incident, and I never poisoned one hour of our intercourse by telling him how, when I was young and a word of cheer would have buoyed me up, he made me drink the waters of Marah.

And three times since that day the publishing firm I speak of have come to me with the request that I should write a book for them. I have never been able to do so, but I have outgrown my bitterness, and of course I show no malice. Indeed, I have now the best reasons for wishing the great enterprise well. But, if literary confessions are worth anything, this one may perhaps be a seed that will somewhere find grateful soil. Keep a good heart, even if you have to knock in vain at many doors, and kick about the back stairs of the house of letters. There is room enough inside.—Hall Caine's "Autobiography."

Dodgson.—In St. Nicholas for September the story of how that dearest of all children's classics, "Alice in Wonderland," came to be written is told by Helen Marshall Pratt. It is a charming tale of the friendship of a quiet, reserved, bookish young lecturer at Christ Church College, Oxford, and of three dear children, daughters of the dean of the cathedral.

Boating on the river, with tea on the banks, and story-telling along the way, was the favorite play of these four comrades; and of the many stories told on these outings the adventures of "Alice in Wonderland" were written down to please little Alice Liddell, second of the children, later finding their way into print.

"So little did the author understand what a wonderfully ingenious and fascinating book he had written, that he did not expect the first edition would ever be sold. But the 2,000 books were very quickly disposed of. Every one wanted to read 'Alice,' and to

have his friends read it. Not only little children, but grown people enjoyed it, and edition after edition has been printed and sold, and to-day it is even more sought after than when it was first published. It has become a classic, and holds a place on children's book shelves with 'Robinson Crusoe' and Hans Christian Andersen. 'There is not a spot in the civilized world, not a library with any pretension to literature where the Jabberwock and the Cheshire cat are unknown.'"

Oppenheim. — E. Phillips Oppenheim works very steadily, averaging an output of two novels a year. When he is ready to start work upon a new book, he does not sit down and use his imagination, but he sallies forth to London's Bohemia or to the Latin Quarter of Paris. Here he waits, gleaning tips of real tragedy and comedy, watching the episodes of actual life, which develop frequently with openness and publicity among people little concerned with conventions. Suddenly he has his story before his eyes, and with the addition of incident and characters, a little change of scene, he gives it to the public. — New York Sun.

Riley. — All the frolic of the answer was not in the words alone. James Whitcomb Riley also chuckled.

"Do you compose rapidly," I gravely had asked, "when you are in the mood for it?"

"No," Mr. Riley replied; "always slowly and always painfully — just like grinding sausage meat that has bones in it."

I had met the poet at his publisher's — a gentle-spoken, simple, kindly person, his slender figure looking very trim in a gray coat and trousers, a white vest, a broad scarf, and patent leather shoes. He lives in a family of old friends who understand him and let him alone. His sister's husband, a banker, takes care of his fortune, which, I am assured, amounts to about $250,000.

A precise man, orderly and leisurely, he leaves his home in Lockerbie street at practically the same hour every morning. Each day he goes to the same shop for a flower, and to the same little merchant for his tobacco. Then he soberly walks the same old way to an ancient hotel, once the centre of his friendships, where he takes the same silent turn through its office, reading room, and corridor — looking for faces, perhaps, that have vanished forever.

Finally he calls at his publisher's. It is humorously said in Indianapolis that were he to vary his daily route so much as a single street, he would lose his way and would need have to hire a boy to show him back.

After touching on the story of his early life, Mr. Riley told how he began writing little items of news for the local weekly paper, and later got some verses into print.

"I composed a number of dialect pieces," said he, "and read them in the neighborhood. Although very young and very crude, I had ideas of my own about writing. I believed writers of poetry often marred their work by straining for rhymes and by transposing words and getting them out of their usual order. They would say, for instance: 'The stream whose banks along,' instead of 'The stream along whose banks.'

"In writing dialect, too, one must be careful not to overdo it. When I began to use Hoosier dialect, the talk of farmers and villagers, I got as nearly as I could to the actual form of Hoosier expression. The verses were written, you know, to be recited and not to be printed, and the characters had to speak without being conscious they were doing it in rhyme. I don't claim that my verses were poetry. Indeed, if I had any art as a craftsman in that sort of literature, I put it away for the simple narrative style that sounded free and natural. I suppose I now meant to be an actor.

"After the Indianapolis Journal had printed some of my dialect compositions, I sent the editor a ten-column Christmas story. So far as I was concerned the whole undertaking was experimental. To my surprise, however, Judge E. B. Martindale, proprietor of the Journal, sent me a fine letter of appreciation and invited me to join his staff of writers. Indianapolis was only twenty miles from Greenfield, my home and the spot I loved, and I was overjoyed to get a place on the Journal."

"What kind of work did you attempt at first?"

"The kind the editors didn't want. When I am given an order, I do the other thing. The infirmity is constitutional. Before long,

however, I was writing verses in dialect and ascribing them to Benjamin F. Johnson, of Boone, a farmer who had studied the Bible and knew Watts's hymns by heart. He wrote of cows, chickens, the woods, the fields, and other common things with which he was familiar. I was very painstaking about his spelling. He was a good, solid man, and I was careful not to make him grotesque.

"In course of time, that is, about the year 1883, as I remember, I took 'The Old Swimmin' Hole' and ''Leven More Poems' to Cincinnati and had them made into a book at my own expense. 'Benjamin F. Johnson, of Boone,' was known to be a fictitious personality, and there was some speculation as to the name of the author. Three writers, one of them a clever young fellow who gave public recitations, immediately rushed forward and pleaded guilty. However, I soon became notorious as the real culprit. No, the book was not financially a failure. I made a little money."—James B. Morrow, in the Boston Globe.

Swinburne.—"The Age of Shakespeare," A. C. Swinburne, is the fruit of labors that go back many years. T. P.'s Weekly says: "Thirty-five years ago he determined to write an exhaustive book on the Elizabethans. That he was magnificently qualified, his famous Encyclopaedia Britannica articles would prove, if we had not the independent testimonies of such men as Dr. Furnivall and Halliwell Phillips. Long before he set pen to paper he pored over countless articles, till at last (during the seventies) an instalment of the great work was published in the Fortnightly Review. The editor was at that time John Morley, and on his resignation in 1883 the publication was taken up by the Nineteenth Century, passing through several years' volumes.

"Each article dealt with a single dramatist, and Mr. Swinburne made a special point of reading every scrap of prose or poetry each writer had written before he began recording his verdict upon his work. If collected editions of all the Elizabethan poets had been obtainable, the task would still have been formidable; but unfortunately such editions in many cases had no existence. The poet therefore decided to make use of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. He had then just taken up residence with Mr. Watts-Dunton at Putney, and would go down for brief visits. His favorite time was the long vacation, when none of the men were about, and many Oxford people still remember to have seen his loose-limbed figure, clad in a suit of curious gray color, wandering in and out of the dramatic room at the Bodleian. But after a time, when the work was nearing completion, it became necessary to resort to the British Museum. Then Mr. Swinburne stopped in his task; he had, it appeared, like Carlyle, taken a dislike to reading there, and as it was quite impossible to get the books brought to him, the poet prepared to let the matter drop.

"His friends protested; they pointed out that practically every chapter had been finished but that on Rowley. Mr. Swinburne refused to change his mind. 'Those two quarto plays,' he explained, 'may contain matter that will entirely alter my conception of Rowley and his work. They may also give me some sidelight on the Elizabethan atmosphere which I should be censured for missing. The book shall be either complete or non-existent.' Thus the work of a quarter of a century seemed likely to remain scattered and lost in the pages of old magazines because the author refused to re-publish it without one minor chapter. But at last, after the passage of ten or a dozen years, Mr. Watts-Dunton persuaded his friend to go to the British Museum once again. The result was that, just as he had been seen at Oxford after a lapse of twenty years, so after twenty-five Mr. Swinburne was once more seen at the British Museum bending over old quartos, reading and making extracts. In the end, I believe that only about a dozen pages were added to the original estimate. The proofs of the completed book have taken about a year and a half to read and correct, so that now, in about a month's time, we shall be holding in our hands the product of forty years' labor and research."

Tennyson.—Tennyson's own annotations to his poems, which are the distinguishing feature of the new Eversley edition of his works, show that "Rizpah" was founded on a paragraph in a cheap magazine, that "The Northern Cobbler" was based on something

heard by the poet in early youth, that the first line of "The Revenge" lay on the poet's desk for two years, and that "Columbus" was based on a passage in Washington Irving.

Ward.—In the last volume of Taine's "Life and Letters," his impressions of Mary Arnold, now Mrs. Humphry Ward, the novelist, are given. He wrote:—

"She is about twenty, very nice looking, and dressed with taste (rather a rare thing here; I saw one lady imprisoned in a most curious sort of pink silk sheath). Miss Arnold was born out in Australia, where she was brought up till the age of five. She knows French, German, and Italian, and during this last year has been studying old Spanish of the time of the Cid, also Latin, in order to be able to understand the mediaeval chronicles. All her mornings she spends at the Bodleian Library—a most intellectual lady, but yet a simple, charming girl. By exercise of great tact I finally led her on to telling me of an article—her first—that she is writing for Macmillan's Magazine upon the oldest romances. . . . Miss Arnold, in extenuation of her article, said: 'Everybody writes or lectures here, and one must follow the fashion. Besides, it passes the time, and the library is so fine and so convenient.' Not in the least pedantic. All this is merely the overflowing of youth and intellectual power."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Publisher's Side.—From the time when the upstart Bonaparte was applauded by a few befuddled English poetasters for having shot a bookseller, there has always been any number of those who were ready to lend a hand in pushing the publisher off the earth. The publisher does n't amount to anything, anyhow. He is a mere go-between, battening on the brains of the poor, helpless author and the still more helpless public. He produces books, so his critics will have it, at from twelve to twenty cents the copy; he pays the author from ten to twenty per cent. on each copy, and he receives at least eighty cents the copy from the bookseller, and pockets the difference as profit. These are *the figures glibly quoted* nowadays. The London Times was so certain of these facts that it branded Mr. Murray as a Judas, and paid a fine of $37,500 to purge itself of the lie.

As every one who has ever had the slightest experience in the publishing business knows, there is no calling that requires so much knowledge and application, and can look forward with so little certainty to an assured income as the miscellaneous book business; and the higher the publisher's aims, the more this holds good. Those who regard the publisher simply as the agent of the author who presents his manuscript know nothing whatever of the function of the actual publisher who must devise and invent new lines, develop new authors, invent new forms of marketing his books, and discover, so to speak, new publics for his wares. As to books, he must be editor as well as publisher in both the inventing and revising functions of the editorial chair. This applies even to fiction, as is proved by some of the most notable successes in this field which have been partly the work of the publisher; indeed, more than one successful writer of fiction of recent years has been indebted to his publisher for suggestion, pruning, or revision—even re-casting of the whole—which brought about success where otherwise failure would probably have ensued.

To figure the first cost of manufacture—the typesetting, the making of plates, the presswork, the paper and binding—to add the author's royalty, and, deducting these amounts, to call the publisher's entire receipts, after disposing of the book to the trade, his net profit, is as simple as it is absurd. To such first cost of manufacture and author's royalty must be added such additional items of expense, for example, as the cost of editorial services of the Readers of manuscripts for revising purposes and for preparation for the printer; the cost of illustrations and of designs for book covers; the services of travelers; travelers' dummies; direct and indirect advertising; the cost of handling, shipping, and storing—all chargeable direct to each book. Still other items to be added are the extra discount to jobbers and buyers of large quantities; the losses on the unsuccessful books, the bad debts, etc., all unavoidable, no matter how careful and clever the publisher; and, fi-

nally, the legitimate, necessary quota of the general expense, not including advances to authors on work that may never materialize or that is of no use when completed at the publisher's expense. If all this cost is carefully figured and the sum deducted from the publisher's receipts, the actual profits, even on successful books, will prove to be considerably smaller than is usually assumed by those who rush into print or declaim *ore rotundo* about matters of which they know but half the truth. — Publishers' Weekly.

Should We Say "The Least of the Two"?— There is a rule regarding the superlative which has the distinction of being pretty regularly enjoined by those who write about usage and very regularly disregarded by those whose writings constitute authority for usage. It has been steadily proclaimed since the middle of the eighteenth century. A fairly satisfactory idea of it and of the ordinary assertions about it can be found in a treatise of the small poet and smaller philosopher, James Beattie, whose later years were largely saddened by persistent dwelling upon the degeneracy and decay which in his opinion was overtaking English speech. He assured us that it was highly improper to say "the tallest of the two." We must restrict ourselves to the comparative and say "the taller of the two." This is a rule constantly in the mouth of that class of verbal critics who disdain to have conclusions agreeable to their beliefs disturbed by the intrusion of disagreeable fact. Space is not sufficient to consider here this injunction upon its abstract merits. All that is necessary to say of it is that the practice of using the superlative of two objects compared is one which the best writers are unanimous in following. They are, indeed, in the habit of employing both degrees in such cases; but it is safe to assert that where with them the comparative is found once, the superlative is found at least twice. It would be easy to fill pages with examples of this latter usage drawn from the great authors belonging to our literature. Here we purposely limit ourselves to that specially restricted field in which the duality is rendered almost obtrusive by the introduction of the word "two." This necessarily throws out of consideration the far more numerous instances in which the construction is not reinforced by the numeral, as, for instance, in Tennyson's "Princess," where inquiry as to the merits of Lady Blanche and of Lady Psyche as tutors is put in the words, "Which is the prettiest, best-natured?" or in Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," where Valence asks, "Is love or vanity the best?" But without entering this larger field, a satisfactory number of examples can be supplied out of the much more limited one, and taken from a body of authors who represent various periods of our literature and various sorts as well as grades of intellectual achievement.

One might go on almost indefinitely in furnishing examples of this usage from authors of every rank in English literature. But there is a limit to the patience of readers and to the space wrung from editors. Nothing further need be said than that the so-called rule forbidding the employment of the superlative in the comparison of two things or persons is merely a figment of grammarians, and not a fact of good usage. — Thomas R. Lounsbury, in Harper's Magazine for September.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FIRST LESSONS IN STORY-WRITING. By Barry Pain. 80 pp. Cloth. London: Literary Correspondence College. 1907.

For some years, as a publisher's Reader, as an editor, and as a reviewer, Mr. Pain had to deal with the early work of people who wished to write stories. This experience suggested the need of an elementary book on story-writing, and also fitted the author of the present book to make it useful. "First Lessons in Story-Writing," as its name implies, is intended for beginners, but it may be read profitably by writers who have had experience. The chapter headings are: "How One Thinks of a Story," "Style and Banality," "Subject and Material," "The Concealment of Art," "Dialogue," "The Selection of Detail," "Miscellanea," and "Principles."

SPECIMENS OF EXPOSITION AND ARGUMENT. Compiled by Milton Percival, A. M., and R. A. Jelliffe, A. B. 362 pp. Cloth, 90 cents. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1908.

"Specimens of Exposition and Argument" has a double value. For the general reader it is a collection of essays and papers on miscellaneous topics, all distinguished by some special excellence of style or manner of treatment, and for their subject matter well

worth reading. For the student of English composition it is, in addition, a collection of models which he may profitably study with a view to noting their points of technical excellence, and so improving his own literary work. As the compilers point out, Exposition and Argument are the practical forms of discourse, in which the student must become proficient, whether he practices the other forms or not. Under the general heading, "Exposition," examples are quoted illustrating Expository Narration, Expository Description, Explanation of a Process, Exposition by Definition, and Exposition by Analysis. Under the heading "Argument," quoted examples illustrate Persuasion, A Brief, Introductions, Arguments, Refutation, and Controversy. Following the 340 pages of text come twenty pages of Notes, suggesting how each selection may be studied to the best advantage.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS. By Robert Luce. Fifth Edition. 302 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: The Clipping Bureau Press.

The fifth edition of Mr. Luce's popular manual, "Writing for the Press," has been completely re-written, so that it is practically a new book. It not only gives practical suggestions about the preparation of copy, the improvement of style, punctuation, proofreading, and typewriting, but also takes up questions of book-making, printing, publishing, paper, copyright, typography, and other kindred subjects. To the beginner in literary work it is indispensable; the more experienced writer will find it useful, and as a reference book for the library or for the office it has a special value. W. H. H.

MR. CREWE'S CAREER. By Winston Churchill. 498 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1908.

In "Mr. Crewe's Career," as in "Coniston," Mr. Churchill has written a story of New Hampshire politics, thinly disguised, making free use of material gathered during his own legislative experience and his gubernatorial candidacy. The book, therefore, has a special interest as a semi-historical novel of the present day, illustrating one phase of American state government, and particularly the influence on state officials exerted by a powerful railroad corporation, working to attain what it regards as proper ends. Interwoven with the political plot is a charming love story, which will make the book attractive to those — say, for instance, to feminine readers — who may not be keenly interested in manly young Austen Vane's fight with the railroad magnate and his instruments, including prominently young Vane's father. The character-drawing of the book is admirable. Mr. Flint, the head of the Northwestern Railroads; the Hon. Hilary Vane, the astute railroad lawyer, Mr. Flint's right hand; Hamilton Tooting, the willing tool and lobbyist; Job Braden, the village boss; Euphrasia Cotton, the Hon. Hilary's clear-Yankee housekeeper; that precious pair of practical politicians, the Hon. Jake Botcher and the Hon. Bush Bascom (Duke of Putnam); the Leith millionaire, Humphrey Crewe, in depicting whose flamboyant eccentricities in combination with his vigorous reformatory purpose Mr. Churchill seems to be having a little quiet fun with himself; and Victoria Flint, whose love affair with Austen Vane, the real hero of the book, comes, of course, to a happy ending — all these are distinct personages, true to life, admirably done. The story is long, because Mr. Churchill never takes the time to write briefly. Otherwise innumerable repetitions would be cut out and the book made stronger and more compact. The author's English, too, is often careless, as, for instance, when he says: "He had many times listened to the Rev. Mr. Wrightman read the parable from the pulpit," or "He had put a large memorial window in the chapel to his family," or "habitually fell once more under the domination of," or, with a beautiful mixture of metaphor, "He came of a stock which had for generations thrust its roots into the crevices of granite, and was not easily killed by steam engines." Mr. Churchill has also a bad habit of changing tenses in narration, without good reason. This is particularly unpleasant in the chapter, "The Descendants of Horatius," and at the opening of Chapter XV. On the other hand, the book has brilliant flashes, like "The Hon. Hilary sometimes smiled," and "One felt that Mr. Flint's handshake was not an absolute gift of his soul," as well as serious thoughts effectively expressed, for instance, "So used are the young to the acceptance of the sacrifice of the old that they lose sight of that sacrifice." W. H. H.

A THOUSAND THOUGHTS. By Will Carleton. 159 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Brooklyn: The Everywhere Publishing Company. 1908.

"A Thousand Thoughts" is an attractive little volume made up of paragraphs jotted down, the author says, in different parts of the world — wherever he happened to be when they occurred to him. An index shows the different subjects treated, and refers to the Thoughts that they suggested.

THE NEXT STEP IN EVOLUTION. By Isaac K. Funk, D. D., LL.D. 107 pp. Cloth, 50 cents, net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1908.

This is the fourth edition of "The Next Step in Evolution," which was originally published six years ago. In a study of the probability, significance, and character of a second coming of Christ, the author accepts the theory of evolution, and extends it to show that, as the plant came from the inorganic

matter, the animal from the plant, and the man — the natural man — from the animal, so the spiritual man comes from the natural man and the kingdoms below him, and, as in each preceding case, by life from above — in the advance to the spiritual man by the birth of Christ. As men more and more come to be actuated by the spirit of Christ — and Dr. Funk sees evidences of this on every hand — Christ comes back to earth, not in physical form, but pervading the souls of men. "Christ's second coming should not be understood to be a literal physical coming, but His reappearance in the spirit and characters of His followers and of the world-at-large." This development of the spiritual nature of man — "the kingdom of light, love, conscience, true spirituality, of the clear recognition of Christ and of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" is the next step in evolution, according to Dr. Funk, and he thinks it is at hand. The book is worth reading, if only as a well-developed process of reasoning, clearly conceived and logically thought out, brightened by epigrammatic expression and apt illustration, and fortified by brief, effective quotation from the authorities on evolution.

W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

BORDERLAND STUDIES. Volume II. By George M. Gould, M. D. 311 pp. Cloth. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. 1908.

MANUAL OF LANGUAGE LESSONS. By F. R. Heath. 275 pp. Cloth. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1908.

LEGAL FORMS. Printed in the amanuensis style of Benn Pitman Phonography. 51 pp. Paper. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1908.

BUSINESS LETTERS. No 4 — Insurance Correspondence. Printed in the amanuensis style of Benn Pitman Phonography. 51 pp. Paper. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company. 1908.

THE UGLY DUCKLING, AND OTHER STORIES. By Hans Christian Andersen. Printed in the amanuensis style of Benn Pitman Phonography. 49 pp. Paper. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Company.

THAT MAN FROM WALL STREET. By Ruth Everett. 360 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: George Thiell Long. 1908.

THE SCARLET SHADOW. By Walter Hurt. 416 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Girard, Kan.: The Appeal Publishing Company.

PATTY OF THE PALMS. By Adam C. Haeselbarth. 324 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: The Kenny Publishing Company.

THE ELDER BROTHER. By Charles Louis Brewer. 64 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Chicago: To-Morrow Publishing Company.

STEPPING-STONES TO HEAVEN. By Charles Louis Brewer. 82 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Chicago: To-Morrow Publishing Company.

POEMS. By Edmund Basel. 85 pp. Cloth. Farmingdale, L. I.: Nazareth Trade School Printing Office. 1908.

SHORT POEMS. By Grant Kyler. Paper. Ashland, Penn.: Kyler & Son.

NANNIE WALTERS. By Allie Sloper. 124 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 1908.

A BUNCH OF LIMERICKS. Compiled by Ralph H. Lyon. 60 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.

THE NEW MAYOR. Founded on George Broadhurst's successful play, "The Man of the Hour." Under the direction of William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer. Illustrated. 232 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

CONFLICTS OF USAGE. Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for October.

ENGLISH OR AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR NOVELS? W. D. Howells. Editor's Easy Chair, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for October.

LITERATURE OF KNOWLEDGE AND OF THE IMAGINATION. Editor's Study, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for October.

RICHARD MANSFIELD. — II. Paul Wilstach. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for October.

A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS (R. L. Stevenson in This Country). Will H. Low. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for October.

IS AN HONEST NEWSPAPER POSSIBLE? "A New York Editor." *Atlantic* (38 c.) for October.

EMERSON'S "FOOT-NOTE PERSON." Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Putnam's Monthly* (28 c.) for October.

TOLSTOY AT EIGHTY. Illustrated. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for October.

A LITERARY ESTIMATE OF TOLSTOY. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for October.

THE LIBRETTIST AND HIS PROFITS. George Middleton. *Bookman* (28c.) for October.

WOMAN IN THE ITALIAN NOVEL. Joseph Spencer Kennard, LL.D. *North American Review* (38 c.) for October.

BRONSON HOWARD. Brander Matthews. *North American Review* (38 c.) for October.

HORNE'S "TECHNIQUE OF THE NOVEL." Frederic Taber Cooper. *North American Review* (38 c.) for October.

THE PRODUCTION OF A PLAY. Hartley Davis. *Everybody's* for October.

MY HOUSE, DESIGNED BY MY NEIGHBORS, Illustrated. John Kendrick Bangs. *Suburban Life* (28 c.) for October.

LEWIS CARROLL: THE FRIEND OF CHILDREN. Illustrated. Helen Marshall Pratt. *St. Nicholas* (28 c.) for October.

NEWSPAPERS — AND TROUBLE MAKERS. Lindsay Denison. *Hampton's Broadway Magazine* (18 c.) for October.

MY STORY. — II. Hall Caine. *Appleton's Magazine* (18 c.) for October.

MR. SWINBURNE AS CRITIC. Frederic Taber Cooper. *Forum* (28 c.) for October.

MR. CHESTERTON AND NEO-ROMANTICISM. Edward Clark Marsh. *Forum* (28 c.) or October.

FAIRY TALES. Brian Hooker. *Forum* (28 c.) for October.

THE TRAINING OF A TEACHER OF ENGLISH. Alice M. Dunbar. *Education* (38 c.) for October.

JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON, CARTOONIST. Illustrated. Gustavus C. Widney. *World To-Day* (18 c.) for October.

MY LORD HAMLET. Historical, literary, and psychical considerations touching the principal character in Shakspere's tragedy. (Continued.) John McGovern and Jesse Edson Hall. *National* (18 c.) for October.

FAMOUS PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN. — VII. Paul H. Hayne, Poet-Laureate of the Lost Cause. With portrait. Eugene L. Didier. *Spare Moments* (8 c.) for October.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON OUR LANGUAGE. Charles Woodward Hutson. *Uncle Remus's Magazine* (13 c.) for September.

MR. ANDREW LANG AND ROBERT BURNS. Thomas Bayne. *National Review* (78 c.) for September.

THE MISSOURI UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM — WHAT AND WHY. Walter Williams. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for September.

THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER IN OUR NATIONAL LIFE. Rev. T. N. Ivey, D. D. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for September.

GEORGE P. ROWELL PASSES AWAY. With portrait. *Fourth Estate* (13 c.) for September 5.

SUMMER READING. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for September 17.

WRITING FOR THE LABOR PRESS. Rev. Charles Stelzle. *Christian Endeavor World* (8 c.) for September 17.

THE ORIGIN OF AMERICAN CARTOON SYMBOLS. Illustrated. Albert Bigelow Paine. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for September 19.

THE MAN WHO KEPT HIS BOYHOOD (R. L. Stevenson). *Congregationalist* (13 c.) for September 19.

NEWS AND NOTES.

John Townsend Trowbridge, hale and hearty at the age of eighty-one, has just completed another book for boys, and will soon sail for Europe on an extended tour.

Mark Twain has forsaken New York as a place of residence, and henceforth will live in his Italian villa at Redding, Conn.

A life of William Morris, by Alfred Noyes, the young English poet, will be the next addition to the English Men of Letters Series.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has spent many years in England, has decided to take up permanent residence in America, and has started to build a handsome residence in Manhasset, L. I., close to New York city.

Leo Tolstoy's eightieth birthday was celebrated September 9 at his home, Yasnaya Poliana. Tolstoy's health continues to improve, and he works many hours every day. He is still in bed, but was able to get up a few hours for his birthday.

Björnstjerne Björnsen, the Norwegian poet, and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary September 11 on their estate at Aulestad, near Lillièhammer.

Mr. Swinburne's "Age of Shakespeare" discusses Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Rowley, Heywood, Chapman, and Cyril Tourneur.

Aylmer Maude's life of Tolstoy is to be completed in two volumes. The first, which has appeared in London, covers the first fifty years of the author's life.

Harper & Brothers announce a critical volume by Henry Mills Alden, for forty years editor of Harper's Magazine, on the subject of "Magazine Writing and the New Literature." It is not to be a critique of the style and material of a magazine, but will be devoted to the consideration of general magazine influence during the last two centuries.

Professor George McLean Harper, of Princeton University, after a year abroad, during which he has been working upon his life and critical study of Sainte-Beuve for Lippincott's French Men of Letters Series, has now collected all his material for the work. He expects to revise and rewrite the book at Princeton during the autumn, and it will probably be issued early next year.

Will H. Low's book, "A Chronicle of Friendships," is made up of reminiscences of the life of the art students in Paris and Barbizon forty or more years ago, their pleasures, their aims, their work, but especially telling of the friendship of the three men, Robert Louis Stevenson, his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, the author of "The Art of Velasquez," and the author himself.

Ferris Greenslet's life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich will be published October 3.

"Literary Reviews and Criticisms," by Professor Prosser Hall Frye of the University of Nebraska, published by the Putnams, might properly be called studies in comparative literature, for half of the essays are concerned with French writers — Balzac, George Sand, Zola, Maupassant, Corneille, Anatole France, Sainte-Beuve — and comparisons or contrasts between modern literatures and classic literature, and especially between the aims and methods of French and English letters, abound.

The New York Herald is going to establish a short story competition, with $10,700 in prizes, to be awarded in the first six months of 1909.

Extension, the monthly magazine published in Chicago by the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States, offers prizes of $100, $50, and $25 for the three best stories of about 2,000 words submitted in competition, and will buy other acceptable stories at its prevailing rate. The editor says: "Stories must not necessarily be excessively religious or devotional. We want good, bright, clever short stories, with 'go' in them, with characters that have real red blood flowing in their veins — men and women who do things, and say things, and think things that any normal, healthy human being might do, or say, or think. The widest latitude is granted in the writing of the stories for our contest. They may deal with any phase of life; they may be serious or humorous. It is not essential that they have a happy ending; at the same time, we should like to emphasize that they need not be tragic in their ending. The narrative form of story, while permitted, is not the most desirable, since it is, as a rule, conventional, and rarely passes the point of mediocrity. The best short story is the one in which the characters themselves 'work out' the story. Character building is an art which the story writer must thoroughly study and master if he wishes to excel. It may be well, also, to remark in passing that there is a decided difference between a story and a mere sketch. *The fact that a story is true will add nothing to its value.*"

The editor of Town Topics (New York) announces that he will give prompt and careful consideration to short stories, burlesques, verses, and jokes, and will pay liberally for acceptable material.

The Broadway Magazine is now Hampton's Broadway Magazine — the term Broadway having been adjudged too local to New York. The editor says: "We are reaching out in fiction for *new* things — new as regards previous magazine tradition, but old, after all, old as love and the stars. We are hunting for youth, and health, and power — wholesome power, not morbidity. We want tales of heroism, adventure, romance, humor. We want plenty of sweetness and light in our fiction, and we want it strong as youth."

Mr. Munsey has killed the Live Wire and separated the two sections of the Scrap Book, one of which now retains the old name, and the other is called the Cavalier. The Cavalier will be devoted wholly to fiction.

Vick's Magazine has removed from Dansville, N. Y., to Chicago. Charles E. Gardner is still at the head.

The International Journal of Ethics, heretofore published in Philadelphia, will henceforward bear the imprint of Sherman, French, & Co., Boston, but its editor and its managing board will remain unchanged.

The Woman's Home Companion is going to increase its price to $1.25 a year, or fifteen cents a copy.

W. T. Price, author of "The Technique of the Drama," has just brought out a work entitled "Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle." The Dramatic Mirror speaks of it as "the most valuable contribution to the subject in years, if not the most valuable in the English language."

John Churton Collins died at Lowestoft, Eng., September 15, aged sixty years.

Arthur G. Stedman died in New York September 16, aged forty-nine.

Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa died in London September 21, aged fifty-five.

F. M. Howarth died in Philadelphia September 24, aged forty-three.

Professor Frank Parsons died in Boston September 26, aged fifty-three.

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HOW I WRITE MY NOVELS.

"How do you write your novels?" a dozen popular writers were asked. "Do you begin your idea with a strongly individual character placed in a peculiar developing environment, or do you make your characters subsidiary to the working out of social problems or pictures of conditions?

"Is plot structure a foremost consideration in your work, or does plot formulate itself as a logical sequence of 'types' presented?

"Do you have in mind some definite effect you hope to produce upon the mind of your reader — some special reason for the writing which is your idea and inspiration?

"Do 'characters' balk? Does the plot get away at times? Do you have a motif in your stories, and when and where do you do your work? In a sentence, what is the anatomy of the novel?"

These were the questions asked by the New York Herald, and the replies, published in the Herald as follows, are of absorbing interest: —

Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman: When I begin a novel I generally have in mind a central thought which I wish to develop, but never a problem. The individual characters, that is, the principal ones, are clear in my mind, but my plot is the vaguest. I have sometimes been embarrassed when asked to outline a plot for some announced work of mine, because my plot shapes itself as I go along. It may change, and I dislike to put it down in black and white, binding myself to do so or so.

I work almost entirely by the sequential method. My minor characters come in of their own accord. I have frequently been surprised at their appearance, feeling as if I had not invited them there. This was especially the case with the dwarf lady, Miss Blair, in "By the Light of the Soul." She suddenly appeared in the Pullman car on which Maria Edgerton was traveling, and to this day I don't know how she got there. She was very welcome, however, as she helped solve a perplexing question as to Maria, and I became interested in her at once.

In my last novel, "The Shoulders of Atlas," I had a clear conception of Henry and Sylvia Whitman before I began. I felt acquainted with their natures and dispositions. With respect to Rose Fletcher and Horace Allen, they were not so clear at the start. In fact, I thought Rose would never arrive. She was a very tardy heroine.

As to the technical details of my writing, I have no system, no given time to sit at my

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desk, and no special time for work, although, of course, I like the morning hours the best. I think I work by inspiration, doing my best work, most easily, when the mood is on. All this is dependent upon my physical condition, as my strength is limited. When very tired my type shows it, and my secretary has a hard time making out what I mean, while the uninformed would certainly conclude that I do not know how to spell. I compose wholly on the typewriter, and am entirely unable to dictate, a method which would save much of my strength if I could only practice it. Some days I am only able to do one or two typewritten pages; on rare occasions I have produced as much as 10,000 words in a day, although I must of course pay dearly in weariness for such close application as that.

George Barr McCutcheon: My method is simplicity itself, so to speak. In the first place, I write to entertain myself. If I succeed in that, there is some reason to suspect that readers may be more or less affected in the same way. So long as I am entertained by the tale in its development, just so long am I satisfied with what I am doing. If the fundamental joy wanes, I know that there is something wrong. It is then necessary to go back and re-build the playhouse of words and scenes. I could not write so much as a chapter if I were not pleasantly entertained and amused by the things that are happening or are calculated to happen.

As I never read my own stories after they have been worked over for the last time, I am scarcely qualified to say that they would entertain or amuse me in their printed state. I say good-by to them when finis is written. They are like children who go out into the world to earn their own way. It is for them to make new friends and to keep them if possible.

The plot comes first; then the characters. The people in the story merely serve to work out the plot, like so many amiable laborers who toil for the love of the thing. I may say that I have little or no trouble with them. We are good friends; that explains it.

It seems to me that I would rather have people say: "I love that story," than to *hear the superior* remark of the critic: "It *is a great book.*"

After all, it is the world we write for, not its atoms. Primarily, I write for the joy it gives to me — which is not as selfish as it sounds. The only effect I aspire to produce on the mind of a reader is one of gentle relaxation and pleasure. If he is thrilled or diverted, my object is obtained; if he is bored, I am quite likely to hear of it, one way or another, and humility oppresses me. However, being of a somewhat mercurial temperament, the depression is not a permanent affliction. Recovery is almost immediate. There is always a counter irritant in praise, no matter how meagre nor whence it comes.

The question is often asked: When do you do your writing? That is readily answered: When I feel like it. If the pencil runs smoothly in the morning hours, it means that the brain — or the imagination, if you choose to call it that — is keen and full of zest for the work of the day. On such days I may write several thousand words. On the other hand, if the morning hours are unprolific, there is no more work for that day. I never force the way. The plot is always there; it cannot get away. The characters are ready for work when I am ready.

Nine or ten months are required in the building of a long novel. The short ones take no more than five or six weeks. I was two years in writing "The Sherrods," and quite as long with "Jane Cable." As I wrote "The Sherrods" and "Nedra" before "Graustark" was published, it readily may be seen that I have secured something of a lead over my publishers, if one stops to think that "Graustark" was the first of my stories to be published.

I have but one unvarying rule. I always begin a story on the twenty-sixth day of the month. It does n't matter what day of the week it happens to be or what the month.

You may call it superstition if you like.

Myrtle Reed McCullough: It would be much easier for me to tell how I do not write my novels than how I do, as I have nothing worthy to be called a method. I keep a very small notebook in which I jot down from time to time titles and suggestions. It fits easily into an ordinary purse or handbag, and I usually have it with me. I travel a

great deal, but in search of enjoyment and experience only — never consciously for "material." I usually have my title before I begin the book. My characters and pictures of conditions, or environment, belong together from the beginning, and I could not dissociate them. Plot-structure, balance, harmony, contrast, and logical development are all with me "foremost considerations." The people and the story are inextricably associated, and could not exist apart.

I always form what most people call "inspiration." I never wrote a book — or even a line — that I did not have to write, nor began a book until the thing itself, demanding expression, gave me no peace. My mind works like a geyser — simmers and seethes for a long period, then explodes. I do not consider the effect upon the reader while writing — my only endeavor is to do good work.

I write usually during the winter months — principally in February and March — working from ten to four or five o'clock each day except Sunday. I use a typewriter entirely, must have quiet, and find that I can work better in a small room. I usually write a chapter a day, and do all my own copying and revision. I cannot dictate.

The story goes smoothly after I once begin it, because I have a long period of preparation mentally before I begin to write. It is all thought out well in advance as regards the main lines. Details fill themselves in as I work. Characters do not balk or the plot get twisted, as it is all planned in advance. Sometimes it turns out a little differently from the first plan, but not often.

It seems rather a misnomer to call it "work," as it is really a great joy. I love my work so much that I should gladly pay for the privilege of doing it if that were necessary. I want to write all the time, and I don't want to do anything else but write, but as a spider cannot spin constantly, there must be long intervals of rest, recuperation, and varying experience. But the happiest days of my life are those I spend alone in the soundproof room, my solitude secured by a paragon of a maid — take my hour's walk at dusk, dress for dinner, and after dinner talk over my day's work, and the next day's, also, with my husband, as he reads the first draft of my manuscript, chapter by chapter.

In the sense of "working," if writing be work, I've been working all my life, for when I have n't been doing it I've been thinking about it, and I must have been born with a pen in one hand and a sheet of paper in the other, howling for ink.

Harold MacGrath : I usually begin a story as a dramatist begins a play — with the end. The characters work out the plot themselves ; I have very little to do with it after they have started.

The structure of a plot must naturally be foremost, for, after all is said and done, the story's the thing. I never outline a plot ; I carry the main thread in my head till I am ready to put it on paper, and after it assumes body on paper it has many devious twists and turns of which I had no prior idea.

The one definite idea I have in mind in writing stories is to afford an agreeable, pleasant hour or two to my readers. I wish to amuse them, to make them wish that they, too, might have lived as this or that hero, in this or that land, probable or improbable. I prefer sunshine, mirth, buoyancy, and I believe most readers prefer the same.

I write whenever I feel like it, for when I am in the mood I do better work. I never force myself to do so much work each day. There are days when it is impossible to write a hundred words ; again, I have written as many as 7,000 words in a day. Obstacles ? There are altogether too many to enumerate. A character that does n't "balk" never fails to be uninteresting. I have always tried to place human people in absurd or unique situations, and to let them extricate themselves as you or I would if so placed.

The anatomy of a motif for a story is a complex thing, but of a practical joke "The Man on the Box" was evolved. A young man, disguised as a coachman, drove his sister and her friend to a ball one night. This happened in my native town. And it amused me greatly when critics said the exploit was highly improbable. Out of the Italian state and church marriage came the plot of "The Lure of the Mask." The most trivial thing sometimes will suggest a plot. I

found the ten of hearts one night on the sidewalk. It became the motif of "Hearts and Masks."

Sometimes when it seems hard to connect one chapter with another, I find this obstacle easily surmounted by writing the last two or three pages of the chapter just finished. This seems to give me swing to begin the next. I always begin a story with a paragraph or a sentence vital to the plot, something to grip the reader's attention from the very start; but to accomplish this the first page is always to me the hardest bit of writing in the whole book.

James B. Connolly: Are n't we all trying to paint life as we find it, without caring overmuch where we find it, provided it is interesting to us and not too sordid for decent men's enjoyment? Preferably do we not take our stories from real life, thereby saving ourselves just so much work?

And never a story worth while that did not come from life, which is, after all, as much in the spirit as in the body, as much in the aspirations as in the accomplishments; but this does not mean that we try to tell a story as we hear it — does any imaginative person ever? — but you hear a story, and it suggests to you a treatment by which it may be made to serve a purpose. When you get through with it it may differ as much from the original tale as the plant does from the seed, but in that original tale was the germinal idea, and is n't that about all that anybody with a moderately varied experience in life needs? You are given the skeleton; it is for you to add flesh and blood and breathe the spirit into it; and will not the likeness to a real live human being which that figure displays be about in proportion to our knowledge of human nature and whatever little gift we may have for inducing others to see things as do we ourselves?

As to the plot — need that matter much? And if it does, they lie all about us — life is full of plots — not always equal to the demands of melodrama, perhaps, but sufficient to the largest requirement. Take any group of people, of varying standards of conduct, and set them striving for some one thing, *and do we not immediately get a struggle of some kind — and does n't* every struggle develop its own plot? For myself, I think a plot should be kept very much under, as it is in actual life, where there are very few villains and very few sublime heroes, and where a man's course is a hundred times more likely to be guided by impulse than by intellectually guided action.

Is n't fiction perhaps serving its best purpose when it is striving to make people of varying creeds, race, and social standards acquainted with the most lovable, the best sides of each other? — and all despite differing standards trying to do the right thing or about as near the right thing as their systems will stand? I would rather be equal to presenting one such convincing example than to inventing a dozen plots — which incidentally no man that ever lived was equal to. Plots remain the same — the hues of life are ever changing.

For the mechanical items of which you ask: I prefer to write in the morning, and not too early; at home I am no early bird — anywhere between breakfast and luncheon — nine and one — are good hours for me, and this though I am one of those who believe that most men can write better at night, under artificial light and a hushed community. But he is a wise man who remembers that he may have to work — not a week or a month, but many years, and an important thing in a long race is to conserve your energy.

Winston Churchill: I make my characters subsidiary to the working out of the presentation of the problem.

George W. Cable: How do I write my novels? No two of them are results of the same method. Even as to their mechanical production, I no longer put my pages into handwriting, but typewriting. When writing away from home I make them in pencil, reducing them to typewriting on my return to my study — a lodge of two rooms, one above the other, in the midst of my small grove garden, known to my family as the "power house."

But, of course, it is trivial to dwell on the hand and tool work of a literary craftsman. Yet, let me add that because my wits refuse to work on any but a clean page, and because I have to revise so much and so often, I put

my pages on large sheets and limit each to a hundred and fifty words, using the broad margins for revisions. This is about the only thing in the mechanical part of my work that I sufficiently approve of to recommend it to others. It has its emphatic drawbacks, but it has a number of values.

As to the mind work, my method for the novel I am just now completing ("Kincaid's Battery") seems to me so much the best I have ever followed that I prefer to speak exclusively of it. I began with the idea of presenting a phase of life unfamiliar both to general experience and to literature, yet to the portrayal of which I could bring an exceptional familiarity, whether acquired by experience or by a vivid imaginative study of some period of history — or by the two combined. I chose New Orleans for the centre of my scene because I am of New Orleans, by birth and more than half a lifetime's residence. I chose our Civil War for time and circumstances, as hanging fullest of ripe fruit in the gardens of my imagination and actual experience. I put my hero and others into the artillery service because while still writing "The Cavalier," a cavalry story, I noticed that the artillery arm seems to have least attention from tellers of military stories, yet offers a superb phase of soldiers' life. I set myself to make a story which should be a strong combination of character portrayal with plot; with, I mean, a conflict of passions, wills, schemes, and adventurous and tragic fates; and to harmonize these entirely with historic events of the time.

Next I made a scenario, as though projecting a play, yet was careful that it should be the framework of a novel and not of a play; and this anatomy I studied and revised for months before writing a page of narrative. Thus, incidentally, I found myself so well acquainted with each character in the tale before beginning to write it that if any one of them ever "balked" (as you say), I do not know it.

I believe I am blameless in this story of trying to prove anything or preach anything. It is supremely a love story, a tale of love and constancy. Certainly it is also a war story, but not for history's sake or war's sake, much less for the praise of war; the story of a war within a war, a war of beautiful characters (with plenty of faults to make them human and real) against characters ugly and evil, yet not without charm. I hope it may preach as character and conduct always will and must whenever they are, as the critics say, convincing.

I write six days of each week, "at home or abroad, on the land, on the sea," from nine to one, and confine all the other tasks and joys of life, including research, relaxation, proof-reading, and correspondence, to the other hours.

And I hope no one will ever take me for an example.

Will N. Harben: I usually first have an idea for a story; then I select the characters which are to be used and their individuality, actions, conversation, reflections, etc., cause the plot to take shape, and it is satisfactory provided it is leading toward a logical and satisfying climax and a proper ending. I consume exactly one year in producing a book. After the idea has come I spend fully five months in doing nothing but living with the idea and the characters. I keep a notebook in which I write down everything that strikes my fancy as taking place in the story, making perhaps a thousand entries, and, strange to say, never looking at my notes after I begin work. My novels are usually 120,000 words in length, and I make a rough first writing of less than half so long, which is finally elaborated into the finished book. It takes about seven months for me to write one of my novels and correct the proofs and get it off my hands. After that I must dismiss it wholly from my mind, in order that I may "dream out" another.

I work only in the mornings, beginning at eight and ending at eleven. Unlike many other authors, I never like to write on till I have finished some particular thrilling chapter or scene, but prefer to stop at an interesting point, if my time is up, in order that I may take up the work the following day with eagerness and faith in having something that must be said.

I have usually thought out my book so thoroughly before beginning to write it that it seems to run smoothly and not to hitch,

and, too, the characters do and say things in a final sort of way which keeps me from having to alter what has once been written.

Joseph Medill Patterson: All one's previous life enters into a book, I believe. A word here which you picked up in the Third Reader years ago, another word there which you got in James (the psychologist, not the novelist) last week, a phrase from the Bible, an adjective (peculiarly applied) from Nietzsche, may all be thrown together in the same sentence under the government of an old rule of the first copy desk that ever frightened you. What I have said about words is true also of ideas, of arrangement. The writer merely merges, co-ordinates his life's impressions. Not only does he draw some of his characters from life as he sees it, but he draws all his characters from life. That does n't mean that he will draw one character from one person, for the photograph, after all, is n't as true as the portrait. The photograph gives equal prominence to the essential and to the non-essential. But if he is drawing a character of certain temperament, placed in certain environment, he will find the common factor to a great many people of that temperament in that environment, and make that common factor conspicuous in the single character whom finally he in this way selects.

Plot, of course, means struggle, and the bitterest struggle springs from the strongest instincts — to eat and to procreate. In some strata of society the struggle to eat is thrust into the background, because food is taken for granted, and the struggle to adorn takes its place — less fierce, of course, just as the modern married woman is more ready to be thrust aside by a successful promoter than was Medea by Jason. The struggle should be logical between forces not very unequal, so that suspense may be introduced. It should end as most struggles of the particular type depicted do end. Such, as I am led to believe, is the general scheme of work of the realist. The romanticist, of course, has entirely different methods, and from a commercial point of view more profitable ones. In writing "A Little Brother of the Rich" I conceived first Paul Potter, the name part; *then, to balance him,* Sylvia, the heroine. I put them in a certain environment, and the plot thereupon worked itself out naturally. Given the main characters in their environment, the plot, like the subsidiary characters, formulates itself.

I am irregular about writing; some days I do as many as 5,000 words, some days none at all. The leading characters cannot balk, because they are not compelled to do anything they do not want to. The specifications as to the minor characters may, of course, escape the memory occasionally.

Stewart Edward White: I generally take a strong central character, or at least one of interest to me, and let the plot and subsidiary characters develop from whatever is necessary to explain him. Sometimes, however, an environment will attract me; in which case I try to create a character which shall correspond to or be a product of that environment.

The plot develops from the characters rather than the other way about.

I generally try to have some deep moral or ethical idea for which the novel is to stand as a symbol. For example, in "The Blazed Trail" the idea that while man owes it to himself to succeed, he does not necessarily owe it to himself to succeed alone, and that his aids may often be weaker vessels. In "The Silent Places" was the simple idea of doing a man's work modestly, and of making the woman's sacrifice and supreme love without self-consciousness or heroics. But having decided on this motif, a novelist should keep it under in the exposition. In other words, the story, as a story, should speak for itself.

I never start to write until I know what I am to do. Then I write very rapidly, and with only minor corrections; begin at about eight A. M.; work until half-past ten; accomplish on an average 1,500 words in that time; have never run against obstacles in the actual writing.

One thing I can add, I can never "gather material." Just as sure as I go into a new country with the idea of getting literary material out of it, I come back with nothing. But if I go out for fun, and forget all about writing, etc., then I am sure to have something of some value, at least to myself. In conclusion, I believe fully in a writer's actu-

ally living the life he tries to depict, not in a dilettante manner, but as the people do.

Meredith Nicholson: It would be money in a story writer's pocket to know just how new ideas are caught on the imagination's wireless mast. In my own case I don't know how I have found the plots for such stories as I have written. The gods that pass our plots are fickle devils, and very whimsical in their bestowing of favors. Whom they love they may visit in sleep, as witness Stevenson's own confession touching the genesis of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

At the risk of appearing ridiculous — and an author is in danger when he talks about himself — I will now make a confession, preposterous though the thing be: My most novel ideas, and those have been the most profitable when worked out, have come to me when I shaved!

I asked a distinguished psychologist not long ago if he could account for the fact that my poor imagination seems liveliest as I mow my face, and he replied promptly that the mind in all departments is at its best in the morning hours immediately after sleep. This is plausible enough on the face of it, the unshaved face, so to speak, but the fact is that I always shave at six o'clock in the evening. As I don't know anything about it, and even if I knew how to pull ideas out of the void, I should not be unselfish enough to give away the secret. But I am quite serious in saying that the plots of two of my stories that have enjoyed the greatest popularity came to me while I shaved; and I often find new ideas, titles, and chapter headings running through my mind while performing this solemn rite.

Before I begin a story I must see the end of it, or something at least that corresponds to a third act in a play. A first chapter and all the intermediate incidents are comparatively easy if you have a strong, dramatic incident to lead up to. I speak now of stories written frankly to entertain, and making no serious appeal — to stories, not novels in a proper sense. Characterizations are not so important in the minor type of fiction, but in real novels, dealing soberly with definite aspects of life, characterization is, of course, the main thing. Balzac, the great master novelist, shows how this may be done, and he probably did n't do it while shaving, either! And yet, and in proof of the felicity of formulating a philosophy in such matters as these, it occurs to me that one remembers the individuality of the "Three Musketeers" in Dumas' tales quite as clearly as one remembers their strenuous adventures.

To make sure that I have a real climax — an effective third act — I usually begin by writing that particular chapter of a story first. If it does n't seem strong enough to base a story on, I pass it by and look for a new subject. I go to my desk at nine o'clock each morning for about nine months of the year, but that does n't mean that I produce copy every day. On many days I never start, though I may know exactly what I want to do. If I look up a quotation I am likely to go on idling over books. The worst foe I have is a copy of Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of Poetry," which my fellow-townsman, Dr. James A. Reilly, gave me several years ago. That wonderful anthology has eaten up many a morning for me. On other days I play with my work, writing and re-writing some paragraphs for the sheer fun of it. I have never written more than a thousand words a day at my blithest. I write my first draft by hand, then get a typewritten copy, tear it to pieces, get another copy, and so on, for half a dozen times, if need be. I have never attempted but one short story, and this I still have in my possession, and I have no intention of publishing it or of offering it for publication. I have re-written it throughout at least twenty-five times, and I still hope to keep on working at it for a good many years. Since I wrote the first sketch of it I have written and published three books.

I have just been looking over the notes I made from time to time while planning "The Little Brown Jug at Kildare," and I find that once started on that work, with my third act "curtain" in my eye, I changed nearly all the subordinate incidents. I make copious notes, but I rarely ever refer to them, as a story that's really going to be a story develops a power of its own and feeds itself on it as it moves along. However, I never change the main device when once it's adopted and tested by the writing of the crucial chapter.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Writers should note that beginning October 1 the letter postage rate either way between England and the United States is reduced to two cents an ounce. The old rate for manuscripts for publication — one cent for each two ounces or fraction of two ounces, unsealed — remains unchanged. For return postage the international coupons, to be obtained at any post-office, should be used.

* * *

The misuse of "dove" for "dived," and "proven" for "proved," and "had drank" for "had drunk" is especially common among people who are particular about their language, and who are always careful to say "between you and I." In Harper's for October Professor Lounsbury with gleeful hyperbole tells how shocked Boston was when in the original impression of Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha" there were found in the seventh book the three following lines : —

> "Straight into the river Kwasind
> Plunged as if he were an otter,
> Dove as if he were a beaver."

The offending preterite was banished from the next edition. As Mr. Lounsbury puts it : "'Dove' was expunged, and the decorous 'dived' assumed its place ; and the whole transaction was so completely hushed up that no public scandal was created."

* * *

The New York Herald's $10,700 short story competition is generously planned, with the exception of one stipulation. The announcement says : "The manuscripts published, and all rights therein, are to be the absolute property of the New York Herald Company, and contestants would do well to retain copies of their contributions, as manuscripts *will not* be returned to them." To the first part of this no one can reasonably object, but the rule that no manuscripts will be returned seems unnecessary and unkind. It imposes on every competitor the necessity of duplicating his manuscript, and leaves him at the end of the contest with the uncomfortable feeling that there is an unpublished story of his, of more or less value, that he does not know to be destroyed. The Herald, of course, is acting in good faith and means that

all unused manuscripts shall be destroyed, but it would do better to follow the usual custom and return unacceptable manuscripts when postage is enclosed. The extra trouble to the Herald would be small, and simply as a matter of kindly courtesy to the contestants it would be well worth taking.

W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

Receiver Is Asked.	Receiver Is Asked For.
Being a relation of Mr. Parkman.	Being a relative of Mr. Parkman.
Boston had 900 less marriages last year than the year before.	Boston had 900 fewer marriages last year than the year before.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Helen Frances Bagg, whose story, "What Happened on the Rigi," was published in the Red Book for October, has always made her home in Chicago, where her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Foresman Bagg, is a well-known vocalist, but she has spent a good deal of time in travel. The greater part of her time has been devoted to dramatic work, and several of her plays have been published and produced. The latest one, a three-act play called "The Lady in the Kimono," was given at a special matinee at the Studebaker theatre in Chicago last April, under the direction of J. H. Gilmour. Miss Bagg has not been writing long, but her stories and poems have appeared in the Red Book, the Blue Book, Munsey's, the Argosy, and other publications.

William Chester Estabrook, whose story, "The Magic of Sourness," was printed in the Century for October, also has a story, called "The Fall and Rise of Constantinople," in the Red Book for November. He has been writing for only a short time, but his stories, which are usually humorous or musical, have appeared in Harper's Magazine, the Century, the Saturday Evening Post, the Reader, Munsey's various publications, and many other magazines. While Mr. Estabrook has lived for years in Colorado, he admits to being a transplanted Hoosier. He and his wife, Alma Martin Estabrook, who is also known as a writer, make their home near the foothills of the Rockies.

Gertrude Brooks Hamilton, whose story, "Two Hearts and a Deuce," appeared in Appleton's for October, is a native of Washington, D. C. She is now twenty-two years old, and was on the stage until a year ago, when she began literary work. Since then she has had poems and stories published in the Woman's Home Companion, the New England Magazine, Gunter's, the Scrap-Book, Appleton's, the Bohemian, the Circle, and the Ladies' World. Her first book, a story of stage life, is now in the publisher's hands, and she is at work on a second.

Mrs. Luther Harris, whose story, "The Room of the Cake," was printed in the Red Book for October, now lives in Duluth, Minn., although she is not a Western woman by birth. For a number of years she wrote for the various magazines under a pen name, but by the advice of a magazine editor who took enough interest in her work to write her a personal letter, she began signing her work with her own name, which the editor believes to be always the better plan where the work is worthy. Mrs. Harris has had stories in the Smart Set, the New England Magazine, the Metropolitan, the Red Book, and a number of other magazines.

Jessie Kaufman, whose novelette, "A Jewel of the Seas," was published in Lippincott's for October, has written until lately under a pseudonym. Her home is in San Francisco, but she has spent several years in the Hawaiian Islands, and knows the various phases of life there well. She had planned to publish a collection of short stories, each one showing a picture of life in Hawaii — among the native Hawaiians, the visiting element, the foreign residents, etc. — and had a dozen or more ready when she lost her home and everything that it contained in the San Francisco earthquake and fire, and

the stories all went, too. Miss Kaufman has never attempted to re-write these stories, feeling that it would be more difficult than to undertake work that was entirely new. She is now at work on another novelette descriptive of life in the Islands, which will give more of an insight into the native life and its close association with those of foreign blood. A few months after the earthquake Miss Kaufman returned to Honolulu, and was there about a year, during which time she sent "A Jewel of the Seas" to Lippincott's Magazine.

Florence C. Mallon, whose story, "A Chip in Porridge," appeared in Harper's Bazar for October, lives with her parents in Malone, N. Y. She was graduated from Vassar in 1897, and two years ago began writing sketch stories and one or two stories of French-Canadian dialect for the New York Sunday Sun. She has also had some of her stories printed in Munsey's and in the Saturday supplement of the New York Evening Post. Her writing so far has been casual, but it has been quite enough to warrant her continuing. George B. Mallon, the city editor of the New York Sun, by the way, is a brother to Miss Mallon.

Augusta Huiell Seaman, whose story, "How Constance Conquered," is printed in St. Nicholas for November, and who wrote, also, "The Opal Ring," published in the October Delineator, is Mrs. Robert R. Seaman, of Richmond Hill, N. Y. Mrs. Seaman has been writing only for the past eighteen months. Having written some stories for her own amusement, she sent a few to the magazines, merely as an experiment, and was surprised and pleased when they were readily accepted. Since then she has had several stories published, and she has just completed a long work of fiction, based on a historical subject, designed for younger readers.

Francis Haffkina Snow, whose Russian story, "Three on the Steppe," was published in Harper's Monthly for October, is a Harvard graduate, and was for two years instructor in Romance languages at Harvard, in both the college and the graduate school. He is now living in New York, where he has been engaged for nearly three years in a scientific investigation of a problem of comparative literature, the result of which will be published as soon as completed under the auspices of Columbia University. Mr. Snow has traveled much abroad, and is a scholar of wide and varied training in literary and linguistic fields. He is a remarkable linguist, reading and speaking most European languages, including Russian. A year ago he accompanied his wife, formerly Elena Haffkina, a Russian by birth, on a study trip in her native land; and after traveling with her from spot to spot and city to city, penetrating even into the Asiatic Caucasus, he was so impressed by the inexpressible wretchedness of the Russian people that he determined to devote himself as far as possible to spreading in his own country a more vital realization of the incredible conditions that prevail in this vast, semi-mediaeval land. "Three on the Steppe" was written from direct, personal impression while in Russia. Other stories from Mr. Snow's pen will follow as his scientific labors permit.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Cholmondeley.—Miss Mary Cholmondeley, the novelist, has some interesting revelations concerning her craft in the October number of the Pall Mall Magazine. "I have," she says, "been writing books for five and twenty years, novels of which I believe myself to be the author, in spite of the fact that I have been assured over and over again that they are not my own work. When I have on several occasions ventured to claim them, I have seldom been believed, which seems the more odd, as when others have claimed them they have been believed at once. Before I put my name to them they were invariably considered to be, and reviewed as, the work of a man; and for years after I put my name to them various men have been mentioned to me as the real author."

Once, she says, when she was "young and shy," an elderly man at a London dinner

party discussed one of her earlier books with such appreciation that she told him she had written it. The reply was: "I know that to be untrue," and the conversation was turned to other subjects.

When she was writing "Diana Tempest" one of the characters, "a very worldly, religious young female prig," was much in Miss Cholmondeley's mind. She piloted her through courtship and marriage, inventing all her sayings, and describing the wedding and the abhorrent bridegroom with great minuteness. The book had been printed and sold when one of the young women who had unconsciously contributed a trait to the character became affianced. "She immediately began throwing off with great dignity, as if by clockwork, all the best things which I had evolved out of my own brain and had put into the mouth of my female prig. At first I was delighted with my own cleverness, but gradually I became more and more uneasy, and when I attended the wedding my heart failed me altogether. In 'Diana Tempest' I had described the rich, elderly, stout, and gouty bridegroom whom the lady had captured. There he was before my panic-stricken eyes! The wedding was exactly as I had already described it. It took place in London just as I had said. The remembrance that the book had passed beyond my own control, the irrevocability of certain ghastly sentences came over me in a flash, together with the certainty that, however earnestly I might deny, swear, take solemn oaths on family Bibles, nothing, nothing, not even a voice from heaven, much less that of a rural dean still on earth, could make my innocence credible."

Johnston.—Miss Mary Johnston had a serious illness four years ago, and her physician ordered her to stop all literary work. She spent much time in foreign travel, and during her wanderings the plot of her new novel, "Lewis Rand," slowly worked itself out in her mind. Sometimes in Sicily, sometimes in England, sometimes on steamships, sometimes in hotels, she slowly and carefully developed her story, until finally upon her return from England last year in complete health she was able to go vigorously ahead with the book and carry it through to its conclusion. — New York Sun.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

An Editor's Ideas About Writing. — George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post, probably has more manuscripts submitted to him than any other magazine editor, and thus, in the very performance of his work, he exercises a strong influence on the development of the young writer. What he has to say, therefore, on the subject of writing for magazines, and especially on the chances of the unknown man, is of interest.

"Writing is like religion," Mr. Lorimer began. "Every man who feels the call must work out his own salvation. And I might add that while many are called, few are chosen.

"Many beginners think that if they can acquire style the fight is won; but style without ideas is as useless as an edged tool without wood to carve. On the other hand, many men who have ideas expect to write acceptably without spending any time in learning how to use the tools of their trade.

"Given talent for it, a man must prepare himself for writing as he would for medicine or law — by study and practice. Men don't expect to leap over night into the practice of either of these professions. But there is an idea current that writing is a haphazard profession, and that success just happens in it. I know of none which involves more drudgery and hard work during the years of preparation.

"I believe that newspaper training is almost necessary to the man who wants to write for magazines. The daily newspaper sustains the same relation to the young writer as the hospital to the medical student — it is the great school of practical experience. Take almost any of the men who are doing good work to-day, and you will find that they have been reporters. Newspaper training teaches three invaluable things — to do what you are told to do; to do it quickly; and that there are no excuses for not doing it. Then a man who writes for

the magazines to-day needs a trained news sense.

"Of course, there are some drawbacks to a newspaper experience, too. It teaches facility, but a man may easily become too facile. That, I think, is why so many of the new novels read as if they were only first drafts of stories. They are written at white heat, with journalistic swiftness, and published before the cooling-off process has taken place.

Mr. Lorimer believes that there are more women writing to-day than men. "But women," he says, "as a rule, write what they call introspective stories."

I asked him what he meant by "introspective stories," and he replied with a characteristic epigram: —

"Stories where one looks within and finds nothing."

When he was asked to define a story (and by this is meant fiction), he replied: —

"In a real story, the psychology is incidental to the plot; in the introspective story, the plot is incidental to the psychology. In a real story, such as 'Vanity Fair,' character is revealed by what the people in the book say and do, not by what they think out loud and tell us in asides about themselves. In the former the reader does the thinking; in the latter the hero does it."

Of the relations between editors and authors, Mr. Lorimer said: —

"Once the notion was held that man was lucky to get printed, and that to want money for his work was to take a low-browed view of a high-browed matter. He was given something that was called an honorarium, if he got anything, but like most things with long and imposing names, it did n't amount to much. To be respectable and to eat regularly, he usually had to have a 'job.' Now, when an increasingly large number of men live by their pens, no manuscript should be kept more than a week, and two or three days ought to be sufficient to dispose of the average paper. It's just as easy for an editor to keep up with his work day by day as to let it get behind a month, and then to keep along with it.

"The writer is entitled to prompt decision, *and that helps some* with him. Paying on acceptance helps more, for he usually needs the money quite as much as the man who makes a living selling hides. The old method of paying on publication, keeping an author waiting for weeks and months, and sometimes years, for his money, is a relic of the dark ages of magazine making.

"It is my feeling that an editor should not accept an article or a story about which he feels the slightest doubt. You don't find business men entering into an agreement when they are doubtful of its wisdom. Doubt means that you are taking chances. If an editor is n't quite sure that he likes a thing, his readers will probably be sure that they don't like it.

"One of the greatest fallacies in making magazines is the 'big name' fallacy. When you get a big name coupled with a good story, you have the ideal combination. But when you have the big name and a bad story, you simply disappoint the high expectations of your readers. I should always prefer a good story by an unknown man to a moderately good story by Kipling. Of course, a big name stands for achievement and the ability to achieve again. That's why the unknowns keep seeing them in the magazines. But every now and then some very bad manuscript comes from the great. The most telling successes that we have ever had have been with series by unknown and anonymous writers." — Isaac F. Marcosson, in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BOOK REVIEWS.

POEM OUTLINES. By Sidney Lanier. 120 pp. Cloth, $1.00, net. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

"Poem Outlines" is made up of outlines and fragments of verse which were left by Sidney Lanier among his manuscripts, and which the editor regards as containing the essence of poetry. The compiler says: "These poem-sketches were jotted in pencil on the backs of envelopes, on the margins of musical programmes, on little torn scraps of paper, amid all sorts of surroundings, whenever the dream came to him. Some are mere flashes of simile in unrhymed couplets; others are definite rounded outlines, instinct with the beauty of idea, but not yet hewn to the line of perfect form." In laying stress on the value of such fragments, the compiler says: "It requires but little intimacy with

the true artist to see that, whether his medium of expression be words, or music, or the brush, much of his finest achievement can never be given to his fellows bearing the stamp of perfect craftsmanship. As when the painter, with hand momentarily inspired by the fervor of the eye, fixes in a sketch some miracle of color or line, which vanishes with each stroke of the brush laboring to embody it in a finished picture — so the poet may transcribe one note of his own tense heart-strings ; may find fluttering words that zigzag aerially beside the elusive new-born thought ; may strike out in the rough some heaven-scaling conception — to discover too often that these priceless fragments cannot be fused again, cannot be joined with commoner metals into a conventional quatrain or sonnet. . . . It may be that his word is interrupted by the necessity for giving to the world that which it will receive in exchange for a living, and his next vision is of a far distant corner of the Enchanted Land. Yet these records are what they are ; they bear star dust upon their wings ; they give, perhaps, his most intimate revelation, his highest utterance."

It can hardly be said that the present volume contains material that fully justifies such enthusiastic phrasing, but the book is interesting because it gives glimpses of the inspiration that comes to the poet's mind, and shows his jewels in the rough. Some of the fragments have real poetic value, as, for example, the lines,

> "In a silence embroidered with whispers of lovers,
> As the darkness is purfled with fire-flies,"

or the lines,

> "The blackbirds giving a shimmer of sound,
> As midday hills give forth { transparent tremors / luminous }
> of heat and haze,

and the phrase,

> "Star-drops lingering after sunlight's rain."

Others show attempts that failed and are sometimes ludicrous, like,

> "The feverish heaven with a stitch in the side,
> Of lightning."

Sometimes there is an outline that might be worked out into a poem, as, for instance,

> "ORNAMENT BEFORE DRESS.
>
> "Who doubts but Eve had a rose in her hair
> Ere fig leaves fettered her limbs ?
> So life wore poetry's perfect rose
> Before 'twas clothed with economic prose.
> Homer before Pherecydes,
> Caedmon before Alfred,"

or,

> "Night's a black-haired poet, and he's in love with Day. But he never meets her save at early morn and late eve, when they fall into each other's arms and draw out a lingering kiss ; so folded together at such times that we cannot distinguish bright maid from dark lover ; and so we call it Dawn and Twilight — it being
>
> "Not light, but lustrous dark ;
> Not dark, but secret light."

The little volume is rich in suggestion, and it undeniably contains some uncut gems of poetry. W. H. H.

THE NEWSPAPER WORKER. By James McCarthy. 108 pp. Cloth. New York : The Press Guild.

The purpose of Mr. McCarthy's book is "to familiarize the new reporter with the organization of a newspaper staff, to give him some notion of the mechanical part of the newspaper business, and by explicit direction regarding the manner of obtaining information about all kinds of news, direct him to an intelligent comprehension of the aims, scope, and requirements of his profession." The book was written from notes jotted down from time to time during fifteen years of active newspaper reporting, and is plain and practical throughout. Several chapters are devoted to giving specific instructions for reporting all kinds of important news, and not only are schedules given of the facts to be learned in each case, but there are long lists of descriptive or hint words and phrases that may help the reporter in writing out his story. For instance, under the heading "Social Reporting" comes the paragraph : —

> Weddings. — Names of bride, bridegroom, maids of honor, best man, flower girls, etc. ; when and where held ; private or public, at home or in church ; simple, elaborate, or fashionable ; weather ; decorations ; name of clergyman and church with which he is connected ; parents of bride and bridegroom ; who gives bride away ; spectators — their number, standing, or character, interested in ceremony, etc. ; ushers ; prominent persons present ; how bride and bridegroom looked (See "Personal Description") ; gowns of bride, maids, and notable women present ; dress of bridegroom and best man ; the bridal veil, how fastened, and flowers ; bouquets of bridesmaids ; does bride wear bridegroom's wedding gift ; reception — names of receiving party and assistants ; wedding breakfast, caterer, and menu ; those present ; congratulations, personal, by letter and by telegram ; presents ; bridegroom's favors to ushers, etc. ; wedding tour ; future home ; when couple will be "at home" ; sketches of couple, social standing, etc. If married at home, state where couple stood during the ceremony, and if under an arch, describe it. In fashionable church weddings, describe nature of the ceremony ; arrival of couple at church ; crowd ; music ; wedding march — processional and recessional ; organist ; choral service.

The lists of hint words are like those in Roget's "Thesaurus," but so arranged as to be most useful to reporters when writing news of different classes ; for instance, under the heading "Fires," the list begins : —

> Full swing ; headway ; fanned ; sweeping ; shone like an immense cresset ; combustible ; crackling timbers ; sheets, tongues, tempest, ribbons, canopy, cordon, jets, columns, tides, plumes of flames or fire ; seething mass ; inflammable ; ruddy ; erubescent ; embers ; brands ;

and so goes on for twenty lines. Much good

advice is given in the book, with information about headline writing, proof-reading, and other matters of interest to newspaper workers. The long list of "Verbal Distinctions" is a very useful feature. W. H. H.

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON. By Henry van Dyke. 121 pp. Cloth, $1.00, net. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

With "The House of Rimmon" Dr. van Dyke, who is already accounted among the foremost of our lyric poets, has undertaken the poetic drama, and has achieved a notable success. Taking for the basis of his plot the biblical story of Naaman, the Syrian, he has boldly added to it a love intrigue between Naaman's wife and the priest of the House of Rimmon, and a story of self-sacrificing love for Naaman on the part of Ruahmah, the Israelitish maid, which give to the plot a definite romantic interest. The language of the text, though somewhat sensuous in one or two instances, is in the main fine and elevated, and the whole piece is characterized by dramatic as well as by poetic power. An element of humor is added by the mixed metaphors of Rakhaz, one of the courtiers of Damascus, who says, for instance: "Our heads shall be crowned with seats of honor in the processions of the Assyrian king. He needs wise counselors to help him guide the ship of empire onto the solid rock of prosperity." Ruahmah's song of the dawn in the third act is an exquisite lyric gem.

W. H. H.

THE BOY AND THE OUTLAW. By Thomas J. L. McManus. Illustrated. 408 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: The Grafton Press.

The author of "The Boy and the Outlaw" lived as a boy during the Civil War at Harper's Ferry, and was deeply impressed by the dramatic scenes connected with John Brown's raid. He has written a story around the events of those stirring times, telling how a country boy, pining for an education, comes across a wounded mulatto, one of John Brown's band, hiding in the bushes, and secretes him from the officers of the law, at great risk to himself, although by giving up the fugitive he could have won a $1,000 reward. Prominent among the other characters of the interesting story are the boy's mother, an uneducated woman who is heroically devoting her life to paying her dead husband's debts, and her motley collection of boarders, a crew of men engaged in the construction of a dam. Their varied characteristics are illustrated with never-failing humor, while the story gives innumerable pictures of Southern life in war times, and especially depicts the old-fashioned negroes, with their simple weaknesses and their peculiar ways. The book is unique, and all who read it will be well repaid. Incidentally in a preface the author gives some extracts from a "Dairy" that he kept when he was a boy that make the reader of them hungry for the remainder of the manuscript.

MAN-BUILDING. By Lewis Ransom Fiske, LL.D. 324 pp. Cloth. Chicago: The Science Press.

"Man-Building" was originally brought out by the Scribners in a private edition of 1,000 copies in 1901. The edition having been exhausted, and re-awakened interest in the subjects treated in the work having recently caused a popular demand, the present publishers secured the right to bring out the book for general circulation. The book is a thoughtful one, and the author in naming and analyzing the laws that control the symmetrical growth of men and women in body, mind, and character, has sought to answer the question, What can be done to help young people develop and use the powers of their being for their highest good?

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added*. Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ON LEARNING TO WRITE. Havelock Ellis. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for November.

CORIOLANUS. Illustrated. Harold Hodge. *Harper's* (38 c.) for November.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE OF TO-DAY. Editor's Study, *Harper's* (38 c.) for November.

RICHARD MANSFIELD. III. — The Great Actor. Illustrated. Paul Wilstach. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for November.

LETTERS OF WALT WHITMAN. Illustrated. *Putnam's* (28 c.) for November.

THE LONDON "TIMES" AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. George Haven Putnam. *Putnam's* (28 c.) for November.

A PLEA FOR CRITICS. Eugene Wendell Harter. *Putnam's* (28 c.) for November.

GENTLE SPEECH. Price Collier. *North American Review* (38 c.) for November.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS POET. Professor William Cleaver Wilkinson. *North American Review* (38 c.) for November.

DANIEL COIT GILMAN. Harry Thurston Peck. *Bookman* (28 c.) for November.

THE EARNINGS OF THE DRAMATIZED NOVEL. George Middleton. *Bookman* (28 c.) for November.

THE PLEA OF POETIC LICENSE. George Philip Krapp. *Forum* (28 c.) for November.

MY STORY. (Continued.) Hall Caine. *Appleton's Magazine* (18 c.) for November.

DANIEL C. GILMAN: BUILDER OF UNIVERSITIES. With portrait. Nicholas Murray Butler. *American Monthly Review of Reviews* (28 c.) for November.

MY LORD HAMLET. Historical, literary, and psychical considerations touching the principal character in Shakspere's tragedy. John McGovern and Jesse Edson Hall. *National Magazine* (18 c.) for November.

A TRIBUTE TO COUNT TOLSTOY. With frontispiece portrait. Dr. Paul Carus. *Open Court* (13 c.) for November.

LITERARY MEN OF BROWN. IV.—Sam Walter Foss. With portrait. Harry Lyman Koopman. *Brown Alumni Monthly* for October.

THE INSPIRATION OF BIOGRAPHY. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for October 1.

GOETHE'S SERVICE TO MODERN THOUGHT. Eugene Parsons. *Christian Register* (9 c.) for October 29.

THE MOTHER-TONGUE. Brander Matthews. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for October 3.

THE AGE OF PAPER. George Ethelbert Walsh. *New York Christian Advocate* (13 c.) for October 8.

NOAH WEBSTER'S SESQUI-CENTENNIAL. With portrait. *Zion's Herald* (9 c.) for October 14.

TOLSTOY: SAGE, ECONOMIST, AND NOVELIST. *Journal of Education* (13 c.) for October 15.

WRITING AND PLAYWRITING. Jesse Lynch Williams. *Collier's* (13 c.) for October 24.

GHOST-STORY TECHNIQUE. Mary S. Watts. *New York Times Saturday Review* for October 24.

MISTRAL OF PROVENCE (Frédéric Mistral). Albert R. Ledoux. *Outlook* (13 c.) for October 24.

THE FINE ART OF BOOK-BINDING. Illustrated. Claire Coburn Swift. *Outlook* (13 c.) for October 24.

AN AMERICAN HUMANIST (Charles Eliot Norton). *Outlook* (13 c.) for October 24.

IK MARVEL AND EDGEWOOD FARM. Illustrated. Albert Frederick Wilson. *Outlook* (13 c.) for October 24.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Outlook* (13 c.) for October 31.

A MASTER OF OPTIMISM (Edward Sandford Martin). With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for October 31.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Miss Lilian Whiting is to be the authorized biographer of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. Mrs. Spofford, who was Mrs. Moulton's most intimate friend, is preparing the introduction to the new collected edition of her poems.

The late Miss Charlotte Yonge wrote a life of G. E. Romanes. Now Mrs. Romanes has written a memoir of Miss Yonge. The book will also have an appreciation of Miss Yonge by Lady Frederick Cavendish.

Mr. Shorter's definitive biography of the Brontës, just issued, contains many letters and manuscripts hitherto unpublished.

"The Pope of Twickenham" is the title of a study of the poet, his life, his work, and his friends, by the lady who conceals her identity under the name of "George Paston." The work will fill two volumes.

F. B. Sanborn, who was the friend of Thoreau and Emerson, and the intimate of John Brown, has written his "Recollections of Seventy Years."

"The Great Fight, Poems and Sketches, Edited with a Biographical Sketch by May Harvey Drummond," contains a short, intimate biography of the late William Henry Drummond.

The memoirs of Jonas Lie as related by his son, Erik Lie, will be published soon in Copenhagen. The work will contain a number of unpublished letters exchanged between the author and leading contemporaries in Norway.

The volume, "Park-street Papers," by Bliss Perry, is made up exclusively of essays having to do with the Atlantic Monthly and its home on Park street.

William Winter's book of reminiscences, announced by Moffat, Yard, & Co., is devoted to the author's recollections of the famous actors with whom he has come in contact during his long career as a dramatic critic. It bears the title, "Other Days: Being Chronicles and Memories of the Stage."

The Longmans announce a "History of English Journalism to the Foundation of the Gazette," in which the author, J. B. Williams, aims to portray, on a scale never before attempted, the origin and early history of English newspapers, describing all the principal writers and their careers. The book will contain an exhaustive catalogue of all periodicals published up to the year 1667.

President Roosevelt has signed a contract with the Outlook to act as an associate editor. This is made subject to the existing contract to write the story of his African travels for Charles Scribner's Sons. His work in connection with the Outlook is to cover political and economic topics.

The New York Herald offers prizes amounting to $10,700 in two contests in short story writing. No. 1 is confined to school teachers of the United States ; No. 2 is open to amateur and professional writers of this country. A committee is to select 104 of the best of the stories submitted, and these are to be published in turn in the Sunday Herald, beginning January 3 and ending July 4, 1909. During these twenty-six weeks $200 will be awarded each week to the successful writers, in accordance with the votes of the Herald's readers. That is to say, for the four stories to be presented each Sunday the writers of two will receive $75 each and the authors of the other two $25 each. In addition to the $5,200 to be thus distributed, the Herald offers six grand prizes amounting to $5,500, to be awarded at the close of the competition — also by vote of the Herald readers — two prizes of $2,500 each, two of $500 each, and two of $250 each. Manuscripts are limited to a maximum of 2,500 words. No manuscripts will be returned. Manuscripts should be typewritten, and the author of each should indicate at the top of the first page in which of the two competitions it is entered. Stories must contain the author's name or pseudonym (for publication), and the author's full name and full address (not for publication) should be on the upper left-hand corner of the first page. Contestants may submit as many stories as they wish. The latest time at which manuscripts may be entered in the contest is Monday, June 7, at six P. M. Manuscripts should be addressed, "Editor Short Story Competition, Box 2,000, Station E, New York City."

The Alcolm is a new magazine, published in New York. Its purpose is "To interest and show the true attitude of the man of the World of Business — not only in his hours of strain, but in his hours of ease and retirement ; the establishment of successful enterprises from their modest inception to widespread operations ; how they were built up, and how they were handed on in their mammoth proportions to the present generation."

Food and Drink is a new monthly magazine published by S. E. Cassino at Salem, Mass.

Every "ism" that is is represented in a monthly magazine called the Day, the first number of which has been published in New York. Spiritualism, vedantaism, human electricity, psychology, psychic research, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, new thought, telepathy, and utilitarianism are only a few of the themes which are touched upon in this publication, which seems to have taken all occult and religious knowledge for its province.

London is to have a new monthly, called the English Review. It will start with the opening installments of Joseph Conrad's autobiography and a novel by H. G. Wells, and there will be contributions by Count Tolstoy, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, and John Galsworthy.

To the valuable series of Old South Leaflets, published by the Directors of the Old South Work, Boston, has been added Robert C. Winthrop's Fourth of July oration on "The Centennial of Independence." The papers in the series now make four interesting volumes.

The entire November edition of the Chautauquan Magazine was burned October 19, when the building in Chautauqua, N. Y., in which the periodical is printed, was burned to the ground. Mr. Taylor, who has charge of all the Chautauqua publications, said directly after the fire that there were duplicate proofs of the issue in Chicago, and that in all probability the magazine would be quickly reset and printed there or in Buffalo.

Mrs. Howard Kingscote ("Lucas Cleeve") died in England in September.

Esther Chamberlain died at Mt. Clemens, Mich., September 20.

Elbridge Henry Goss died at Melrose, Mass., October 9, aged seventy-eight.

Benjamin H. Ridgely died at Monterey, Mex., October 10, aged forty-seven.

Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman died at Norwich, Conn., October 13, aged seventy-seven.

Edwin Reed died in Boston October 15, aged seventy-three.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton died at Cambridge, Mass., October 21, aged eighty years.

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HOW BOOKS ARE MADE.

Here is the story of the making of a book. When a publisher receives a manuscript from an author he gives it out to one of his Readers, one of a force upon which he relies for opinions as to the advisability of publishing or probable salability after publishing. These Readers are generally persons who have been well trained in the merits or demerits of popularity or authority, and in spite of occasional errors of judgment inseparable from work of this nature, have developed exceptional ability in this line. If the manuscript appears hopeless for this particular publisher's use it will probably pass through the hands of but one or two Readers. If, however, it shows prospects of success, it will be placed before several of these experts, each of whom will deliver an opinion, and it will go for final consideration to the head of the editorial force or a member of the publishing firm.

Let us consider that the manuscript has been accepted and the contract drawn up and signed by the author and the publisher. The next step is the sending of the manuscript to the head of the manufacturing department of the publishing house. This gentleman generally tries to talk the book over with the author, in an effort to include as many of his ideas in the production as may be possible considering the limits and the cost of manufacture. He is then ready to begin the building of the book.

Of course, if a new volume is to be added to a series which has already been begun, or if it is to be patterned after some book which has already been made, the plan of procedure is simple, the work to a great extent merely mechanical. If the book, however, must be constructed on lines of its own, the first thing to be done is to obtain a count of the number of words the manuscript contains. This is necessary as giving a gauge from which to determine the size of type and of the type page, and to arrive approximately at the number of pages the book will make. This counting is not as easy as it sounds, and it is quite an art to do it accurately, since manuscript will vary considerably in different parts, and often the "copy," as the manuscript now becomes called, is made up of writing by different hands, or of magazine or newspaper extracts of varying sizes pasted or laid in. Then, too, the different sizes of types to be used must be considered, for long quotations or correspondence must be set in a different size from the text, and the estimator will also find that portions of the same manuscript will vary materially,

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according to the nature of the subject. For instance, in a novel, a part given up to broken conversation will fill more pages than the same number of words of description. The words having been counted, the next proceeding is to decide on the type and type page.

While in the selection of type there are many fonts from which to choose, most of them, except for the more ornamental styles often used for booklets and special gift books, narrow themselves down to adaptations of three or four faces, their variations being due to peculiarities in the cut of the letters belonging to one or the other of these few standard styles. Some of these adaptations will get more letters on a line of a given length, and some less, than others set in the same size of type. In addition to the changes of types, the manufacturing man is allowed some leeway by the "leading," or blanks between the lines of type. Having decided whether the book is to be of approximately the size known by the book-buying public as "octavo" or "12mo," or some such designation, it is his work to settle upon a type and type page which will not run the book to such a length as to make its publishing too expensive, or, on the other hand, to make a book so small that the buyer will feel that he is not getting the worth of his money. In all of this he is bound down by the fact that his type page, whatever it is, must not be laid out contrary to certain proportions which the good taste of the past has made definite. After getting these matters worked out, he sends the manuscript to the printer, with instructions for a sample page to be set to confirm him in his decision, and often with a request to the printer to count the words and verify his estimate of the number of pages. Very often this sample page must be juggled, a line added, a fraction of an inch taken off, a page number put at the foot, a running head changed in style, or even an entirely new start made on an entirely different basis before an O. K. can be given.

The sample page having finally been approved, the order is given to begin the work, the printer is told how many proofs will be required and where they are to be sent, and the last details about any irregularities to be met in the work are put in his hands. The printer starts his compositors to work, or if the book is to be set by machine, arranges for the machines and operators who are to begin the composition, and the kind of progress that can be seen commences. Then follows the period of proofs and proof reading. The first proof, which is a galley proof, or one "pulled" (printed) on long slips of paper without any division into pages, is read and corrected several times before it leaves the printer's hands, and is then read and marked for correction by the author and by some of the publisher's editorial force before its return to the printer. If the corrections required are many, it is customary to have further galley proofs, or "galley revises," sent out, so that the changes may be reduced to a minimum before the matter is made up into pages, when all corrections are apt to be more expensive to the publisher or author than if made in the galleys. Then, all the palpable errors having been corrected, and all the additions and excisions made which have up to that time been discovered by the author, the type is put into page form, the running heads and the page numbers are added, and the proper sinkage allowed for the beginnings of chapters. More proofs follow, and perhaps page revises, before the final word is given that everything is correct and that electrotypes of the pages may now be made. Even then a plate proof is often required, and oftentimes late corrections are sent to be made in the plates themselves — an expensive proceeding, and one avoided whenever possible.

A word should here be said about this matter of corrections, for there is probably no one thing which causes as much friction between the author and the publisher, and the publisher and the printer, as alterations from copy. The author, when he sees his work in type, naturally sees many things which escaped his notice in manuscript form. Moreover, there are often new developments of his subject or suggestions from friends brought to his notice, all of which he is anxious to include in his first edition. He cannot understand why just a few words added here or a line taken out there should,

when repeated now and then, make such a seemingly excessive bill of errors. Such changes, however, which appear to him to be very slight, and which are so, judging by their length, may require the changing of words and spaces throughout several lines, or, after paging, the readjustment of a number of pages. All of this takes a compositor's time, the printer has to pay the compositor for this time, and at the end of the work a considerable bill is rendered. If the author or editor will only remember that where a word or a sentence is taken out, another word or sentence as near the same length as possible should be inserted whenever it can be done, or if he can cut out enough old matter to allow space for new he may wish to add, much wear and tear of feelings might be saved.

All this time, while the proofs are going back and forth, while the corrections are being made, and while the electrotypes are being produced, the manufacturing man is busily arranging the later details of the book. He is ordering the paper, seeing that it is delivered in time, arranging with the artist for illustrations if the book is to be embellished in that way, deciding upon the cover decoration and the binding, and perhaps even getting out partially finished books showing the binding and a few pages of printed matter from which the salesmen can take orders.

As soon as enough of the book is in type to insure accuracy as to the number of pages, or often with the original estimate as a basis for the order, steps must be taken to have the paper on hand as soon as the electrotyping has been finished. The manufacturing man must decide upon the quality of the paper to be used, its size, weight, and finish, where it is to be obtained, how much is to be paid for it, and how large a quantity is to be used. He must obtain samples from different mills, consider these in relation to the price asked, make his decision and place his order, and then, often the hardest work of all, follow up the paper men incessantly to make sure that it is on the spot when it is wanted. The type page being fixed, he allows for the proper margins, considers whether he will print eight, sixteen, thirty-two, or sixty-four pages at one impression, and then figures the quantity by a scale which allows enough extra sheets for spoilage in the printing and binding. While all of this work may sound as a simple proposition, it is often far from that, for the paper must be chosen with some regard for the face of type which is to be used upon it, and it must very often be selected with a view toward making a too fat book thin and easy to hold, or toward padding out a small, insignificant book into something worth while to a prospective purchaser.

While the proofs are shuttling back and forth and while the paper is being made, it is also time for the supervisor of the work to be closing in any of the illustrative and decorative portions of the book. If cuts are to be printed with the text, the drawings and the cuts must be made in advance, in order not to hold back the paging; if, however, the cuts are to be printed separately and are to be pasted in by the binder, the work may be carried on while the composition is being done, the manuscript having been given the artist to read in advance of its being sent to the printer, or an early set of proofs sent to him, that he may choose the situations that appeal to him for illustration. In a general way it may be said that the illustrative processes are two in number, although these branch out into infinity in their variations, and although there are more than these two and their variations required in special work. The two in question, used in the general run of books sold at retail, are the line cut, or zinc etching, made from line drawings and drawings with solid blacks and whites, and the half-tone, made from photographs and wash drawings. Both of these cuts, or engravings, are made by photography and chemical action, both may be reduced, or even enlarged to a certain degree, to any size proportional to the original subject, and both may be printed at the same time as the text pages, except for the fact that the finish of the paper must be adapted to the cuts. The line cut may be used on any paper whose surface is smooth enough to print without breaking the printed line, but the half-tone, on account of its delicacy of line, may be used only on a coated paper or a paper of high finish. The printing of colored illustrations is simply the adaptation of one or the other of these two proc-

esses, breaking up the colors of the picture in such a way as to produce practically any of the colors of the spectrum—a complete art in itself, and often carried out by printers who do no other kind of work, or else the arbitrary division of a picture into two or three colors and the printing of portions in each color, without regard to the fact that the combination of two certain colors will produce a third. Unless a book is so filled with cuts as to require a highly-finished or a coated paper throughout, it is customary to print the cuts separately from the text.

Another of the artistic features to be looked after before the presswork has been completed is the designing of the cover and the making of the brass dies from which the binder stamps the design on the outside of the book. The artist to whom is delegated the work of making the cover design submits a scheme in its colors, usually painted on cloth or paper of the color suggested for use, so that an idea may be had of the general effect and a tentative estimate made of the cost. In general, the artist is held down to as few colors as possible, and is restricted in the use of gold and silver, on account of the extra cost of dies and stamping in the former case, and of precious gold and silver leaf in the latter. When the design is finally accepted it is given into the hands of the manufacturing man, who, determining the size of the cover and the thickness of the book, passes it along to the die cutter in order that the design or lettering may be cut in hard brass, from which any quantity of covers may be stamped or printed without showing any evidence of wear on the part of the die itself. Of late the cover inset has come into much vogue, this inset being generally an illustration printed on paper in one or more colors and pasted on the cover in relation to some part of the stamped design, thus giving an added attraction to the cover and making it more in keeping with the book, while at the same time holding down the cost.

Let us consider, then, that the electrotype plates are now ready for the press and that the paper is in the printer's hands. The book is ready to be printed. The publisher therefore tells the printer how large an edition he requires, and the signal is given to begin the printing. Any one unacquainted with the work and going into a pressroom for the first time must be struck by the large number of presses seemingly lying idle, when he has been given to understand that a pressroom is always a scene of whirring activity. This seeming quiet is on account of what is known as the "make ready"—the principal cause for expense in printing, and the work which brings out the pressman's art and skill. This is the labor required to get the eight, or sixteen, or thirty-two, or sixty-four pages ready to be printed. The pressman lays out his form on the bed of his press, using a large block upon which the electrotypes may be placed or fastened, or else a number of small blocks, one to a page, arranged in their proper positions by wooden or metal strips laid between the blocks—"furniture," as these are called. As type matter or plates can never be absolutely even on the top, it is necessary for the pressman to build up the low spots and cut down the impression where it is too black. After placing the form on press, therefore, he runs a trial sheet of paper through the press, from which he is able to know where in the form his work of evening the impression is required. Then he starts this work, which is known as the "make ready," a labor which may require an hour or even two or three days, according to the character of the form or the quality of the work desired. Pieces of thin paper are pasted on the cylinder of the press in such positions as to touch certain spots in the form at the point where the cylinder carrying the sheet of paper to be printed meets the plates, thus increasing the strength of the impression at that point, while other pieces are cut in the right size and shape and pasted under the plate, between it and the block, to gain a similar end. The former method is known as "overlaying," and the latter as "underlaying." This same process is carried out in printing the illustrations, only to a greater degree and generally with more care. When the "make ready" has been finished, the sheets of blank paper are lifted up on the press and fed one by one on to the cylinder, which carries them in its revolution against the plates, after which they are deposited in a pile to be removed, printed

again on the other side, counted and packed for shipment to the binder. Similar work to this is carried out for every form of the book until it is all printed, when the scene is shifted to the bindery.

The first step in the bindery is the folding of the sheets. While this was generally done in the past by hand by girls working with a flat piece of smooth ivory or similar substance, it is now almost universally executed by ingenious machines which take the sheet of paper, cut it, fold it accurately, insert one folded sheet within another if necessary, and deliver the folded signatures, as each single folded sheet is called, ready for the next process. These signatures are next "gathered," either by hand or machinery, in the order in which they are to appear in the finished book, and they are then "collated," that is, verified, the collator making sure that all signatures are arranged in proper order and that none is missing. They are then sent to the sewing machines, which stitch the signatures together in one continuous row, making no division between the volumes, which have to be cut apart by hand. If the books are to have gilt tops, it is here that this work comes in, the gilder placing a number of books in his press, squeezing them up very tightly, with the edge to be gilded uppermost, scraping this edge very smooth, painting on it a thin albumen size, and then laying on the thin gold leaf, which is burnished down to smooth brilliancy by a tool worked by the hand of the gilder. The sewed and gilded book then moves along to be rounded and backed; that is, to be given the circular effect shown on the back of the book, and to have the edge of the back, where the sewing is, forced out by pressure to make a groove in which the covers may have play. A piece of coarse, tough cloth, reënforced by a pasted strip of paper, is glued on the back, the edges of the cloth overhanging the edges by an inch or so on each side, a flexible glue is smeared on the back to strengthen it and to hold the signatures more closely together, and the book is ready for the cover, which in all probability has been made while this other work was going on, in order to save time at the end.

Although machines are now generally used for the making of the cover itself, or "case," as it is called in the trade, they have simply adopted the method of the hand worker with more uniformity and speed. The plan of this work begins with the cutting of the stiff pasteboard into pieces of the proper size for each side, a similar cutting of the book cloth for the entire cover, the glueing of the inner surface of the cloth, the placing of the pieces of board in their proper positions and of a strip of paper down the back, and the turning over of the edges of the cloth upon the board to give a finished edge and strengthen the case. The case then goes to the stamper, who places the brass dies the publisher has supplied for the lettering and the design on a metal block, inks them with colored ink, or, if gold or some other foil is to be used, has this foil stuck on with a size to the cover, and prints the design or lettering on it with his stamping press. If foil is used the dies are hot stamped against the foil, and the waste foil which has not received the impression is rubbed off, collected, and re-melted. The book is then fitted into the case or cover, the blank pages at each end of the book, which have been pasted on for this purpose, are pasted back on the cover, and the book is finished. These pasted leaves, together with the reënforcing cloth, are all that hold the book to the cover in ordinary "edition work," as this style of binding is called, but that they are sufficient for all customary use is shown by the amount of hard usage one of these volumes will stand.

The books are now placed in a press and subjected to heavy pressure for a day or a night or more, in order to set the mould, as one might say, and give them a proper chance to dry, after which they are packed in cases and shipped away to the market. In the selling of the product another department of the publishing house begins its work, while the manufacturing man gives a sigh of relief, comments perhaps to himself, perhaps to the printer or binder, on some details which had not worked out in just the way he had intended, and devotes his attention to the finishing of the next book on the publication list. *Edwin T. Stiger.*

The Independent.

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WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

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Short, practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

THE WRITER cheerfully seconds the motion of the editor of the Bookman that the following words and phrases be eliminated from common speech : —

Along these lines. Brainy. Clubman. Dandy (as an adjective). Exclusive (as a social term). Gentlemanly. He (she, it) struck a new note. In touch with (except as a technical term in military or naval discourse). Locate (as an intransitive verb). Lunch. Nom de plume. 'Phone (or telephone, either as noun or verb. Pleased to meet you. Social standing. Stylish. The Four Hundred. Up to date.

* * *

"Along these lines," a correspondent of the Boston Herald pertinently writes : —

Is the fine art of phrasing one's thoughts in simple and lucid English about to be superseded by a hodge-podge of overworked phrases like : —

The question of. As to whether. Will likely be. Of the fact. Please note that. A condition, not a theory. Something to be said. The trouble is. In addition to. For example. In general. Right here. On the other hand. In this connection.

For example, please note right here that in this connection the trouble is that, in addition to the question of the too frequent use of phrases like "in general," there is, on the other hand, something to be said of the fact that it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. Further discussion is invited along these lines.

* * *

Walter Pater's biography tells us that by his own statement he never earned by writing more than $500 in a year. Mr. Pater was probably better content, however, with that small addition to his income and the reputation that he gained than he would have been to be one of the authors of the slop-work "best-sellers" of the year.

* * *

An odd suit brought by William L. Clark, of Brooklyn, who writes law books, against John B. West, of St. Paul, who publishes law books, has just been decided in New York. It appears that West in 1900 made a contract with Clark for a three-volume work on corporations, with the stipulation that the author should receive $2 a page for his manuscript, and if he abstained from intoxicating liquors during the writing he should receive $6 a page. This condition, it is alleged, was not observed by Mr. Clark, and although the work was completed and accepted within the time set by the publisher, the latter refused the additional $4 a page. The court of appeals has just decided unanimously in favor of the author. Justice

Werner, who wrote the opinion, says that the contract was "not a contract to write books in order that the complainant may keep sober, but a contract to keep sober so that he may write satisfactory books." In other words, the courts have ruled that as long as a man's work is satisfactory and executed promptly, his employer cannot bind him to total abstinence.

* * *

Generally if an author is capable of writing successfully in his own language, he is quite content, but recently three cases in which writers have published works written in a foreign language have come to public notice. Mrs. Edith Wharton has written in French a story which is published in the current number of the Revue des Deux Mondes. Of course, Mrs. Wharton has spent much time in France, and has had every opportunity to make herself perfectly acquainted with French, but her achievement is no less remarkable. Again it is announced that the anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress," who is French by birth, has written her new novel not only in French for publication in Paris, but also in English for publication in this country. This is thought to be the first novel ever written by an author in two languages at the same time. The third case noted is that of the dancer, Loie Fuller, who, an American, has just published in Paris her autobiography written in French, under the title "Quinze ans de ma vie." There is some question, however, as to whether Miss Fuller wrote all the French herself.

W. H. H.

"NEWSPAPER ENGLISH" EDITED.

"Personally," said Senator Aldrich, "I would be very glad to see it done."	"Personally," said Senator Aldrich, "I should be very glad to see it done."
As though there was n't enough to drive people insane as it is.	As if there were n't enough to drive people insane as it is.
We think that if he had been bitten or any member of his family had been bitten by one of these canines, he would feel very differently.	We think that if he had been bitten or any member of his family had been bitten by one of these dogs, he would feel very differently.
Governor Hughes did not go to the executive chamber to-day. He remained at the executive mansion resting out.	Governor Hughes did not go to the executive chamber to-day. He remained at the executive mansion resting.
Charles Dana Gibson, to rest up from his close application, in Paris, to painting in oils, has accepted an offer from Collier's to go West for a few weeks to furnish some studies in black-and-white of Western characters.	Charles Dana Gibson, to rest from his close application, in Paris, to painting in oils, has accepted an offer from Collier's to go West for a few weeks to furnish some studies in black-and-white of Western characters.
The voluntary was got through with, with no serious results.	The voluntary was played to the end, with no serious results.
Superintendent Drake admits that a great many operatives have been laid off, and says the reason is that the company intends to make less shoes here.	Superintendent Drake admits that a great many operatives have been laid off, and says the reason is that the company intends to make fewer shoes here.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Blanche Goodman, author of the story, "A Misogynist in the Making," in Lippincott's for November, is a Tennessean by birth, and has always lived in Chattanooga. She has been writing now for four years. She writes only when the "spirit moves" her, and she has sold stories and verse to the Century, Lippincott's, the Delineator, the Smart Set, the New York Times and the New York Times Saturday Review of Books, Collier's, the Saturday Evening Post, the Broadway (now Hampton's) Magazine, the Editor, and a number of minor periodicals and newspapers.

Donald A. Fraser, whose poem, "Contentment," was published in the Delineator for November, is a Canadian by birth, his father having been a Presbyterian clergyman stationed at Port Elgin, Ont. Most of his life, however, has been spent in Victoria, B. C., where he is now on the teaching staff of the public schools. He began writing about seven years ago, his first published work being some verses in the Westminster, of Toronto. He has had since then poems or short prose articles published in the Canadian Magazine, the Canadian Courier, East

and West, and other Canadian periodicals, while in the United States his work has appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, St. Nicholas, the Delineator, the National Magazine, Little Folks, the Pacific Monthly, the Overland Monthly, the Western Field, the Home Herald, and the Christian Advocate. Most of his work has been verse, chiefly religious or juvenile in tone, but some of his nature verses have also been well received. His sonnet on the "Douglas Fir," published in the Canadian Magazine last spring, was extensively copied, and a humorous Irish sketch, entitled "Bridget and the Beauty Doctors," published in the Saturday Evening Post two years ago, has been included in the repertoires of elocutionists.

Roland Ashford Phillips, whose story, "The Intruder," was printed in the Metropolitan Magazine for November, was born in New Jersey, but about ten years ago he went West, and now makes his home in Denver. After leaving school he went into the advertising business, but after five years gave it up for the broader fields of literature, and for the past three years he has devoted himself solely to writing, contributing to such magazines as Harper's, the Red Book, the Metropolitan, the Bohemian, and the Illustrated Sunday Magazines. For some time Street & Smith have taken most of his work, written under several pen names, for their various publications. Mr. Phillips is at present engaged on special article work on matters of national interest — especially of the West — for prominent editors. He is a frequent contributor to the Technical World, both in the line of fiction and special articles. He has also written several novels which have appeared in different magazines. Mr. Phillips is now twenty-four years old, and spends part of his time in travel. He always manages to reach New York at least once a year.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Harraden.—When I called on Miss Beatrice Harraden at her flat in Hampstead, I found her established behind her desk, a little figure clad from neck to ankles in green. From the green above rose her head, brown curls cut short, fine, big, brown eyes, and dark skin. From beneath the green below peeped out two small bronze shoes. Simple, quaint, and entirely dignified, Miss Harraden is more distinguished in appearance than any other author I have ever seen.

Leaning across her desk, she told me something about "Interplay."

"I have been working at the book for about two years," said she; "in fact, I always take years over a book. In the case of 'Interplay,' I have lived with the characters for months, visiting in turn all the places they lived in, and trying to see the places with their eyes, following their walks on a map, and, when they went for country outings, taking them to Hampstead, where I myself was born, and where, as you see, I live still. I don't see why I should not write about something I know thoroughly."

Miss Harraden brings to novels not only the story teller's spirit, but also the scholar's love of research. For example, dictionary writing was described, as will be remembered, in one of her recent books, which, by the way, started as a play and changed its mind en route. That this might be absolutely accurate, she visited Oxford and studied the great Dr. Murray's methods till she was almost qualified to write a dictionary herself. In "Interplay" she introduces a violinmaker, and in preparing to write about this character she spent "many happy days in an old violin shop." Again, in "Katharine Frensham" the same spirit showed itself. One of the personages is a chemist, and although little is said in the book about chemistry, Miss Harraden took a whole course of lectures on the subject before she undertook to write about him. — London Letter in New York Times Saturday Review.

Hugo. — Twenty posthumous volumes by Victor Hugo (nearly one a year) have appeared, and the end is by no means in sight. The Hugo family still possess a pile of unpublished manuscripts, several of which will be given to the world as soon as they can be prepared for the press. The "Annales Politiques et Littéraires" is now printing por-

tions of a preface to "Les Misérables," which Hugo also intended as a preface to his complete works, but which for some unknown reason he did not use. This preface is almost a book in itself, since it will make 120 printed pages.

Gustave Simon, who is the sole literary executor of Victor Hugo, now that Paul Meurice is dead, is of the opinion that Hugo began planning his "Les Misérables" as far back as the time he published "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné," that is, in 1829. It was not till 1845, however, that he actually began to write his great romance. For three years he worked diligently upon it. Interrupted by the Revolution of 1848, he put the manuscript aside for twelve years. April 26, 1860, he exhumed it and commenced reading it. "This reading of his manuscript," I quote the exposition of M. Simon, "which lasted till the twenty-first of May, that is, more than three weeks, plunged him into a state of profound meditation. He occupied himself no more with Jean Valjean, with Fantine, with Cosette, but with the blemishes, the hardships, and the sufferings of all humanity. He came gradually to contemplate the mission of man, his rôle, his origin, and his destiny. And then all the great problems of the existence of God and of the immortality of the soul rose before him, and, with that passion which he always had for the mysteries of the hereafter, he felt himself impelled to study the world, the formation of the earth, the evolution of man, the progress of science, the history of religions, and the destiny of the universe. He thus convinced himself that what he had wished above everything to produce in 'Les Misérables' was a religious book. This thought determined him to write his profession of philosophical faith. . . . The religious question obsessed him. He had introduced into his novel a bishop who played a decisive rôle ; he wished to study the history of religion. So he delved in the most ancient books, those of the Italian hagiographer, Jonas ; of the German hagiographer, Heribert Rosweyde ; of the Benedictine, Walafride Strabon ; and of the priest of the Oratoire, André Galland ; and he consecrated himself during the months of June and July, 1860, to his preface, which he characterized as follows in a note : 'A "quasi-ouvrage" upon my personal religious philosophy, intended to serve either as a special preface to "Les Misérables" or as a general preface to my works.' It was Hugo's formal wish that this manuscript, even though incomplete, should be published. At its beginning he wrote on the margin in pencil : 'Before the reader engages in the reading of this book, it is necessary to warn him. The book which he has at this moment in his hands is a religious book.'" — Paris Letter in New York Times Saturday Review.

Sardou. — From his earliest days he kept exhaustive notebooks, in which were marked down, in that small and scrupulously neat handwriting of his, every incident in his reading or actual experience which might serve as a "peg," or as material in any shape for his incomparable dramas. His study contained an extraordinary number of pigeon holes, in which he deposited ideas as they occurred to him. "Ideas are the dramatist's stock in trade," he was wont to say, "and they are much too precious to be lost."

Thackeray. — Sir George Trevelyan, in his speech at the recent Publishers' Circle dinner in London, said : "I was present at a family dinner where Thackeray discoursed to a delighted audience of young people about 'The Virginians,' which he was then writing, and which seemed to fill his mind to the exclusion of everything else. Among other matters, he asked us, all around the table, what was the widest jump any of us had ever known, and when we agreed upon twenty-one feet, he said : 'Then I must make George Washington jump one foot more.'"

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

A Comma's Effect. — We are interested in this Mr. Lorraine, not because he is the author of "The Great Prize Novel," but because Mr. Unwin has caused at least one beautiful thing to be said about him. We read in Mr. Unwin's free-and-easy paper, M. A. B., the following words : "Rupert Lor-

raine's intellectual stature corresponds with that of the outer man. Standing six foot two in his boots in spite of his love of literature, he is very far from being a mere bookworm." The comma in these sentences is where we have placed it; and if it was not so placed intentionally by the editor of M. A. B., it certainly ought to have been. That a man should stand six foot two in his boots in spite of his love of literature is a most gratifying circumstance. We congratulate Mr. Lorraine and Mr. Unwin. — London Academy.

The Longest Sentence Ever Written. — The prize for the longest sentence ever written may fairly be awarded to the elder Dumas, who probably holds a further record for fertility of production. In the seventh of the twenty-nine volumes which compose the "Impressions de Voyage" there is a sentence describing Benvenuto Cellini which fills three pages, or 108 lines, averaging forty-five letters apiece. The sentence is broken by sixty-eight commas and sixty semi-colons, but as it contains 195 verbs and 122 proper names, the reader is somewhat bewildered before the end is reached. — London Chronicle.

Story Openings. — The number of story openings must be far greater than the number of chess openings, observes Andrew Lang, and yet, in practice, they seem but few. For the benefit of young authors, he mentions a few in the Illustrated London News: —

"The most common of all is the dead man or woman lying where, in the ordinary course of nature, no body should lie. It is thus that the police novel begins, and a picture of mortuary solemnity is apt to adorn the cover of the romance. Next comes the description of an old country house; the galleries are always rich in portraits of Crusaders (a pardonable anachronism), of Cavaliers, of Georgian wits and beauties, and then we have the history of the family, invariably in embarrassed circumstances. The conversational opening, about the new curate, is next, in my experience; then comes the autobiographical hero, starting from the nursery; then the wealthy business man, his gay family; his own vision of the sword of Damocles, which, in the shape of a 'slump,' or a fraudulent partner, falls on his head in the second chapter.

"To my mind, perhaps the most pleasing opening of all is one which I met, as a boy, in a novel by Shirley Brooks, and which I am always glad to encounter again. The man of the house comes home, be he barrister or laborer, duke or parson, from his work or his pleasure shortly before dinner time, and finds that his wife — be she Mrs. Brown or the duchess — is not at home. He becomes uneasy, then anxious, then a mere chaos of confused fears of motor or of moral accidents; for dinner arrives — 'the hour has come, but not the woman.' 'Gyp' has used this motive with great effect, also Major Griffiths; in fact, this opening never misses fire, and I would recommend it to young novelists as certain to enlist sympathy from the first, while it may lead up to the most unexpected developments. There are so many conceivable reasons, not including the most obvious reason, why a married woman should not come home to dinner. Her father or favorite brother may have escaped from prison, or she may have developed a secondary personality; either motive is an easy lead to exciting situations. In fact, the reader's curiosity is thoroughly aroused, more so, I think, than by the discovery of a dead body in the drawing room. But the two motives — dead body of a total stranger in the drawing room and disappearance of the lady of the house — when combined, will cause the most blasé reader to turn over the pages rapidly, while the dear children afford pathos without further exertion."

The Requisites for a Writer. — "What do you consider are the necessary requisites for a writer?" the interviewer asked Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Her gray eyes swept the swiftly-flowing river as she pondered. "There are two things," she said at length. "To write one must be born with something of the power. Also, it is necessary to study the best authors continually. But, more than all, one must have ——" the low voice hesitated for a moment, till suddenly the eyes seemed to focus

themselves on the biggest shining sun reflection far out in the river. Then the last words came very clearly. "One must have the desire — the gleam!" — Boston Herald.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[For the convenience of readers THE WRITER will send a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the amount given in parenthesis following the name — the amount being in each case the price of the periodical *with three cents postage added.* Unless a price is given, the periodical must be ordered from the publication office. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

STEPHEN PHILLIPS AS A WRITER OF TRAGEDY. Frederick B. R. Hellems. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

THE FAME OF POE. John Macy. *Atlantic* (38 c.) for December.

ACTION IN STORIES. Editor's Drawer, *Harper's Magazine* (38 c.) for December.

ROBERT BURNS'S COUNTRY. Illustrated. George McLean Harper. *Scribner's* (28 c.) for December.

GUGLIELMO FERRERO. The new historian of Rome. With portrait. Sibilla Aleramo. *Putnam's* (28 c.) for December.

THE MILTON TERCENTENARY. Illustrated. Wilfred Whitten. *Putnam's* (28 c.) for December.

MY STORY. IV. — Rossetti and His Friendships. Hall Caine. *Appleton's Magazine* (18 c.) for December.

THE UNDERSTANDING OF JOHN KEATS. Brian Hooker. *Forum* for December.

A STUDY OF ENGLISH TRAGEDY. William Lyon Phelps. *Forum* for December.

LYOF N. TOLSTOY. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* (38 c.) for December.

THE WEIRD OF SIR LANCELOT. Mary Child. *North American Review* (38 c.) for December.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF GEORGE SAND AND ALFRED DE MUSSET. Illustrated. *Metropolitan* for December.

VICTORIEN SARDOU: THE WORLD'S MASTER PLAYWRIGHT. "W. T. P." *Theatre Magazine* for December.

A NOVELIST AND HIS NOVELS IN POLITICS. Stanley Johnson. *World's Work* for December.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. Brander Matthews. *Munsey's* for December.

THE AUTHOR'S FULL DINNER PAIL. Arthur Bartlett Maurice. *Bookman* (28 c.) for December.

THE PERSONAL SARDOU. Stuart Henry. *Bookman* (28 c.) for December.

THE BUSINESS MAN IN LITERATURE. Charles J. Estabrook. *Alcolm Magazine* for December.

THE COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM (University of Missouri). With portraits. Walter Williams. *World To-Day* (18 c.) for December.

THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE. Illustrated. Frederic Bulkeley Hyde. *World To-Day* (18 c.) for December.

WHAT IS MINOR POETRY? Lionel Josaphare. *Pacific Monthly* (18 c.) for December.

THE RELATION OF HEADACHES TO ERRORS OF REFRACTION. Aaron Brav, M. D. *American Medicine* (13 c.) for December.

MY LORD HAMLET. Historical, literary, and psychical considerations touching the principal character in Shakspere's tragedy. (Continued.) John McGovern and Jesse Edson Hall. *National Magazine* (18 c.) for December.

NEWSPAPER PUBLIC SERVICE. Illustrated. Flynn Wayne. *National Magazine* (18 c.) for December.

HEROES AND HEROINES — CHIEFLY HEROES. *Author* (London) (18 c.) for December.

HOW CAN WE SECURE COMPETENT LOCAL REPORTERS? A. Hornstein. *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for November.

NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY AS A PREVENTION OF CRIMES? *National Printer-Journalist* (23 c.) for November.

FRANCE'S MASTER DRAMATIST (Victorien Sardou). With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (13 c.) for November 21.

AMERICAN HUMOR. Illustrated. Brander Matthews. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for November 21.

BAYARD TAYLOR, POET, NOVELIST, DRAMATIST. Illustrated. William Winter. *Saturday Evening Post* (8 c.) for November 21.

WILLIAM FREND DE MORGAN, ARTIST, POTTER, AND NOVELIST. With portraits. Edward Verrall Lucas. *Outlook* (13 c.) for November 28.

EDITORS AND PARSONS. With portraits of E. S. Martin, Henry Mills Alden, and Bliss Perry. *Outlook* (13 c.) for November 28.

THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD (The London Times). Illustrated. "A London Editor." *Outlook* (13 c.) for November 28.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Aylmer Maude, the English expert in all that pertains to the cult of Tolstoy, who has published "The Life of Tolstoy; First Fifty Years," is talking of bringing out another book, a sequel to this one, which is to be called "The Life of Tolstoy; Last Three Decades." In the new book he will give the main events of Tolstoy's life during the years 1876-1908.

There is to be issued in London a new life of Fielding by Mr. Codden, which will contain new matter unearthed in Somerset and Dorset, where Fielding spent his early life, years before he turned to the law and long before he had found his vocation as a novelist.

The collection of the Carlyles's love letters, which will be published next year, consists of upward of 175 letters, and will fill two big volumes. Practically the whole of the material is fresh, and has been collected and edited by Alexander Carlyle, a member of Thomas's immediate family.

The syndicated stories used by the newspapers with the copyright line of the Associated Literary Press are supplied by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, 43 West Thirty-fourth street, New York City.

The editor of the Hibbert Journal (Boston), L. P. Jacks, is now in the happy position financially of being able to command the services of the ablest pens in this country, as well as in other parts of the world, for that admirable quarterly review of religion, theology, and philosophy, now in its seventh volume.

The editor of Young's Magazine (New York) says that he will be pleased to consider stories of from 1,500 to 5,000 words, and novelettes of from 25,000 to 40,000 words.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Stuart Blackie is to be celebrated next July. His nephew, Stodart Walker, is preparing a volume of his correspondence, to be issued about that time, and friends or others who may possess letters of interest from Professor Blackie are requested to forward them to Stodart Walker, Esq., 30 Walker street, Edinburgh, who will return them to their owners as soon as copies have been made.

The American Farm Magazine, a new monthly publication, will make its appearance in Des Moines this month, with A. U. Quint as the publisher. Associated with him are some of the best known specialists on farm science in the country.

The American Golfer is a new magazine, published in New York. It treats the game of golf from a national standpoint, and is edited by Walter J. Travis, the ex-national champion.

The old Broadway Magazine (New York) will go out of existence at the end of the year. Thereafter its name will be Hampton's Magazine.

Edward J. Clode has withdrawn his interest in Pearson's Magazine, and has retired from its management. He has returned to his book publishing quarters, 156 Fifth avenue, New York City.

The book publishing department of the McClure Company (New York) has passed by sale into the hands of Doubleday, Page, & Co. This affects contracts with about 100 authors. Mr. McClure will devote his whole time hereafter to his magazine.

Forty newspaper women at Madison, Wis., have organized a Women's Associated Press Club.

In his lately-published biography of Ian Maclaren, Dr. Nicoll says that 256,000 copies of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" were sold in Great Britain, and nearly 500,000 copies in America. It was the author's first emphatic success, and his greatest one. The eight or ten books he wrote afterward were less popular.

Publication, per request of parliament, of the names of all persons on the English civil list shows but four poets — William Watson, who gets $500 a year; Austin Dobson, with a pension of $1,200; Alfred Austin, who draws the poet-laureate's $1,000 a year; and John Davidson, given $500 annually.

In the "Editor's Study" of the December Harper's, the editor of the magazine, Henry Mills Alden, takes up the development of the short story.

The Fortnightly Review for November contains "Literature in Drama," by E. A. Baugham, a timely article in view of the number of writers who are now turning their attention to play-writing; "Ferdinand Brunetière," by Eugené Tavernier; and "Tolstoy and the Tolstoyans," by Aylmer Maude.

Mrs. Julia Fletcher Carney died at Galesburg, Ill., November 1, aged eighty-five.

Victorien Sardou died in Paris November 8, aged seventy-seven.

Dr. William Keith Brooks died in Baltimore November 12, aged sixty years.

Mrs. Annis Lee Wister died at Wallingford, Penn., November 15, aged seventy-eight.

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